



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

By ARVÈDE BARINE

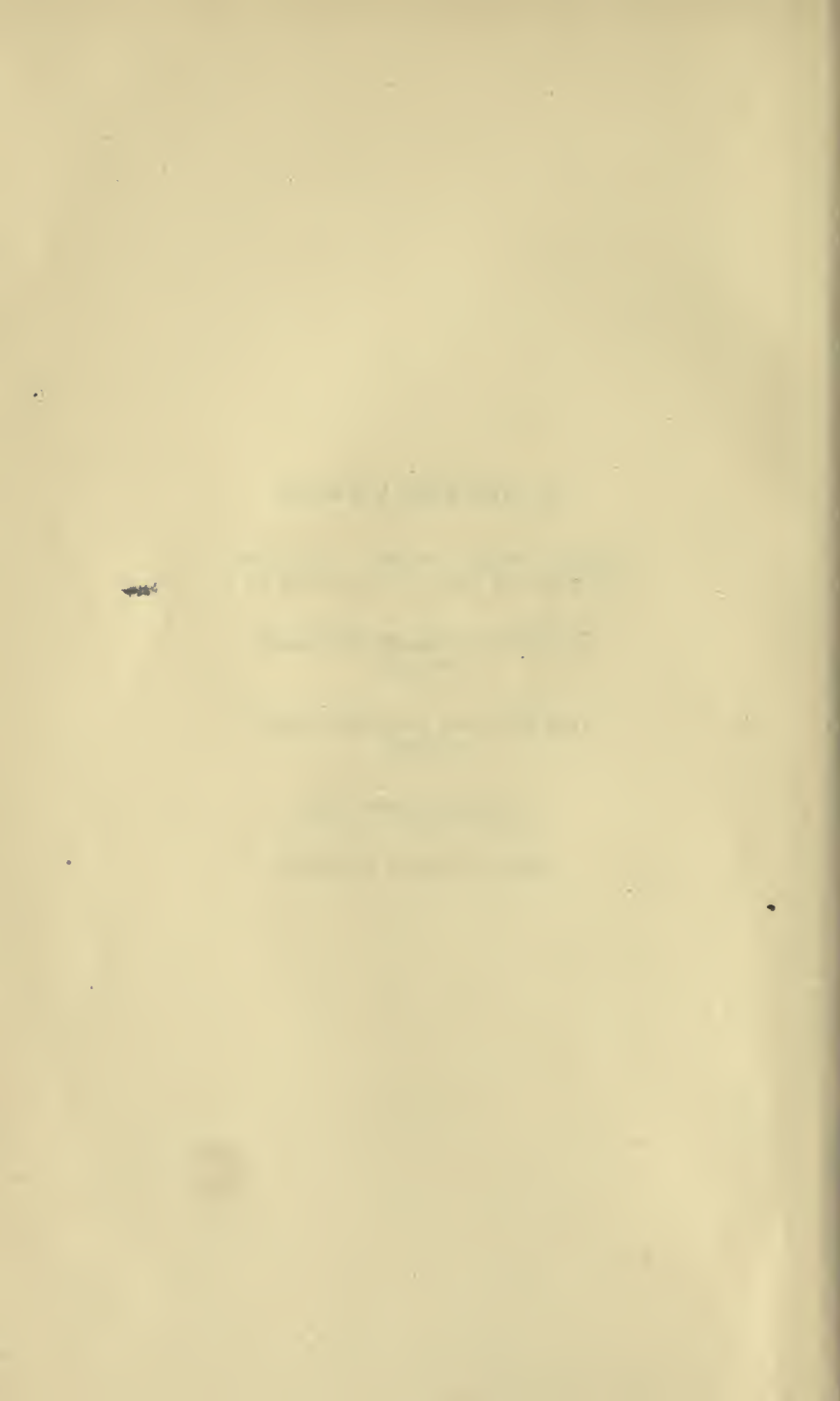
Authorized English Versions. Each Octavo
Fully Illustrated. (By mail, \$3.25.) Net, \$3.00

The Youth of La Grande Mademoiselle
1627-1652

Louis XIV. and La Grande Mademoiselle
1652-1693

Princesses and Court Ladies

Madame, Mother of the Regent







MADAME, MOTHER OF THE REGENT
From the portrait in the Château of Versailles

Madame Mother of the Regent

1652—1722

By

Arvède Barine *pseud.*

Author of "La Grande Mademoiselle," "Princesses and
Court Ladies," etc.

Cécile Vincens

Translated by

Jeanne Mairet

(Madame Charles Bigot)

Illustrated

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York and London

The Knickerbocker Press

1909



II C130
0717

LIBRARIAN'S FUND

COPYRIGHT, 1909
BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press, New York



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

ARVÈDE BARINE (Mme. Charles Vincens) died November 14, 1908. The last chapter of her book *Madame* was planned, but not written.

All her readers admired Mme. Arvède Barine's great charm of style, her extraordinary powers of psychological observation, her indefatigable industry, her conscientiousness, and especially her rare gift of making the people who appear in her books live and breathe, act, speak, hate, love before our very eyes. With all her many gifts, never was writer, man or woman, more truly modest. She never spoke of herself or of her works.

To the world of letters, her death is a great loss; to those who loved her—and they were many—a great sorrow.

This is no official history: it is a familiar and intimate story of Madame, of Louis XIV., and of those who surrounded him. Madame was a wide-awake witness; she opened her eyes, noted, and wrote—wrote unceasingly, abundantly, indiscreetly, and always with a spirit which made of her correspondence a mine for historians, especially for those who hated France.

Elisabeth Charlotte, familiarly known as Lise-

lotte, was the daughter of Carl-Ludwig, Elector of the Palatinate.

Germany had barely recovered from the frightful Thirty Years' War, which had made a desert of whole regions. The Palatinate had almost ceased to exist. The misery was such that the few survivors of that once flourishing country, according to the German historian Häusser, lived chiefly on human flesh; cannibalism had been established with terrible facility. Toward 1636, in the Palatinate, there were cook-shops exclusively used for fresh human meat.

When Carl-Ludwig returned to Heidelberg, after years of exile and hardships, he found that everything had to be, not restored, but in reality founded. Luckily, he was a prudent and sparing man. Little Liselotte grew up in a pacified and happy land, a merry tomboy of a child, roaming about at will, always ready to laugh at everything, most of all at her own plain face with its crooked nose and its big flat cheeks.

At nineteen, Princess Liselotte, much against her will, became Duchesse d'Orléans, "Madame," according to her official title. Liselotte had no vocation for matrimony. In her old age, she wrote: "If I had been my own mistress, I should never have married." Besides, she loved Germany and all that was German. Beforehand, she hated everything that was French.

On her way from Strasburg, where the marriage by proxy had been celebrated, to Châlons, where

the Duke met her, she "did nothing but howl all night." But when Louis XIV., a little later, visited the young couple at Villers-Cottret, the tears turned to smiles. So long as the King was amiable, the sun was bright and Liselotte was happy.

For years, things went well with the German Princess. But little by little, her happiness was dimmed. Domestic troubles were rife. Besides,—that the Elector of the Palatinate should happen to be the father of his sister-in-law, by no means deterred Louis XIV. from considering that portion of Germany as a Heaven-appointed battle-field for France. In the midst of many tribulations, Carl-Ludwig died, and in his daughter's natural grief at her bereavement, there entered many elements which Arvède Barine lays bare with extraordinary insight and rare psychological power.

At this period (1680) the favour of Mme. de Maintenon at the court of France was very great and was growing every day. Liselotte hated Mme. de Maintenon with a hearty and most feminine hatred. She was horribly jealous of her. The "old nuisance," as she called her, was the friend, the intimate associate of Louis XIV.—all indeed, that Liselotte had been, or fancied she had been. For her, there were no longer any tête-à-tête conversations, nor any hunting, riding, or driving with the King. And this, Madame could not, and did not, forgive. Her letters prove this most abundantly.

Madame had always been a good mother. But even in her best affections she was impulsive, and her impulses sometimes amazed eye-witnesses. The King decided that her son, the future Regent, should marry his daughter by Mme. de Montespan, Mlle. de Blois. Our Princess was forced to submit, but she did not hide her real feelings. After the engagement had been solemnly announced by the King, Madame, when her son attempted to kiss her hand, administered that sounding box on the ear which, ever since, has echoed through history.

Then came the death of Monsieur, and Madame, who at last had been reconciled to her husband, was aghast at her loneliness and at her defenceless position. Mme. de Maintenon who, thanks to the police, had read many of the letters in which Madame had abused her, magnanimously advised Madame to profit by the King's softened mood to seek her pardon.

In Germany, all expected that, once liberated from an odious marriage, Liselotte would hasten back to her beloved country. She did nothing of the kind. She was mistress of her actions but she chose to remain in France, to hover about a court, where she was no longer very welcome. The fascination exercised by Louis XIV. was too great to be shaken off. She remained in France even after the death of her idol, until she herself died in 1722.

April, 1909.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
HER FAMILY—GERMANY AFTER THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR—CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH . . .	I

CHAPTER II

MARRIAGE—FIRST YEARS IN FRANCE . . .	61
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

THE BUDGET OF A PRINCESS—THE GERMAN FAMILY—HAPPY YEARS—THE COURT OF FRANCE IN 1679	126
--	-----

CHAPTER IV

DEATH OF CARL-LUDWIG—LISELOTTE, THE KING, AND MME. DE MAINTENON—GREAT SORROWS . .	182
---	-----

CHAPTER V

GERMANY AND RELIGION—MATERNITY—DEATH OF MONSIEUR—APPEASEMENT	247
--	-----

CHAPTER VI

EPILOGUE: LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV—SOLITUDE AND WEARINESS—THE REGENCY—ISOLATION—SADNESS—DEATH . . .	308
---	-----

INDEX	337
-----------------	-----

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
MADAME, MOTHER OF THE REGENT <i>Frontispiece</i> From the portrait in the Château of Versailles.	
MADAME, MOTHER OF THE REGENT From the portrait by Rigaud in the Château of Versailles.	4
LOUIS XIV From the portrait by Rigaud in the Château of Versailles. Photo. Neurdein.	16
MADAME, YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	46
PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLÉANS, M. From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	62
FONTAINEBLEAU AT THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV From a painting in the Château of Versailles.	68
MADAME DE MAINTENON AND HER NIECE From the portrait by F. Elle in the Château of Versailles. Photo. Neurdein.	80
MADAME ON HORSEBACK From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	88
CHARLES, BROTHER OF MADAME From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	98
ELISABETH CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF MADAME From a portrait in the Château of Versailles.	104
QUEEN MARIE THÉRÈSE, WIFE OF LOUIS XIV From the portrait in the Château of Versailles.	128

	PAGE
THE DUCHESSE DU BARRY	132
From a painting in the Château of Versailles.	
MADemoisELLE DE BLOIS, WIFE OF THE REGENT	148
From the Château of Versailles. Photo. Neurdein.	
THE DUC DE CHARTRES, SON OF MONSIEUR AND MADAME, THE REGENT	168
From the portrait in the Château of Versailles.	
THE GRAND DAUPHIN, SON OF LOUIS XIV, AND HIS FAMILY	174
From the portrait by Mignard in the Louvre Museum. Photo. Neurdein.	
THE CHÂTEAU OF VERSAILLES AT THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV	200
From the painting by Martin in the Château of Ver- sailles. Photo. Neurdein.	
MADAME INTRODUCING THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY TO LOUIS XIV	220
From the painting by Louis de Silvestre in the Château of Versailles. Photo. Neurdein.	
CHÂTEAU DE VILLERS COTTERETS	230
From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	
VIEW OF HEIDELBERG IN XVII CENTURY	246
From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	
MARRIAGE OF THE DUC DE BOURGOGNE AND MARIE DE SAVOIE	260
From the painting by Gerard in the Château of Ver- sailles. Photo. Neurdein.	
CARDINAL DUBOIS	268
From an engraving after the portrait by Rigaud.	

Illustrations

xi

	PAGE
LOUIS XV AS A CHILD	274
From the portrait by Rigaud in the Château of Versailles. Photo. Neurdein.	
FATHER OF MADAME, CHARLES LOUIS, ELECTOR PALATINE	328
From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	
MADAME, MEDALLION ALLEGORICAL PORTRAIT .	336
From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale.	



MADAME

MOTHER OF THE REGENT

CHAPTER I

HER FAMILY—GERMANY AFTER THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR—CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

MADAME, Duchesse d'Orléans and mother of the Regent, spent her life writing letters: to relatives with whom she was acquainted, and to many whom she had never seen; to her friends, to her cronies, to her men of business, and, according to her own account, "to every one that came along." In her youth, she divided her time between her inkstand and the pleasures, or drudgery, of the French court. As years went by, her correspondence took up, hour by hour, pretty nearly all her time. Finally, she wrote ten or twelve letters a day, each twenty or thirty pages long; for these, she made use of the immense sheets of paper then in vogue. Every mail and all available private means carried these missives to foreign parts. For neighbouring places, like Versailles or Saint-Cloud, she trusted them, morning and evening, to a couple of pages employed solely for this purpose. Numberless epistles, full of many

details and of interminable repetitions, informed France and the whole of Europe, what, that day, had caused Her Royal Highness to laugh or to weep. Sometimes, also, they revealed the state of the King's affairs, as seen through his sister-in-law's spectacles.

Thousands of these large sheets, covered with her firm writing, are to be found in the public and private archives of foreign countries. In France, we have but the crumbs fallen from this rich table. Germany has been more favoured. The greater part of Madame's correspondence, that which never fails, in which she says "all that passes through her head," has naturally remained in her native land, addressed to her family and the friends of her youth. It would have been out of the question to publish these letters *in extenso*—the continual repetitions and the flow of mere gossip would have discouraged any reader. On the other hand, all that concerned the Regent's mother herself is highly prized by her countrymen. She was an interesting person and reflected great honour on her compatriots. Beside—and they acknowledge this frankly—they relish her sharp criticisms of France and of the French. Her German editors have dealt fairly by her. They have culled from the letters, submitted to them by the generous owners, all that could throw any light on the life of their princess, on her surroundings, on her joys and her sorrows, on her ideas, her passions, her vigorous

and unrelenting hatreds. Nowadays, in spite of editorial scissors,¹ in spite of all that yet sleeps in forgotten or inaccessible portfolios, no other historical personage, perhaps, is so thoroughly known as Madame.²

The time has therefore come when one may attempt to portray the most German of German women, the most refractory to foreign influences

¹ Wolfgang Menzel, editor of vol. i. of the letters addressed to the Raugraves, says in his *Introduction*, p. xiii.: "It has been impossible to give more than one third of the whole."

² Books of reference: *Memoiren der Herzogin Sophie nachmals Kurfürstin von Hannover*, ed. by Dr. Adolf Köcher (Leipzig, 1 vol., in 8°, 1879, Hirzel)—*Briefwechsel der Herzogin Sophie von Hannover mit ihrem bruder, dem Kurfürsten Karl-Ludwig von der Pfalz*, etc., ed. by Ed. Bodemann (Leipzig, 1 vol. in 8°, 1886, Hirzel)—*Aus den briefen der Herzogin Elisabeth Charlotte von Orléans an der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover*, ed. by Ed. Bodemann (Hannover, 2 vols. in 8°, 1891, Hahn'sche Buchhandlung)—*Briefe der Herzogin Elisabeth Charlotte von Orléans zur A. K. von Harling*, etc., ed. by Ed. Bodemann (Hannover and Leipzig, 1 vol. in 8°, 1895, Hahn'sche Buchhandlung)—*Briefe der Herzogin Elisabeth Charlotte von Orléans*, vols. 6, 88, 107, 122, 132, 144, and 157 of the publications of the *Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*, ed. by W. Menzel and L. Holland, 7 vols. in 8°, 1843, 1881—*Schreiben des Kurfürsten Karl-Ludwig von der Pfalz*, etc., 1 vol. in 8°, No. 167 of the same series. (Nota. The publications of the *Litterarischen Vereins of Stuttgart* are not for sale). *Französische Geschichte*, vol. vi., by Leopold Ranke. (This volume contains nothing but letters from Madame). Stuttgart, 1879, Cotta. *Deutsche Geschichte im Zeitalter der Reformation*, by L. Ranke, Berlin, 5 vols. in 8°, 1842–1843, Duncker and Humblot. *Geschichte der Rheinischer Pfalz*, by Dr. Ludwig Häusser, Heidelberg, 2 vols. in 8°, 1856—*Pfalzgräfin Elisabeth Charlotte*, etc., pamphlet in 8°, by J. Wille (Heidelberg, 1895). *Leben und Character der Elisabeth Charlotte*, etc., by Schütz (Leipzig, 1 vol. in 18°, 1820, L. Voss)—*Fragments de lettres originales de Madame*, etc., à S. A. S. le duc Antoine-Ulric... et à Madame la princesse de Galles. (Hambourg, 2 vols. in 18°, 1788).—National Archives—Vatican Archives—Archives of Dreux.

who ever lived. One of her editors, the great historian Leopold Ranke, says in his Preface: "The incompatibility of nature which then existed between the German and the French is nowhere so characteristically shown as in her letters."¹ I greatly fear that the word "then" is superfluous, even more on the German side than on ours. Madame will perhaps help us to open our eyes and to distinguish whether this incompatibility signalled by Ranke is accidental and ephemeral, or whether we must accept it as an inevitable fact. It is useful that nations should understand to what extent they are insupportable one to the other.

To-day we shall tell the story of Madame's youth, up to her marriage. In the course of the narrative we shall note the dangers to which a violent break with tradition exposes a civilisation. The Reformation destroyed, throughout a great part of Germany, the authority of the Church, whose powerful hierarchy was the backbone of this vast region, the political unity of which was yet unformed. This great revolution involved a general cataclysm of ideas and of political relations which neither the Emperor's authority nor the mystical principle of the Holy Empire survived. Then came the Thirty Years' War, which devastated immense stretches of land, and the rupture with the past was completed; a new world had to be created. The inevitable chaos was discernible

¹ *Französische Geschichte*, vol. vi., p. 111.



MADAME, MOTHER OF THE REGENT
From the portrait by Rigaud in the Château of Versailles



in Madame's family, whose members were at sea with regard to religion and morality; they no longer knew what their rights might be, and what should limit those rights. On seeing them so adrift, so far from any sort of stability, one can well understand what struggles Germany had to undergo before the nation once more found itself; before it recovered from the sudden break with that tradition which had been its very life during the Middle Ages.

I

ELISABETH CHARLOTTE, "Countess Palatine of the Rhine, Duchess of Bavaria"¹ and, later, Duchess of Orleans, was daughter and granddaughter of electors of the Palatinate. Her grandfather, Frederick V., was that unlucky prince, the ephemeral King of Bavaria, who provoked the explosion of the Thirty Years' War by his foolishness and died in exile (1632), poor and abandoned. Her father, Carl-Ludwig, had recovered the Lower Palatinate at the Peace of Westphalia and found his capital, Heidelberg, a sorry ruin. The country around was lying fallow; most of the villages had disappeared and the population was nearly extinct; one could count on one's fingers the peasants who had escaped the massacres, the plague, the fearful famine; they had been driven to devour

¹These are the titles given to her in her marriage contract. *Archives Nationales*, K, 542, n. 9.

carrion, lacking which they ate the bodies hanging on the numerous gibbets, or, if these did not suffice, the corpses stolen from the churchyard, the child just expired in its mother's arms, or the neighbour treacherously killed. Cannibalism had been introduced with most disconcerting facility. The German historian, Ludwig Häusser,¹ from whom we borrow these details, speaks with horror of the monstrous coolness, of the culinary refinement with which members of the family were served up and the children stowed away in brine. Toward 1638, in the Palatinate, there were cook-houses exclusively devoted to human flesh, to fresh human meat.

In the country, the few survivors of these dreadful days had returned to barbarism; they lived in huts and were a danger to wayfarers. When in October, 1649, Carl-Ludwig returned to what had once been the garden of Germany, a few scattered towns alone remained. Such had been, not three hundred years ago, the consequences of a prolonged war between Christian nations. The Palatinate was not the only German country reduced to this state of misery: the whole land had suffered so deeply that now, only, has it entirely recovered. From the end of the Thirty Years' War dates this reconstruction of all things which caused Michelet, in 1842, to say "Germany and France are separated by time, as Germany

¹ *Geschichte der Rheinischen Pfalz.*

is much *younger* than France and that the centuries of the one do not correspond with the centuries of the other.”¹ This undeniable truth was forced upon the mind of Madame at the time of her marriage, and she suffered from it to the end of her life.

Not only had there been destruction, but the very memory of the things destroyed was already growing dim. Carl-Ludwig had left his home as a child, and come back to it a stranger. None of the persons whom he questioned, incredible as it may seem, could tell him how the country had been governed and administered in his father's time. “All remembrance had been effaced” affirms Häusser; no one “had the slightest idea of what had once been.” Later, when a sort of order had been established, thanks to some recovered documents, the darkness was dispelled. But for these discoveries, Carl-Ludwig would never have known what had been the revenues and expenses of his state thirty years earlier. He would have remained in the position of a pioneer who, without precedents or landmarks, is forced to create all things in a new country.

He concluded that the first step was to possess subjects. Among other expedients to induce these to come to him was liberty of conscience, which he proclaimed for all in his states. Carl-Ludwig himself was a good deal of a free thinker, in spite

¹ Journal of his *Voyage d'Allemagne*, in *Jules Michelet*, by Gabriel Monod. Paris, one vol., 1905: Hachette.

of his Calvinistic education. His wandering and precarious youth, as a needy pretender, had taught him to look upon all questions, even those relating to spiritual matters, from a utilitarian point of view, and he did not consider, for the time being, that unity of faith was necessary for the governing of a people. He thought otherwise as soon as his interests changed, and we shall see him adopt a very different course, in the company of other German princes, for whom religion was an object of traffic; but for the moment, as he was not yet working to reconcile the Protestant churches with Rome, Carl-Ludwig opened widely his frontiers to all beliefs. Just after the Thirty Years' War, he undertook to persuade the reformed Christians, Lutherans, Catholics, the schismatics of divers denominations, to live in peace one with another. Success rewarded this praiseworthy undertaking. If perfect concord was not established, comparative peace reigned in the Palatinate and induced rapid repopulation. That was the main point.

The replenishing of the exchequer was also urgent. Carl-Ludwig had the merit, rare among penniless princes, of understanding that the best means of mending his fortunes was to exact as little money as possible from his ruined subjects. He made the taxes very light and managed to live without revenues. The Elector of the Palatinate sold his game, had his old shoes patched, like Corneille, saw to the butter and the candles,

and gave three florins to an author for his dedicatory poem. He was so hard up for money that, in 1652, having to undertake an indispensable journey, he was obliged to ask some of his towns for an advance of fifty florins on their taxes. On important occasions, however, Carl-Ludwig knew how to hold his own; when he had to meet the Emperor or go to the Reichstag, he was attended by his court and train. On reaching home, he hastened to dismiss all useless mouths and to take up the beneficent parsimony which enabled the old inhabitants to repair their houses and the new-comers to build theirs. His perseverance and his self-sacrifice brought forth their fruit; in less than ten years he regenerated the Palatinate.

However, he committed the extravagance of taking to himself a wife, and that wife was a princess who loved neither simplicity nor economy. It was a sorry affair for both parties. Charlotte of Hesse-Cassel, who became Princess Palatine on February 12, 1650, was a handsome sportswoman, much given to the world and its pleasures. She had a fiery temper, beat her servants, and quarrelled with her husband. On his side, Carl-Ludwig was jealous and tyrannical; he disapproved of hunting and riding for women; he disapproved still more of anything like coquetry, be it ever so innocent; and he insisted that he was the master, so that the quarrels originated first with one then with the other. One of his sisters, the "dearest aunt Sophie" of Madame's letters, saw the newly

married pair soon after the ceremony and was struck by the singular honeymoon of these two eccentric lovers.

Princess Sophie was very fond of her brother, and meant to live with him. Her *Mémoires* very quizzically relate her arrival at the home of "the Elector and the Electress." The governor of a frontier town had sent for her use an antique coach "the like of which could not be imagined by one who had not seen it"¹ and in which there was no sort of seat. "It was drawn by two stubborn horses that refused to move" so that the Princess made her way on foot through the mud. The party stopped for dinner "at a house without any windows" and there at last, she met Carl-Ludwig and his wife. Then all fun came to an end. At the first opportunity, Charlotte took her sister-in-law aside to complain of having been forced to marry "a jealous old man." Carl-Ludwig waited his turn to moan over the "temper of his wife," and yet this did not prevent them from embracing in public, in a way truly embarrassing to bystanders. "In spite of the faults of which he accused her," writes Princess Sophie, "I saw that he was passionately fond of her, and I was often very ill at ease when I saw him kiss her before everybody. They were continually embracing: I have often seen her on her knees before him and him before her." Then would suddenly burst a furious storm, generally occasioned

¹The *Mémoires* of Princess Sophie are written in French.

by jealousy on the part of Carl-Ludwig, and the day would pass in obstreperous warfare. After this would come a reconciliation. Then all began anew.

A son, Prince Carl, came into the world (March 31, 1651) in the midst of this discord. He was a gentle, sickly child. His infancy, between these two maniacs, was very unhappy and he remained depressed all through his life. The Princess, destined to become Madame, was born the following year, May 27, 1652. Elisabeth Charlotte—Liselotte as she was called—was of a different nature. Turbulent and sunny-tempered, she reduced her governesses to the verge of despair by her disobedience; she was incapable of being long unhappy; after a flood of tears, she would burst out laughing. With the parents Providence had bestowed upon her, this was a fortunate disposition. Storms passed over her head without touching her, and Heidelberg remained in her mind, when she left it for France, as a sort of paradise, where she had had a fair share of those childish joys which are so vivid and the remembrance of which is so charming: "Great Heavens!" she writes from Saint-Cloud in 1717,¹ "how many times, up in the mountain, have I eaten cherries with a big chunk of bread, at five o'clock in the morning! I was then gayer than I now am."

Eating cherries from the tree, in the fresh morning air, is scarcely greediness; it is a poetical pleasure.

¹ Letter of September 12th, to the Raugravine Louise, Madame's half-sister.

But Madame does not conceal that little Liselotte was fond of good things to eat. She would get up at night to steal "goodies" in the pantry. In truth, these were none of those unhealthy "delicate things" such as are prized in France, "like chocolate, coffee, or tea"; but "a good salad of cabbage with pork," German cabbage, and that is all that need be said, repeats Madame with delight. "French cabbage is not to be compared with it. German cabbage has flavour, a peculiar and delicious raciness; French cabbage is watery and tasteless."

Like most little girls, Liselotte would have liked to be a boy. Madame, when she was nearly seventy years of age, remembered, not without some wicked joy, and a good deal of pride, that by dint of naughtiness, she rid herself of her first governess, who was old and dull. One day when her pupil had caused her to fall on her nose and nearly kill herself, Fräulein von Quaadt asked permission to retire. "She declared that she could no longer stay with me."¹

Liselotte's great joy, her joy of every day, of every minute, a joy she was never to know at the court of Louis XIV., was to live in a state of perfect freedom, running to and fro, talking to whom she pleased, noble, burgher, or peasant. It was in this way that she had acquired that perfect knowledge of the people and things of her birth-place, which, in later years, she was so fond of

¹ Letter of December 3, 1718, to the Raugravine Louise.

displaying. Some months before her death, she took up several pages of a letter to prove to her correspondent that she still knew by heart the town of Heidelberg, its streets, its houses, its sign-boards, its curiosities, where the hangman lived; where had walked the famous ghost with its eyes of fire, whom her father, freethinker that he was, caused to be arrested. It was thus discovered that the ghost was a French student, named Beauregard, and that other French students were his accomplices; one of them was a future priest, brother to Dangeau.

These reminiscences were Madame's private treasure, from which she borrowed largely. Her unfailing anecdotes amused her family; they might seem childish to ordinary readers. They could be summed up in a few lines: There lived at Heidelberg, somewhere about 1660, a little princess who enjoyed with happy unconsciousness, good health and the pleasures of her age, while her parents vied with each other as to which should most surely destroy their home happiness.

The mother began this goodly work. The father ended it by a most extraordinary decision. It could only have sprung from the disorder which, in the midst of the seventeenth century pervaded all German institutions, morals, and spirit. This act of Carl-Ludwig weighed heavily on the destinies of the two children born of an unhappy union. The son took his troubles to heart and died young. The daughter became a burden to her father

because she was clear-sighted, and this was one of the reasons why he forced upon her a foreign marriage, which she loathed. The singular event now to be related is the key of Madame's whole history.

II

"The Elector," relates Princess Sophie, "wearied at last of his lady wife's temper; he had coddled her for seven consecutive years without having succeeded in softening her." It is fair to add that if he "coddled" her, he had spared neither scoldings, nor scenes of jealousy, of which, in calmer moments, he was the first to proclaim the injustice. The Electress was no weak victim and the quarrels had become habitual. Charlotte, for her part, had lost all taste for reconciliations. Her husband had not. He insisted on being reconciled. His wife's obstinacy in keeping him at a respectful distance had, as its natural consequence, a little romance, most commonplace in itself; but the *dramatis personæ* changed it into a tragi-comedy.

Carl-Ludwig and Charlotte, at night, were not alone in their bed-chamber. The Electress caused one of her ladies in waiting to sleep in the room. It seems that etiquette had so ordained, and at Heidelberg etiquette was as strictly observed as at Hanover, or Cassel, or any other of the obscure principalities where a court was made up of "servants."¹ The unfortunate girl whom her duties

¹ General name for all court functionaries.

forced so to enter into the intimacy of her superiors was, in 1657, fair and pretty; her name was Louise von Degenfeld, and she belonged to an old and noble family. The Elector took to her, for she was gentle, which was a great rest after Charlotte's violence. In a letter both gallant and practical, he offered her his heart and a position. Their correspondence has been preserved.¹ Louise was willing enough; but she was a pious maiden, full of moral principles and scruples. She made it a condition that this bargain should receive the sanction of the "theologians. . . . Her conscience and honour," said she, "could not be at peace otherwise." In vain Carl-Ludwig informed her that on no account, for political reasons, could he consent to a divorce. Fräulein von Degenfeld, with soft obstinacy, insisted on having the "permission of the theologians."

He endeavoured to tempt her with details as to the proposed establishment, and made out an agreement wherein his methodical nature is revealed, as well as his desire to spare his people's pennies. Fräulein von Degenfeld was given to understand that, not even for the fine eyes of a mistress, were the taxes to be augmented. He promised to endow her with two estates in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, and, patiently, conscientiously, he reckoned what might be their

¹ It has even been printed, without however being for sale; it is to be found in the 167th volume of the publications of the *Société Littéraire* of Stuttgart.

yearly revenue in money and in provisions. Schwetzingen, to which place Madame often alludes in her correspondence, brought in 1083 German crowns, 69 mulds of barley, and 126 of oats; Warsaw gave 284 crowns, 36 mulds of barley, and 126 of oats, without taking into account other kinds of grain, nor "the straw, wood, and other trifles"; nor "the four vats of wine, the ten pieces of game, the ten pigs, and the ten roebucks" which he would provide yearly for the housekeeping; without counting what might result from the improvement of the farms.

With her revenues, it was an understood thing that Fräulein von Degenfeld should pay, clothe, and feed "a lady in waiting, a maid, a chambermaid, a laundress, a steward, a page, two men servants." On the other hand, the Elector promised to pay, clothe, and feed the two guards, all the coachmen, huntsmen, and footmen. He gave a coach and six horses, but their feed would be at Fräulein von Degenfeld's expense. All this was "as a beginning" until the *padrona* (that is the Electress) should have left the court. As soon as she had returned to her family, which happy event Carl-Ludwig hoped before long to provoke, Fräulein von Degenfeld's position was to be "bettered." He declared, by way of conclusion, that he was open to all observations and amendments. The lovers were not to have the time to discuss this agreement.

It happened that one night Charlotte woke.



LOUIS XIV.

From the portrait by Rigaud in the Château of Versailles
Photo. Neurdein



She saw her husband in close conversation with her lady in waiting. A "horrible" uproar caused all the ladies to rush into the room, where they found Carl-Ludwig struggling with his wife. "The Elector," writes Princess Sophie, "had much ado to save his mistress from her claws; she could only catch hold of her little finger, which she bit furiously."¹ Louise confirms the violence of the outbreak in a letter to one of her brothers, and declares herself astonished, hurt even, at the readiness with which the Electress "believed in evil. If the Elector had not defended me, she would have killed me."² And why? Appearances were against them; but who should judge by appearances?

After this scandalous scene came others, which added to the young girl's terror and affliction. Her lover sent her into the country, to a place of safety; after which, by right of his high estate as reigning prince, in violation of all religious and civil laws, he undertook to create for her a sort of personal standing which should enable her to make a good figure in the world. This proved to be more difficult than Carl-Ludwig had anticipated; he met with unexpected resistance. The way in which he triumphed shows in him a conception of sovereign power by the side of which the ideas of his great neighbour, the King of France, seem timid and mean.

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 57.

² Letter of March, 1657, to the Baron Adolf von Degenfeld.

The affair was begun by an open letter¹ in which Carl-Ludwig informed the world at large that his "legitimate spouse, the high and mighty Electress, had shown herself, since their marriage . . . singularly perverse, untractable, morose, and disagreeable," and having been guilty toward him of *malitiosa desertione*, he had taken unto himself a second spouse, Baroness Louise von Degenfeld, "by virtue of the jurisdiction to him belonging, as reigning prince, in matters ecclesiastical and political" and that he had resolved to spend the remainder of his life with her "conjugal and after a truly Christian fashion." He gave his reasons for not divorcing the Electress, and declared that his conscience was at peace.—"Given at Heidelberg, March 6, 1657."

This communication was ill received at Heidelberg, and Louise's pastor warned her that he would refuse to give her the Sacrament. She was horror-stricken, and Carl-Ludwig extremely angry. He had subjected the Palatinate to the rule of the "Churches of State," engendered in Germany by the Reformation, the principle of which was to recognise the reigning prince of each country as "the supreme authority instituted by God"² over the clergy, and for spiritual matters, as well as with regard to the civil officers and all temporal affairs. The reigning princes greatly approved

¹ *Schreiben des Kurfürsten Karl-Ludwig*, p. 14.

² Janssen, *L'Allemagne et la Réforme*, vol. iii., p. 24. Cf. Ranke, *Deutsche Geschichte der Reformation*, vol. ii., book iv.

of this system, which gave their subjects into their hands, body and soul. When Luther and Melanchthon, a hundred years earlier, had invited them to "decide," among other "matters," on "articles of faith,"¹ the reformers had evidently not measured the danger of so extensive a power. The princes were but too ready to meddle with theology, and, by experience, they found it so convenient, so advantageous to their earthly prosperity, to unite in their person the two sovereignties, the temporal and the spiritual, that they hastened to change a revolutionary measure into an institution. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, a "Church of State," understood as we have shown, had become a most natural and ordinary thing.

The Palatinate comprised Calvinists and Lutherans. The spiritual yoke of the Elector weighed on both alike, and his yoke was not a light one. Carl-Ludwig had his own ideas as to religion, his own way of interpreting Scripture, and he liked to make himself heard; he never forgot that he was the "superior authority," whose duty it was to watch over the right interpretation of God's word in his state. He so took to heart this branch of his functions as sovereign, that he made it a point to go to church on Sunday, so as to watch over his preachers and to scold them if need be. Was the sermon too long, or too full of

¹ Janssen, *L'Allemagne et la Réforme*, vol. iii., p. 24. Cf. Ranke, *Deutsche Geschichte der Reformation*, vol. ii., book iv.

"fudge," according to his expression, the Elector called the preacher before him after service and rated him soundly. He was so feared that once a minister, on seeing him, quite lost his head and got the service all topsy-turvy.

Imagine the master's fury when one of those mere worms dared to blame him and to excommunicate from the Lutheran Church¹ the second wife whom, by right of his sovereign power, he had taken unto himself. He summoned the audacious minister into his presence, and endeavoured to correct his ideas on polygamy: "I quoted Moses and the Prophets," wrote he to Louise, "but evidently he has been terrorised." This minister was certainly a "poor creature," like all ministers, indeed like all priests and like the pious prigs of all religions: "O Heavens!" exclaimed Carl-Ludwig, much discouraged, "where now can be found honest-minded Germany!"²

In the nick of time a book "fallen from the skies" and which seemed to have been "written for them"³ reminded him of what, during the seventeenth century, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse had done in a similar case. Philip was not a man to adopt half measures or to choose by-paths. Burdened with a wife, like Carl-Ludwig, and the father of numerous children, he conceived the bold plan of marrying his lady love and of displaying his bigamy

¹ Louise von Degenfeld belonged to the Augsburg Confession.

² Letters of July 12 and 25, 1657.

³ Letter of October 31st.

in the face of heaven and earth. Luther and Melanchthon had the sorry weakness to condone the deed and it was carried out, March 4, 1540, before a brilliant assembly where Melanchthon showed himself. Carl-Ludwig made up his mind to imitate this fine example, but he had not the boldness of his model and his was but a parody of the real thing. Two curious documents are tokens thereof.

The first is a "declaration"¹ from that "poor creature," the clergyman, that His Highness the Elector and the most noble maiden Louise von Degenfeld had exchanged in his presence, under protest from him, it is true, vows constituting "the bonds of matrimony." The certificate ends with a humble prayer that the readers be not "over rash" in condemning its author, for "God saw that his intentions were pure."—"Done at Frankenthal, January 6, 1658."

The other document is an act signed before a notary public, October 25, 1658, in the presence of many witnesses, but in the absence of Fräulein von Degenfeld, which contained a series of declarations from His Highness the Elector: on the ungovernable temper of Her Highness the Electress; on the political and social reasons which kept Carl-Ludwig from divorcing; on the teachings to be drawn, in such cases, from Scripture and the customs of the primitive Christian Churches; on the moral reasons which had induced him to "associ-

¹ *Schreiben des Kurfürsten*, p. 364.

ate" to his fortunes Fräulein von Degenfeld and on the written engagements which bound them one to the other as "husband and wife." At the end of this act, the notary public covered his own responsibility by declaring that he had drawn up the deed by order of His Highness the Elector.¹

After the ceremony which allayed all scruples, an apartment was prepared in the palace for the master's new wife. Carl-Ludwig urged on the work. "I have already ousted X [the Electress] from the upper story," writes he to Louise, "and I have given her the old bedroom downstairs."² In the following letter: "I should have gone to-day to see my angel, had I not been forced to remain so as to see that all my orders are carried out; as soon as my back is turned nothing is done; I am assured, however, that to-morrow all will be in readiness. . . . My steward is of opinion that my treasure had best have her own cook and a separate kitchen; it would not cost much more, and there would be less danger." Between the signature of the clergyman's certificate and the act before the notary public, Louise's first child was born. The Elector of the Palatinate housed his two wives and their children under the same roof and was indifferent to all gossip, which was rife. "It would be better," said he, "if the women of Heidelberg paid more attention to their kitchens and less to court

¹ *Schreiben des Kurfürsten*, p. 368.

² This letter and the following one are of the latter part of 1658. They are not dated.

matters." But it is impossible to impose silence on women.

The virtue of a petty German prince who lived more than two hundred years ago is of small importance to us. Even in his day, outside of his little town, it was of but little account; however, for those who lived with him or in the shadow of his palace, the bigamy of Carl-Ludwig singularly complicated matters. For instance, in his correspondence it is evident that he judges people from their attitude toward Louise; whoever took the part of Charlotte, were it even one of his own children, became obnoxious to the amorous Elector. In this palace, where all lived together, those who came and went, the whole court, Liselotte herself, were forced on every sort of futile occasion to decide between the legitimate wife and the favourite. The pretence of virtue, so dear to Carl-Ludwig, rendered the situation particularly unsavoury. In those days many German princely husbands were far more dissolute than the Elector; but, at that date, none so audaciously braved human and divine laws. The King of France was left far behind as to spiritual as well as temporal power. It is but just to say that Louis XIV. had never set himself up as Pontiff and if, too often, he defied the laws of morality, at least in doing so he showed a certain discretion; he waited for the Queen's death before he married Mme. de Maintenon.

Little Liselotte, with all her merry uncon-

sciousness, was condemned to suffer from her strange surroundings. Happily for her, Princess Sophie took pity on her niece and delivered her from this irregular household. She did not meet with ingratitude. This service, an immense one, secured for her the undying affection of Madame; Princess Sophie remained her confidant and adviser, both near and from afar. The sister of Carl-Ludwig had been marvellously prepared for this part by her precocious experience as a penniless princess in search of a husband.

III

Sophie, Countess of the Rhine Palatinate, born at The Hague in 1630, was the twelfth child that Frederick V., Elector of the Palatinate and King of Bavaria, had had of Elisabeth Stuart, daughter of James I., King of England. Her parents after their misfortune resided in Holland, where they lived by expedients. Princess Sophie had never known her father, but she had witnessed her mother's misery, had seen her dunned by creditors and forced to sell a jewel in order to buy a dinner. In the midst of this penury, the fallen queen still kept up a sort of court, where the travelling English were made welcome and to which her passion for pets gave a curious appearance: "The sight of her monkeys and her dogs afforded her more pleasure than we could give her,"¹ writes her daughter. Under these circumstances, the chil-

¹ *Neuwiren*, etc., p. 34.

dren took their flight as soon as they were old enough and struggled with life as best they could.

The eldest son was Carl-Ludwig.¹ His recovery of the Palatinate was an event of good augury for his family and promised better days. Queen Elisabeth counted upon this; but she was quickly undeceived. There exist "pitiful letters" in which the mother begs for help, and icy answers in which the son "haggles and seeks to gain time."² If Carl-Ludwig ended by granting to Queen Elisabeth a pension of 6000 thalers, it was, in very truth, because he could not do otherwise. "He had to keep two wives," pleads, by way of excuse, Häusser, historian of the Palatinate.

Among the other children, Prince Rupert lived like a hero of romance, became a pirate, acquired great reputation as seaman, and died an English admiral. Maurice also became a pirate and disappeared in a shipwreck, unless he was taken by other pirates and sold as slave at Algiers; both stories are extant. Edward went to France, was converted to Catholicism, and occupied the unenviable position of husband to the notorious Anne de Gonzague, called the Palatine. Philip ran away from home after having killed his mother's paramour, began a wandering and agitated career, and was killed still very young, in the service of

¹ In reality, he was but the second son; but his elder brother was drowned in a shipwreck; he inherited his rights and took his place.

² See Häusser, vol. ii., p. 613. It does not seem that this correspondence was ever published.

France. Princess Elisabeth, Descartes's friend, who was very beautiful and who was "acquainted with all languages and all sciences,"¹ entered the Lutheran convent of Herford in Westphalia, with the promise that she should one day have the succession of the abbess. Princess Louise-Hollandine ran away from the maternal roof, like her brother Philip, became a Catholic, went to France, where her conversion obtained for her a pension from Anne of Austria and the abbey of Maubuisson, near Pontoise, where she led a merry life: "The Abbess of Maubuisson . . .," writes Madame, "had so many bastards, that she swore by the heads of her fourteen children."²

Princess Sophie, by her taste for peace and a regular life, was an exception in this family of adventurers. Personally, she had a noble mien and a great deal of charm. "I had," wrote she when she was old, "brown hair that curled naturally, a bright and gay aspect and a good figure (though I am not very tall), and the demeanour of a princess."³ Witty, quick to seize upon the

¹ *Memoiren*, etc., p. 34.

² Letter of Feb. 20, 1716. (*Fragments de lettres originales de Madame*.) Cf. Saint-Simon (ed. in 8°), p. 88 and following, and the notes by M. de Boislisle. The *Fragments*, like most such publications of the seventeenth century, should not be taken as Gospel truth; but the adventures of Louise-Hollandine are notorious. See the *Voyage de deux jeunes Hollandais*, p. 335; the *Mémoires d'Aubery du Maurier*, ed. 1754, i., 265 (note Boislisle). Saint-Simon, who makes her out a sort of saint, only knew her when, in her old age, she had repented.

³ *Memoirs*, p. 39.

ridiculous side of things, she was yet the most reasonable of mortals. Understanding perfectly that she was not easy to mate, she was resigned to find a husband passably well born, who would not beat his wife, like a certain widower, brother to the King of Sweden, who had been proposed to her; or one who was less of a drunkard than a certain Prince of Holstein who pretended to be much in love with her: "To play the gallant, [he] drank so deep a draught of wine that it all came up, and he swallowed it a second time to prove his passion for me."¹ A third prince, George-William, Duke of Hanover, having, somewhat against his will, asked for her hand, she accepted him. He handed her over, without consulting her, to one of his brothers, and again she accepted, with haughty indifference and the firm intention of living in peace with her husband, whoever he might be. This proposed bridegroom allowed time to flow on without making his appearance at Heidelberg, so that she was still unmarried at the time of the Degenfeld story, which gave her an extreme desire to leave the country. Not that she was shocked at her brother's bigamy, but the palace was no longer habitable for a person who loved peace and quiet.

Her patience was rewarded. She relates in her *Memoirs* the arrival of her future husband, and adds these words which reveal her whole nature: "I was glad to find him amiable because I was

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 49.

resolved to love him.”¹ The marriage took place October 18, 1658. The bridegroom’s name was Ernst-Augustus, duke, without dukedom, of Brunswick-Lunebourg. He was handsome and a pretty good match: he was coadjutor of the Cardinal of Wartenburg, Bishop of Osnabrück, and destined to succeed him in his episcopal honours. Here some explanations are necessary.

In the German Reformation, beside the obscure crowds who struggled for conscience’s sake, there was the inevitable group of ambitious and grasping men who, in a revolution, be it religious or political, always see a means of pushing their fortunes, of growing rich at the expense of the conquered. Among the hundreds of princes scattered throughout this broad land, there were many, assuredly, who changed their faith from honest motives. There were others, and this is equally sure, who would never have been converted had it not been for the tempting Church treasures with which they might fill their coffers and provide for their younger sons. “The church of Germany,” writes Janssen, a Catholic historian, “was the richest in Christendom. It has been proved that it possessed nearly the third of all the landed property.”² The same Janssen acknowledges that the German clergy was hated and despised for its vices. Thanks to the universal chaos, grasping hands were stretched toward the Church possessions, and

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 61.

² *Ibid.*

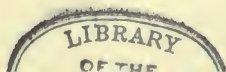
singular pacts were entered into by the new owners and the papacy.

One then saw Protestant princes take possession of a bishopric, enjoy its revenues, usurp its titles, and yet live, after as before, like Protestants and laymen. Rome, yielding to violence, abandoned to them what they had taken, on condition that the spiritual functions of the despoiled bishop should be respected.

While a Protestant prince was allowed¹ to govern a bishopric from a temporal point of view, and even to name the minor dignitaries which it had been the bishop's right to appoint, the Church could in no way permit him to interfere with spiritual matters: not only this Protestant bishop could not assume the episcopal functions such as preaching, ordination, confirmation . . . , but he could under no circumstances control the parish priests as to their manner of preaching or of accomplishing the other duties of their position. . . . As to what is termed spiritual administration, pastoral ministry, these functions devolve on vicar-generals, Catholics, and priests, named by the Chapter and to whom the mock bishop abandoned a little, as little as possible, of his revenues.

Ernst-Augustus owed to a clause of the Treaty of Westphalia the prospect of some day figuring among these pseudo-prelates. In the course of the arduous negotiations which had preceded the treaty, the house of Brunswick "in order to facilitate peace had given up the co-possession of Bremen

¹ *L'Allemagne à la fin du moyen-âge*, vol. i., p. 575.



and three other cities under ecclesiastical rule.”¹ By way of compensation, Osnabrück was granted; but the princes of that house “being all heretics,”² whereas the population was Catholic, while the Chapter of the cathedral was half Catholic and half Protestant, an expedient was found which was supposed to satisfy all parties. This expedient was deemed pernicious by Rome; it might also be called burlesque. It was ordained that Osnabrück should, by turns, have a “Catholic bishop and a heretic,” this latter being always chosen in the house of Brunswick. This arrangement lasted until the nineteenth century: it was in 1803 that the last of the Protestant bishops, the Duke of York, uncle to Queen Victoria, put an end to this peculiar state of things by yielding up Osnabrück to Hanover.

While he awaited the death of the Cardinal of Wartenburg, Ernst-Augustus resided with his brother, Duke Georg-Wilhelm, sovereign of Hanover. To this court, he took his young wife. An active correspondence sprang up between the latter and Carl-Ludwig; from the beginning, Liselotte was often mentioned. More than ever, matters at Heidelberg were at sixes and

¹ What follows is borrowed from a long despatch, May 7, 1678, addressed by Cardinal Alderano Cibo, Secretary of State to Pope Innocent XI., to Francesco Buonviso, Archbishop of Thessaly and Nuncio to Vienna.—Archives of the Vatican, tome 198, *Nunziatura di Germania*.

² That depends on the date. One of Ernst-Augustus's brothers became a Catholic.

sevens.¹ The Electress Charlotte absolutely refused to return to her family. Exasperated and miserable she still insisted on remaining at her post, dreaming of some impossible reconciliation; she was narrowly watched by her husband, who, not without reason, thought her capable, during her fits of fury, of any violence. By a cruel derision, the unhappy woman continued to hold her rank of legitimate spouse and sovereign. With Carl-Ludwig, she presided at the court receptions, where they both, being equally incapable of self-control, gave themselves in spectacle to the public. It is reported that one day, at a feast given in honour of a princely guest, the Elector by way of reply to a biting jest gave the Electress so violent a box on the ear that nose-bleeding ensued²; and if this should be a mere legend, perhaps it is one of those cases where legends are truer than history.

Liselotte took her mother's part and looked sourly upon the intruder. Her father, greatly irritated, soon detached himself from her. Long after the death of Carl-Ludwig, Madame gave vent to this melancholy complaint: "I certainly think that my father loved me; but I loved him much

¹ See *Books of Reference*, p. 3, note 2. This correspondence lasted, uninterrupted, until the death of Carl-Ludwig in 1680.

² The story of the blow is found for the first time in *La vie et les amours de Charles-Louis, Electeur Palatin* (Cologne, 1692). It appears again in a German adaptation of the French book. Freytag accepted it in his *Bildern aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit*. Dr. Adolf Köcher, editor of the Electress Sophie's Memoirs, refuses to admit it. Häusser (vol. ii., p. 610) declares it "doubtful."

more than he did me.”¹ It was the truth. The hostile feelings betrayed by little Liselotte toward Fräulein von Degenfeld had incensed her father, and for ever, as will be seen. Not that Carl-Ludwig experienced for his mistress one of those violent passions, comparable to nature’s forces, which, if they do not justify, at least explain matters; Carl-Ludwig was not of the stuff of which great lovers are made. His case was worse. He loved Louise von Degenfeld with the ardour of a very sensual man, already well on in years, for a young creature, entirely subjugated by him. Charlotte, accustomed to his stinginess, warned him that children are a costly luxury and advised him not to have too many. Louise, without a complaint or a remonstrance, had fourteen in quick succession; she died at the birth of the fourteenth, and was immediately succeeded by a “robust Swiss girl,” in spite of the Elector’s sixty-odd years and unsavoury infirmities.

In all this, it is quite useless to look for poetry. But, if he entertained no very exalted passion for his mistress, Carl-Ludwig, as we have seen, nourished lofty ideas of his omnipotence, both temporal and spiritual. Convinced that his will was law, in morals, in religion, as well as in taxes, he accused his daughter of “not behaving toward him as she should.”² He made the new governess, Fräulein

¹ Letter of Sept. 7, 1710, to the Electress Sophie.

² The Duchess Sophie to Carl-Ludwig, letter of March 27, 1659.

von Uffeln,¹ responsible for this. It is true that this lady had bravely refused her "approbation"² to the official bigamy. He was about to provoke a new scandal by sending her away, when Duchess Sophie³ persuaded him to confide "her dear Liselotte" to her care; "I shall watch over her as though she were my child."⁴ The affair concluded, she hastened its execution. "Hanover, May 15, 1659. . . . If you kindly consent to prepare [the journey] of Liselotte at once, my carriages will await her at Münden, whatever day it will please you to order the carts necessary for her baggage, and to send her there." We know by a letter from Carl-Ludwig to Fräulein von Degenfeld that the departure took place June 9th: "I left to-day at 4 o'clock, and Liselotte an hour earlier. Her sorrow was quickly appeased. After having wept copiously with X [her mother the Electress Charlotte], as soon as her back was turned, Liselotte asked for her lemons."

After a visit at Cassel, in her mother's family, the child, with Fräulein von Uffeln, took the road to Hanover, and her aunt found her there one day on reaching home:

July 20, 1659.—I was welcomed by my dear Liselotte,

¹ Or von Offeln; the two versions are used. Married later to Herr von Harling. Some of Madame's most interesting letters are addressed to her.

² Duchess Sophie to Carl-Ludwig, letter of March 6, 1659.

³ She had become Duchess of Hanover by her marriage.

⁴ Letter of April 18, 1659, to Carl-Ludwig. The Elector and his sister wrote to each other in French.

who wore as serious a look as though she had been twenty years of age, and she seems to me so different from her mother, that I find no fault with her, except that she weeps too easily, which is not to be wondered at as it is the fashion at Cassel, where she has been, as doubtless she has told you. I have just written to Charlotte about her arrival; it remains to be seen whether the answer will be honey or wormwood; I add that if she goes to Cassel, she can see her daughter here. . . . As to a good governess, it is difficult to find one anywhere; if I find a better one than hers, I shall let you know; meanwhile, . . . Herr von Madra has been named tutor.

It does not appear that the Electress Charlotte made any use of the permission to see her daughter at Hanover. She was scarcely encouraged to do so. She wrote to Liselotte, while the child was still at Cassel, a first letter, full of tenderness, "to show her that her poor Mamma ever thought of her."¹ Liselotte had answered, and for this her mother had thanked her, July 4th, by a letter in which are found these words: "May God keep you and let you wax in years and grace, so that, some day, you may console me for the harm that has been done to me by tearing you from me." I do not know whether the child ever read these imprudent lines; at any rate, the correspondence ceased. The Electress Charlotte wrote to Frau von Harling: "Heidelberg, January 15, 1663. I cannot understand why we, unfortunate, should be

¹ This letter and the following have been taken from the *Introduction* written by Dr. Bodemann to the letters of Madame to Herr and Frau von Harling (pp. viii. and ix.).

entirely forgotten by you all; I especially cannot forgive Liselotte, who has not answered my last two letters, and acts as though I were dead; God will punish her." To the same, March 3d: "Write me a word to tell me if Liselotte is living or dead. I know absolutely nothing of her, and in spite of her ingratitude toward me, my mother's heart yet clings to her."

It was after this hard and cruel fashion that the Electress Charlotte was for ever banished from her daughter's life. They met again; but Madame, even when she was married and protected by distance, always showed by her attitude that she had been taught to regard her mother with terror.

IV

The four years spent with Duchess Sophie were, for Liselotte, years of perfect happiness. At Hanover, she found a loving welcome, a life easy and pleasant, if not over-refined, and an education of which she said in later years that all there was of good in her came from her Hanoverian aunt and Fräulein von Uffeln. This education was not without its flaws; but anything was better than the school of pharisaism of her father's palace.

The court of Hanover was not a school of virtue, much less of refinement. The worship of nature was most sedulously and unblushingly practised. The reigning Duke, Georg-Wilhelm, and all his

brothers¹ loved women and good cheer and deprived themselves of neither. Their mistresses were legion. Ernst-Augustus, in honour of his honeymoon, interrupted the series, and the young wife hastened to make the best use of her time, knowing full well that it would not last. "I have," said she, "accomplished that miracle of our age, that of loving my husband."² Two months after her marriage, she gave Carl-Ludwig a singular picture of her days, adding: "I no longer read fine books . . . the beautiful precepts of Seneca and Epictetus are vanquished by those of nature."³ Seneca and Epictetus had given way to Rabelais. One day when her brother had written of his troubles, Duchess Sophie answers: "I am greatly troubled to see that you take things so much to heart. . . . We have but one life; why torment ourselves when we can eat, sleep, and drink, sleep, drink, and eat?"⁴ She practised what she preached. The day came when she noticed that her husband greatly desired to be unfaithful to her; she cheerfully smoothed all things for him and was not wroth. We read in her Memoirs: "The holy bonds of matrimony

¹ There were four. Their history, in consequence of complicated family arrangements, is somewhat confused. They were Christian-Ludwig, Duke of Hanover from 1641 to 1648, later, Duke of Celle up to his death (1665); Georg-Wilhelm, Duke of Hanover from 1648 to 1665, then of Celle, died in 1705; Johann-Frederick, Duke of Hanover from 1665 to 1679; Ernst-Augustus, who succeeded Johann-Frederick, and died in 1698.

² Letter to Carl-Ludwig, Feb. 6, 1659.

³ December 16, 1658.

⁴ June 6, 1663.

had not modified his gallant humour; he wearied of sameness."¹ Then she mentions their mutual conventions.

The passion of love is of all time. It is not so with that of gluttony; and it is difficult for us to imagine the place of honour given to it in the pleasures of the high and mighty during the seventeenth century. When Duchess Sophie writes to her brother, "Good cheer is now one of my greatest pleasures,"² she by no means alludes to delicate cheer, but to copious meals. In Hanover as well as in the palace of the Louvre, people made themselves ill with overeating; the only difference was in the cooking of the viands, and cooking is a thing of personal appreciation quite as much as the choice of colours. Eleanor of Olbreuse³ relates that "she was nauseated" at the sight of the huge dishes of sausages with red cabbage, or of onions crushed with ginger, which delighted Duchess Sophie. Madame says as much of the stews served at the table of Louis XIV. Proportionally, the number of dishes was as extravagant here as there and the table expenses as excessive. The budget of Johann-Frederick, successor of Georg-Wilhelm, for 1678-1679 still exists. Here are some of the items⁴:

¹ *Memoirs*, p. 17.

² Letter of July 7, 1671.

³ Eleanor of Olbreuse, who belonged to a noble Poitou family, was beautiful, witty, and virtuous. Georg-Wilhelm took her as his morganatic wife in September, 1665. (*Cf. The Love of an Uncrowned Queen*, by W. H. Wilkins, London, 1900, 2 vols. in 8°.)

⁴ *Die Hofhaltung zu Hannover*, etc., by Dr. Eduard Wehse (Hamburg, 1853).

Wardrobe of His Serene Highness . . .	1010	thalers
Wedding and christening presents . . .	54	"
Church collections	16	"
Chancellor's palace and Supreme Court (of Justice)	625	"
Opera	3972	"
Army	26,475	"
Table expenses	49,365	"

In this last sum are not comprised wine and beer, or the renewing of the service, or the indemnities to the servants not fed in the house, or the wages of the cooks and their assistants, or those of the hunters and gardeners who provided game and vegetables. Not counting these, the table expenses yet swallowed up a sixth of the Hanoverian resources under Johann-Frederick.

Duchess Sophie, who had seen Carl-Ludwig husbanding the kindling wood, and weighing the sugar, accused her brothers-in-law of wanton waste. She pretended that Georg-Wilhelm paid his "*quisignier*" (*cuisinier*) more than a state minister and, besides, allowed him to rob shamefully. The idea of being cheated was very distasteful to her; she said, "It is foolish to give ten crowns for a calf when it can be bought for one."¹ Not more foolish than to buy ten calves when a single one would suffice; but this idea would have appeared singularly "bourgeois." A feast was princely only when it was worthy of Gargantua.

¹ Letter of May 14, 1670.

The Hanoverian court, however, to her seemed very commonplace. The Duchess, when she asked for Liselotte, warned her brother of this: "She will scarcely here learn to be coquettish and familiar; and I do not answer that she will acquire any facility of conversation with different sorts of people, unless God grant us some day a court of our own; here, there is but little majesty, and months pass when we see none [but] servants."¹ The same complaint often reappears under her pen: "We live like burghers, and see no one, so to speak."² And elsewhere: "I lead but a solitary life, and by way of society, I have my servants."³ It was an understood thing: with her, fine manners could scarcely be acquired, still less choice language, or delicacy of mind; but in all this, the surroundings alone were not in fault. The first culprit was Duchess Sophie herself, that really superior woman, whom Leibniz always called "our great Electress," of whom Madame wrote with enthusiasm: "My aunt was not only the light of her court, but of all courts. Where else could have been found such intelligence and such virtue?"⁴ All her intelligence and all her virtue did not preserve her from a degree of coarseness which is amazing in a "great princess." She delighted in nasty words, disgusting jokes, and

¹ Letter of April 18, 1659. *Servant* was a word used with regard to all persons, even of noble birth, attached to princely houses.

² December 1, 1670.

³ Letter of Duchess Sophie, June 17, 1665.

⁴ Letter of Madame to the Raugravine Louise, March 18, 1703.

obscenities, as did Madame herself, her worthy pupil in such matters. It was in the blood. Carl-Ludwig, one day, thought himself very witty, when he commissioned his daughter—then not sixteen years of age—to put an obscene question to Duchess Sophie. The child gave the message, received the answer, and her aunt thought it all a very good joke.¹

All the decencies of life were equally ignored at the Hanoverian court. Scarcely settled in her new home, the Duchess, following her husband's example, took occasion of divine service to write letters. Neither one nor the other had the slightest religious faith; but their presence at worship was an affair of etiquette and they contrived to make the duty as light as possible. When they were virtuously inclined, they carried on their correspondence; at other times, their occupations were less quiet. July 21, 1660, Duchess Sophie was forced to interrupt her letter on account of the noise: "We are in church, and my good lord is making such a stir reading a comedy aloud, that I am unable to continue." It might be interesting to know what the congregation, where there were people of great piety, thought of these libertine Highnesses who were supposed to assist at the service for the edification of their subjects.

Liselotte, as it happened, had great need to be taught decorum.² This her aunt, though much

¹ Letter of May 14, 1670.

² For all that follows, *cf.* the letters of August 24, 1659, March

given to admire her in all things, acknowledged: "Liselotte is as clever as might be a person of twenty, and can behave so prettily that one can but admire; but she has to be reminded to behave well every moment, otherwise there is the rod; for, after all, she is very young." The Duchess advised travelling for her: "Thus, my dear Liselotte . . . would see something of the world and learn to live as becomes a princess." However, a first venture, a visit to the Hague at the house of the grandmother surrounded by her monkeys and her dogs, proved a failure: "Here, no one has the least notion of conversation; it is not a climate suited to the cultivation of the mind, but only to benefit one's health, in which respect these people are more intelligent than Germans; one can also learn to keep a house and furniture clean."

A second journey, the object of which was once more to see Heidelberg, "that Parnassus where science and reason flourish," left the Duchess rather unsatisfactory reminiscences. She found herself at her brother's palace between the Electress Charlotte and Fräulein von Degenfeld, and this did not seem to her more agreeable than of yore: "I visited the former," relate the Memoirs, "and [the Elector] requested me to see the latter, which greatly troubled me. I feared that by doing so, I should be supposed to approve." She

28, 1663 (erroneously dated 1660), July 24, 1660, February 2, 1660, addressed to the Elector Carl-Ludwig.

ended by yielding, thinking that this one visit would suffice, but she had not reckoned upon the tenacity of Carl-Ludwig: "I, however, refused a greater intimacy, fearing that the Electress might be angered, and that, perhaps, the Duke¹ might not be pleased."

Other travels were given up for various reasons. And thus it came to pass that Princess Liselotte, born rough and noisy, had by no means become polished before she went to France. A hundred years later Rousseau would have hailed in her a creature of nature, and would have praised her for being untainted by civilisation. But, so many years before Rousseau's appearance, it was a little distressing.

She received the education of the day: that is, as little as possible. Two or three centuries ago, it seems as though the ignorance of woman-kind in general extended to princesses. The Palatinate rulers had never quite forgiven the erudition of the beautiful Elisabeth, the friend of Descartes. For so great a lady, this erudition was out of place. "Her great learning made her rather absent-minded, and often excited our laughter."² It was more important for a princess to sweep her curtseys correctly than to have an opinion on the *Discours de la Méthode*. Carl-Ludwig, consulted as to his daughter's education, said: "As to study, I do not suppose that you want

¹ Duke Ernst-Augustus, her husband.

² Memoirs of the Electress Sophie.

to make a blue-stocking of her.”¹ And all agreed that learning was a matter of small importance.

At seven years of age, Liselotte was taught “to read and write in German, her prayers, and the catechism (a very important item).” Her rank obliged her to know French. She spoke it all her life with an accent which is betrayed by her spelling: *Louisse*, a *Jessuite*, *appropriation*; but her letters in French are easy and natural, and, after all, she made fewer mistakes than the Grande Mademoiselle, or certain duchesses of the French court. She took lessons in Italian, others, of no matter what, with a “poet who had a very good German handwriting,” and she had a tutor. All this, without method, in the midst of journeyings; yet, in spite of all, with incontestable success, thanks especially to her aunt. We have shown the evil side of Duchess Sophie as educator; it is but fair to show the good. She was extremely clever, and cleverness is always useful. For her day, she had read a great deal, and she loved all beautiful things. “I have often heard my late Papa,” wrote Madame (July 21, 1697) “say that no one possessed Michel de Montaigne as did Your Grace.” She inspired her niece with the love of good books. Madame, thanks to her, took at once to our great writers, and when she arrived at Saint-Germain, in spite of her peasant look, soon knew their best

¹ The text reads “make of her a Schurmann”—Anna-Maria von Schurmann was a learned German woman. For this part, *cf.* the letters to Carl-Ludwig of August 24, 1659, April 18, 1660, October 31, 1661.

works by heart. An education which bears such fruits is no failure.

Two very happy years had passed. Toward the end of 1661, Ernst-Augustus exchanged his precarious position of penniless younger son for the fat living which, thanks to the Treaty of Westphalia, fell to his lot: "The Duke received the news that the Bishop of Osnabrück had . . . gone to a better world, . . . and he caused all things to be prepared for taking solemnly possession of his bishopric. It was thought that I might seem [an] encumbrance in this ecclesiastical ceremony."¹ The new Bishop and his "Bishopess" enquired eagerly as to the Osnabrück revenues. "I think," wrote the Duchess to her brother, "that we shall not be too badly off, though the average income of the bishopric is but 18,000 or 20,000 crowns a year, for the late incumbent had more than 40,000 crowns over and above this, and I think some arrangement will be agreed upon, so that we shall not, like him, have to shear all things too closely."

Ernst-Augustus's congregation came gallantly to the front, and it was in the happiest possible state of mind that Duchess Sophie took possession of the country seat of the Osnabrück Bishops:

Iburg, September 29, 1662.—Three days ago I arrived here from Celle and I find myself in a very pretty house which charmed me when I first saw it; everything that strikes the sight is magnificent: plate, furniture, liveries,

¹ Memoirs, p. 70. Letters of Dec. 12, 1661, Feb. 13 and 26, 1662.

guards, pikemen. . . The burghers of Osnabrück harangued me and presented me with a silver basin and ewer, with a big tankard and two silver mugs for my children. All these things are but trifles compared with the seventy thousand thalers the bishopric gave its Bishop on his arrival. . . . Everything is going to wear a different aspect from Hanover, thank God. . . .

The *naïve* joy which fills this letter will help us to understand an obscure and secret undertaking of Carl-Ludwig at this period. He had begun a campaign, the object of which was neither more nor less than the destruction of the Reformation, and the uniting of the Protestant Church to the Catholic. This, it is needless to say, was the result of no conscientious scruples, for he did not believe in any dogma; nor of his tenderness for the Catholic clergy, which he judged as he did all the others. One of his favourite axioms was "that the world would never be cured until it had been cleansed of three sorts of vermin: priests, doctors, and lawyers."¹ It is highly improbable that he was actuated by political motives; Protestant princes found too many advantages in the doctrine of the State Churches. But there remained the money question, the exhaustless resources of the Roman Church for the disposing of princely bastards otherwise than by the army. Without asserting anything, this seems a plausible explanation of the interest Carl-Ludwig evinced in the reunion of the two churches: he hoped

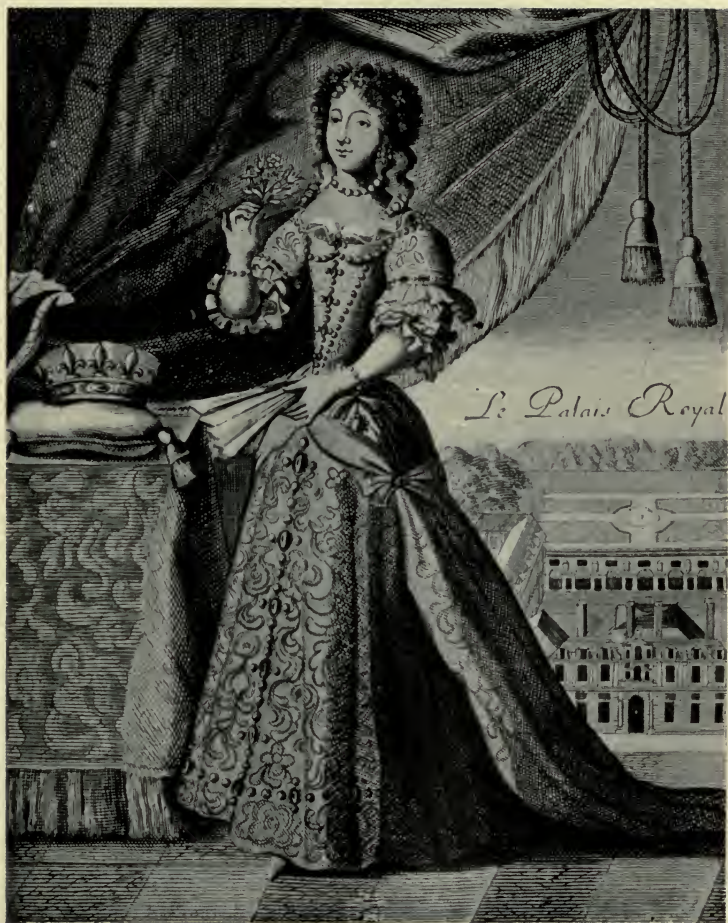
¹ Letter of Madame, December 14, 1719, to Herr von Harling.

thereby to further the fortunes of Louise von Degenfeld's children.

The first letters which mention this project are from Duchess Sophie¹: "June 19, 1661. . . . I made our Bishop believe that you had read the volume of sermons he gave me, and that you greatly admired his moderation; he asked me whether you still pursued your project of uniting the two religions." Another prince had had the same inspiration, or had made the same calculations, almost at the same moment as the Elector: "[Hanover, October 31, 1661.] . . . You must know . . . that the Landgrave of Cassel has written a long diplomatic letter to Duke Georg-Wilhelm, a most pious letter, on the subject of uniting the two religions, and asks his advice, as a Christian. He began by sending it to his counsellors; I do not know if anything has come of it." Years of silence followed this communication.

In 1667, it is easy to guess that the project had made no progress, as Carl-Ludwig placed under a Protestant patronage a foundation on the model of the Catholic institutions, and which under other circumstances need not have been disguised. By way of parenthesis, this was for the advantage, very positively and openly, of a daughter of Louise von Degenfeld. Near Heidelberg were the ruins of a convent for noble maidens, founded during the Middle Ages by a Hohenstaufen. Carl-Ludwig

¹ The letters of Carl-Ludwig prior to 1674 are no longer in existence. He had ordered his sister to burn them.



MADAME, YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale



undertook to restore it, with the idea of securing an honourable retreat for his illegitimate daughters, but his way of doing this proved the general confusion of his mind. He filled the new convent with Calvinists, and gave them a rule borrowed from a Catholic order and embracing among other vows "that of celibacy."¹ This made an absurd medley. There was dissonance between the rule and the ruled. The vow of celibacy seemed inadmissible to Protestants; it had to be suppressed. The same thing happened when masculine visits were prohibited. Then came other objections until, finally, the convent disappeared during a period of troubles and catastrophes.

We shall again stumble upon this project of union between the churches. For the time being events of another kind recall us to the Heidelberg palace.

The situation had changed at a time when change was no longer looked for. In the spring of 1663, the Electress Charlotte, worn out by the struggle, decided to return to her own country, and Carl-Ludwig in consequence called back Liselotte. For the last two years he had wished her to return. He mistrusted the Hanoverian court as far as "gravity" and decorum went, and his sister, when he lectured her on that head, could but humbly acknowledge that her court could not be compared with that of Heidelberg, a model of order and regularity in comparison. One

¹ Cf. Häusser, *Geschichte der Rheinischen Pfalz*, ii., 646 seq.

day, when she spoke of the sorrow her niece's departure would cause her, Duchess Sophie added:

I shall feel it greatly but I confess that she could be better brought up in a well regulated court like yours, than in this one, where one lives in mediocrity, without ever seeing anybody. . . Hers is a very good nature and she learns anything she wishes. I think you will object to nothing in her except her grimaces; she will scarcely be cured of these until she has sense enough to see in her mirror how ugly they are.¹

This is the first time that Liselotte's grimaces are alluded to.

Three months later: "February 26, 1662. . . . I acknowledge that your reasons for claiming the Electoral Princess are quite convincing, for the Infanta of the Palatinate can certainly learn more dignity of manner in her own home than with me in Westphalia, where we are all very simple."

But another year passed. Liselotte's return was constantly postponed, on account of her mother's presence in the palace. As soon as the departure of the Electress was assured that return was hastily ordered. June 5, 1663, Carl-Ludwig wrote to Fräulein von Degenfeld that an apartment must be in readiness for his daughter. On the 14th, he confides to her his first impressions: "She has rather gained than lost." Fräulein von Uffeln, the governess, who did not approve of bigamy, was sent away and her post given to Frau von Terlon, who trembled before Carl-Ludwig. All

¹ December 1, 1661.

will go well if "his angel" shows some tact. And he lectures her:

[Same day] I do not exactly know when the Electress means to leave. . . . Now that, through her departure, the danger will be lessened and liberty increased, my treasure must, according to my idea, watch even more carefully over her expression and her gestures, and so temper them that they may show neither too much haughtiness nor too much familiarity. With my tastes and from my experience, the first defect would be less disagreeable to me than the second.

The Electress Charlotte left and never returned. Carl-Ludwig imagined more than ever that all, now, would go smoothly, but this was an illusion. Was it Louise's fault? Was it Liselotte's? Or, more simply, that of the situation itself? One thing only is certain: Duchess Sophie expected to be complimented on her pupil: she heard nothing but complaints.

V

Princess Liselotte was a young girl who had personal ideas and a will of her own; that was what her father could not pardon. When he compared her with her brother, the Electoral Prince, whom he had brought up after his own fashion, the difference was startling. It was impossible, even for the most suspicious, to object to Prince Carl, a poor, timid, awkward boy, who to all observers (save his father, who saw in him a certain like-

ness to himself) seemed little better than a fool. Duchess Sophie wrote to her brother, not without irony, when her nephew was not yet nine years old: "Hanover, May 6, 1660. . . . I am charmed to hear that you approve so entirely of Carl and that he is of one mind with you, and since he does not love his mother, there seems no reason why his submissive humour should be corrupted."

At seventeen, Carl seemed to have inherited the paternal avarice. Duchess Sophie writes, February 23, 1667:

I am happy that you should be convinced that it will be no scatter-brain, but a wise youth whom you will associate to your projects, and that the Electoral Prince begins to resemble you in all things . . . but I regret that Liselotte is not fortunate enough equally to please you; her nature seemed to me a good one; I hope she will not change.

The brother and sister had been equally well trained to economy. When the Elector put his son to school, he obtained a reduction of the usual price on the plea that the child had a small appetite. When he sent his daughter to Hanover, he only allowed her 900 florins a year as pocket money, despite all the obligations attached to her rank, so as to accustom her to give small tips and to invent cheap presents. This training Madame never forgot.

As for manners and appearance Prince Carl made one think of Thomas Diaforus,¹ and this

¹ A character in Molière's *Malade imaginaire*.

piece of good fortune he owed to his father. For his day, Carl-Ludwig was well educated. He was fond of books and bought them. He counted among the German princes who hired Frenchmen of letters, as in olden times the Romans bought Greek slaves, so as to enjoy the luxury of intellectual conversations. He never understood that the education of a pedant was scarcely fit for a prince; he gave his son very learned masters for the classics, and they made of him a good Latin scholar and a passable theologian, but a Thomas Diaforus as to appearance. As ill-luck would have it, the governor whose duty it was to give him a little dash and boldness took it upon himself to complete the work of the other masters. In 1667, Duchess Sophie, knowing that there was some project of marriage for her nephew, thought it her duty to write to Carl-Ludwig:

September 1.—Signac¹ . . . told me that when he had the honour of painting the Prince Electoral's portrait the Prince absent-mindedly passed his hand in his hair, whereupon his governor, Herr Watteville, to show his authority, hit him over the fingers with a comb, and that the Prince, blushing, dared not protest; others tell me that when, at times, for some ailment, he makes use of candle grease, the governor also hits him on the fingers and never speaks to him without uselessly finding fault; that the Prince often says that he does not know when he is right or wrong, because the governor is eternally

¹ There was in the seventeenth century a Frenchman by that name, a "painter on enamel," who visited the court of Christina of Sweden and painted her portrait. Is it the same? I have been unable to fix that point.

scolding him, and that is why he is so timid. I feel it my duty to tell you this for it seems to me that a prince admitted to the Council, and soon to be married, is no longer of age to be thus treated. . . . I have heard much good of the Prince and at Stuttgart many found him very intelligent when his governor was not by, but as soon as the governor is present, he dares not open his mouth.

The unfortunate youth felt himself ridiculous and degraded, but had not the courage to rebel. He said later: "I carry with me the stigma of oppression. My young days were poisoned and I have known but little happiness in this life."

The princess chosen to be his wife was called Wilhelmina-Ernestine and was the daughter of Frederick III., King of Denmark. She had been chosen because she was too insignificant and indifferent not to live on "good terms" with Fräulein von Degenfeld, and at the court of Heidelberg all things turned on that point. More than ever, the stubborn Carl-Ludwig, a veritable monomaniac on the subject of bigamy, insisted that his mistress should be treated as "second spouse," and this was very difficult to obtain; there were no precedents, so that he himself had to regulate every detail. What should be, at the family table, the "second spouse's" place? Should she come before the legitimate children or after them? Should she sit next her sisters-in-law, should there be any present, or two places off?¹

¹ Cf. the letter of Carl-Ludwig to Fräulein von Degenfeld, dated April 23, 1664.

In a plan of the table which still exists, the Elector occupied the head. He had placed the Electoral Prince at his right hand, the Electoral Princess on the left. Fräulein von Degenfeld and her eldest son came after Liselotte. The other places were assigned to the court dignitaries, according to their offices and rank.

Strangers, even when they showed great prudence, were suspected by His Highness of the Palatinate of insinuating covert blame in all their speeches, and at times he was not wrong. More than one among the German princes envied Carl-Ludwig and would fain have imitated him; but Germany, as a nation, in spite of the barbarism and coarseness which resulted from the Thirty Years' War, had kept, in the midst of all its miseries, those honest and serious principles which have proved its great mainstay through the lapse of centuries. Not that it was a prudish nation, for it was admitted that princes had a right to numberless favourites; but it was indignant at the comedy of lawfulness in the case of Carl-Ludwig; indignant also at his odious oppression of the clergy. It revolted against the vagaries of this singular reformer of manners, and manifested its firm intention of renewing ancient traditions and of falling once more into the rut of the old-time morality.¹

¹ The volume entitled *Schreiben des Kurfürsten*, etc., contains many precious indications as to public opinion in Germany at the time we are studying. From this point of view it would be well to read all the correspondence of Carl-Ludwig with Fräulein von Degenfeld

Liselotte headed the opposition. This was so spontaneous on her part, so unconscious, that it took her thirty or forty years to understand that her father had been angry with her, and she could never make out his reasons for being so. Brought up with the young Raugraves—this was the title given by the Elector to Fräulein von Degenfeld and her children,¹—she had grown to be very fond of these poor little innocents, for whom the future was menacing; but their mother always found her most reserved. The Raugravine Louise was full of step-motherly attentions, but these remained always unheeded by Her Highness the haughty and distant Electoral Princess. Proofs of this abound in the numerous letters sent by courier from Carl-Ludwig to “his treasure” whenever they happened to be separated. “You do not say whether Liselotte behaves well to you and to the children. . . . All that my darling treasure decides with regard to Liselotte will be looked upon by me as a favour.” With regard to a sailing party: “I trust that Betten-dorf delivered my message and executed my orders which were that Liselotte should take my treasure in her boat.”² It is clear from the construction of the phrase that Liselotte would not have invited the Raugravine without a positive order. Duchess

and the letter addressed to Carl-Ludwig by Christopher von Hammerstein, November 16, 1669, p. 384.

¹The act was signed December 31, 1670.

²Letters to Fräulein von Degenfeld of September 17, 1665, August 23, 1668, and April 24, 1664.

Sophie, anxious about the future, was looking high and low for a husband for her niece, and, meanwhile, she tried to soften matters: "As to Liselotte, I am sorry you should not be satisfied with her bringing up. . . . Liselotte's nature is excellent, reason only comes with time, and the Danish princess will get along better with the *Signora* [Fräulein von Degenfeld], being less positive, and in no way active or given to conversation, which is excellent in every particular."¹

This last letter is dated 1670. Liselotte was then eighteen. She was short, "as dry as a chip,"² startlingly plain, but in no way commonplace or dull. Her eyes were very small, her big nose all on one side; she had large, flat, hanging cheeks; but she was fresh and fair like many Germans; illuminating this fantastic appearance, there was so much life, such sparkling gaiety that with her there was no such thing as dullness. Her good humour was her safeguard: "I have, all through my life, made fun of my uncomeliness," she wrote toward the end of her life, "I only laughed at it. His Grace, our father, and our late brother often told me that I was ugly; I merely laughed and did not make myself unhappy about it. My brother called me *badger-nosed*, which I took as a good joke."³ In reality she was not as indifferent to her appearance as she

¹ Letters from July 20, 1666, to September 24, 1670.

² July 14, 1702, addressed to Raugravine Louise, half-sister to Madame.

³ Letter addressed to the Raugravine Louise, June 22, 1719.

chose to pretend, since she avoided seeing herself in a mirror and shrank from being looked at: "I have always considered myself as so ugly, even when I was young, that I did not like to be seen and that I never desired any sort of ornament, for jewels and finery attract notice."¹ One can scarcely ask a woman to rejoice at being ugly. Liselotte was resigned to her fate; and that was a good deal.

The conviction that she could never know a woman's triumphs helped to make her unfeminine in her tastes and ideas. She could not understand why one should wish to be married: "When a woman," said she, "gets it into her head that she wants a husband, it is mere folly. To be crippled is a misfortune, to have a husband is another," no matter who the husband may be, for the best "is but a sorry bargain." The worst of all follies is to marry for love: "It is a miracle when a love match succeeds; it is very rare. . . . Generally love turns to hatred."² On this subject the seventeenth century was clearly and almost universally of Liselotte's opinion. A German proverb, more forcible than elegant, justifies public opinion in these words: "Love is like the dew; it falls as well on a cow's dung as on a roseleaf." To marry for love is to risk founding a family on "dung," and what sensible person would run such a risk?

¹ Quoted by Schutz, p. 53, in *Leben und Character der Elisabeth-Charlotte*.

² Letters to the Raugraves, March 8, 1715, September 4, 1697, July 15, 1719, May 10, 1713, February 16, 1702.

And, as it happened, an example of the evils love causes when it is ill placed was under the eyes of Liselotte. In the case of Fräulein von Degenfeld, the dew had fallen on the stones of the wayside. The young Princess saw her father, at more than fifty, as much inflamed as ever for a woman who certainly was submissive and devoted, who wrote that she adored him, but who nevertheless met his advances with irritating coldness. Fräulein von Degenfeld was not of an inflammable nature. Duchess Sophie speaks of her coldness like an authority on such matters, and her brother bemoans it in a curious memoir written after the death of his companion¹ and entitled by him *Bilan de mariage*. Louise, to her honour be it said, was no more grasping than she was passionate, and she kept aloof from all court intrigues. One is almost led to believe that she became the mistress of this old tyrant for the glory of it, because he was a reigning prince, and that the long patience of this poor creature was a miracle of monarchical sentiment. However that may be, the miracle did not bestow happiness upon her, and the Elector himself was only happy to a certain degree, or rather after a certain fashion.

Carl-Ludwig, very thin, with his long, cross-grained face and his suspicious glances, was not made to inspire passion. He was born a constable, and that character is never very reassuring. He

¹ *Schreiben des Kurfürsten*, etc., p. 305.

watched for the arrival of his "chancellor's" subordinates and noted those who were late. He was careful to have every bottle taken from his cellar marked down, and he verified those that remained. He kept up with all the most insignificant acts of the "Raugravine" and often scolded her. One would be singularly out of one's reckoning if one took literally the expressions of the correspondence, where he familiarly speaks of his "angel" and his "treasure," of their home affairs, the people she had seen, the health of the children, and the small presents he made to their mother: sweets, a cure for the toothache, two melons, with the advice not to eat too freely of them at one time, an old fur garment which he could no longer wear but which might perhaps be made over for "the children." It is necessary to compare this very commonplace but affectionate correspondence with Louise's pathetic letters in answer to some which we do not possess and which doubtless have been destroyed, in which she declared herself the most unhappy of creatures, where "on her knees" she implores pardon for having desired some innocent pleasure, or for not having been able to prevent visits from her relatives, or for some crime equally heinous.

Liselotte heard the echoes of these despairing cries. Her father's example preached to her the failure of wedlock, regular or irregular, love match or arranged union, and she was but too willing to profit by the lesson. "I should have been so glad,"

she writes in her old age, "if I had been allowed not to marry and to lead a good life of celibacy." She liked to repeat that she had been married against her will: "If I had been my own mistress, I should have done like you, my dear Louise, and never have married." But she was not her own mistress. "Papa carried me on his shoulders like a burden, trembled lest I should be an old maid, and rid himself of me as soon as he could." She had also to reckon with her Aunt Sophie, who wished to see her niece far from Heidelberg and its complications, and who by ill luck could not find out whether Providence was for or against her plans: "Marriage," she writes, "is like death: the day and the hour of it are marked; no one escapes. As our Lord God wills it, so it comes to pass."¹ Several matrimonial projects fell to the ground; perhaps because God had other views. Liselotte had no peace on that subject.

She thought that nothing makes up for the loss of liberty, whereas liberty makes up for all things, even for a Fräulein von Degenfeld. Her liberty enabled her to take long walks, for "pleasures" were rare at Heidelberg. There were visits to country fairs, and representations of strolling actors. A sleighing party, all the guests being masked, was the winter's event. Another year, Liselotte's letters² are full of a masked ball where

¹ Letters to the Raugraves of December 28, 1719, June 20, 1720, October 15, 1701, April 16, 1699.

² Cf. the letters to Frau von Harling, born von Uffeln, her former governess, p. 5 and following.

she represented Aurora, and her brother Mercury. That sufficed to make her consider Heidelberg as an earthly paradise. Carl-Ludwig accused her of frivolity; he would have liked her to take her part of "princess" more to heart; but she was in all things his daughter and was not to be bullied like her brother. She had managed, in spite of all, to be happy, under the yoke of her father and in his irregular surroundings, when the very thing she most dreaded came to pass. It pleased "our Lord God" to give her a prince, of whom she had never thought, and who was already married, so that it was first necessary to cause the death of a young princess, the darling of the French court, in order that the decree from on high might be executed. When men make it their business to decipher the divine will they at once stumble upon monstrous iniquities. By way of excuse it must be said that Madame never made any pretence of logic; she would certainly have shrunk from the consequences of her fatalism had she understood them.

CHAPTER II

MARRIAGE—FIRST YEARS IN FRANCE

AT the time when Princess Liselotte became Duchesse d'Orléans and sister-in-law to the King of France, Louis XIV.'s reign was in all its splendour. Foremost in Europe by its influence, France was likewise in the first rank, thanks to a civilisation of which we now see especially the faults, whereas the dazzled contemporaries only saw its magnificence and originality. The forces of the nation had been brought into cohesion by the impulse of absolute monarchy, and France gave forth all the effort of which it was capable, until the day came when the same system, exhausting all sources of life, put the nation at death's door.

No sign of the inevitable decadence, however, was visible in 1671, the date of Monsieur's second marriage. The new Madame was to be welcomed in her adopted country by a sumptuous and polite society, several centuries in advance of her native land—the unfortunate Palatinate, relegated by untold miseries to the lowest degree of civilisation. She might have been pleased by the contrast, won over and charmed by the magnificence of the French court, by the delight of an unrivalled literature, as well as by the art of exquisite conversation, which held in reserve many joys for a fresh and

keen spirit. It might have been, also, that so independent a little person, accustomed to extreme simplicity, and naturally refractory to all refinement, would have felt ill at ease and as rebellious as Voltaire's Savage, in consequence of the constraints and conventionalities without which polite society could not exist. It will be seen that the impression of Madame savoured both of the one state of mind and of the other, without speaking of unforeseen events, and that, all told, Princess Liselotte managed much better in her new existence than has been supposed by her country people.

I

Monsieur, Duc d'Orléans,¹ and younger brother of Louis XIV., lost his first wife, Henrietta of England, June 30, 1670, at three in the morning. The King heard of it at six and gave the whole morning to weeping and regrets, for he was tenderly attached to his young sister-in-law. The afternoon of the same day, he proposed that his cousin the Grande Mademoiselle should take the place of the defunct princess, whereat no one was astonished; this haste, in the case of a royal widower, being no uncommon occurrence. Mademoiselle replied evasively; Lauzun then occupied

¹Philippe of France, Duc d'Anjou, and later Duc d'Orléans, born September 21, 1640, married April 1, 1661, to Henrietta-Anne of England, daughter of Charles I. and, through her mother, granddaughter of Henri IV.



PHILIPPE, DUC D'ORLEANS
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale



her heart. The King, not a whit discouraged, spoke to his brother on the following day, and the Duke received the suggestion "very agreeably,"¹ but showed some repugnance at this unseemly haste. To tell the truth, the favourites who ruled Monsieur hesitated to permit this marriage, on account of the resolute nature of the Grande Mademoiselle. She was not a woman to allow herself to be led, and there was not the slightest hope of obtaining from her even a small portion of her millions. What then would be the use? Amidst all this ill-will, the matter dragged.

In embarrassing cases, there was a person, among others, who had some influence over Monsieur; this was one of Liselotte's numerous aunts, the one called "la Palatine,"² who lived in Paris, where, during the Fronde, she had played an important part. In France, among subtle connoisseurs such as Retz, she was looked upon as a woman who possessed a sort of political genius. In Germany, in her husband's family, opinions were divided; her brother-in-law, Carl-Ludwig, Liselotte's father, greatly prized her counsels and made use of her in all his Paris negotiations; her sister-in-law, Sophie, Duchess of Hanover, reproached her with lack of frankness and with being "fertile in

¹ *Mémoires de Mlle. de Montpensier*, iv., 153. For the Bibliography see Chapter I.

² Anne de Gonzague de Clèves (1616-1684), married in 1645 to Eduard, Prince of the Palatinate and brother of Carl-Ludwig; widow in 1663.

fancies.”¹ In spite of these divergences, both were on excellent terms with her, and these continued after the widowhood of Anne de Gonzague, in 1663. Indeed, she was making a round of visits to her German relations when she heard of the death of Henrietta. She had just left Heidelberg and was going through Frankfort, when the news burst upon her, causing much emotion on account of rumours of foul play.

Anne de Gonzague's correspondence with Carl-Ludwig² proves that the idea immediately came to her to give Monsieur as second wife “the Electoral Princess,” otherwise, Liselotte. Even in the first letter after the death of Madame, she discreetly feels her way: “Frankfort, July 12, 1670. As I reached this town, I heard of the death of the Duchesse d'Orléans, brought on in three hours by a colic. This unfortunate accident will cause many changes in several ways. . . . I own that this death greatly affects me, and being what I am to Monsieur, I should have wished to be in France at the time of this strange misfortune.” Then follow protestations of affection, and the offer to return to Heidelberg on her way to Hanover, in order to take “the orders” of the Elector “on all matters.”

We do not possess the answer; but we can guess

¹ Letter to Carl-Ludwig, September 1667.

² *Publicationen aus den K. Preussischen Staats Archiven*, T. xxvi. Leipzig, 1 vol. in 8°: Hirzel. The correspondence of Carl-Ludwig with his sister-in-law Anne is placed at the end of the volume, after the letters to Duchess Sophie of Hanover. It is formed

by the following letter that Carl-Ludwig was in no way ill-pleased:

Salmunster, July 14, 1670. . . . I humbly thank you, Sir, for the kindness with which you sympathise with my sorrow. I have received two letters from Monsieur, who is much afflicted by his loss. Those who dare to say that he had a hand in it must be very abominable people; they little know the heart of this prince, who is quite incapable of so horrible an act. Those who think that Monsieur would be a very desirable match, already write to me on the subject, which is somewhat premature. . . . I shall do all I can to have the honour of seeing you on my way back; two days would not be a great delay, and we might, perhaps, under existing circumstances, find plenty of things to discuss which would profitably fill them.

Here occurs a break of two months in the correspondence; probably the letters have been lost. Those which we possess, dated about the beginning of October, show the Palatine to be in Paris once more. She had seen Monsieur, had suggested good ideas to him, and sums up the situation in these words: "I shall merely tell you that the King wishes for a marriage with Mlle. d'Orléans, but that Monsieur will not accept it." Carl-Ludwig fancied that all was up and answered: "October 21st. . . . As to the marriage of Monsieur with the Electoral Princess, it must not be thought of, since the King has decided otherwise." The Palatine, however, was persevering. Her self-pride

merely of fragments relating to the marriage of Liselotte. The correspondence is in French.

as a political woman was at stake, for the providing of a brilliant match for a poor niece was not her only aim, considering the situation of Germany with regard to France. Liselotte sister-in-law to Louis XIV. meant an all-powerful protector for the Palatinate; it meant that the German earthen pot would be saved from a shock with its neighbour, the French iron pot. The Palatine was not the only one to understand this, and there was no time to lose.

If ever Germany well-nigh submitted to the French sway, it was not after Jena, it was during the glorious days of Louis XIV., when a clever diplomacy had given us as pensioners numbers of starving German princes, beggars since the Thirty Years' War, and abandoned to their misery, or nearly so, by their natural protector, Emperor Leopold: "The Emperor [is] of small resource," wrote Duchess Sophie, whose husband and brother-in-law were at the devotion of France. "It seems to me that his orders . . . are but of small account in the Empire."¹ And it was quite true that Leopold was but a poor creature without influence. "I fear," again said the Duchess, "that the money [that of His Most Christian Majesty] may some day place all Germany in his power; as for me, I greatly desire German independence." She saw clearly; Germany's very independence was at stake. Together with the princes, France bought

¹ Duchess Sophie to Carl-Ludwig, letters of June 17, 1665, and May 30, 1667.

up their ministers and their counsellors, the feminine court influences, the fencing master of their sons and the dancing master of their daughters; hence a concert of servile praise which added to the value of official treaties.¹ "Louis," declares Ranke,² "possessed in the German Empire an influence which, at least in the Eastern circles, was equal, if not superior, to the Emperor's authority." On the following page Ranke admitted that, even in the heart of Germany, Louis was obeyed. In 1664, the city of Erfurt having refused to accept an imperial decree, the King of France forced its obedience, doubtless for the principle. A little body of French soldiers crossed the frontier, peaceably traversed half of Germany, and executed its mission with the help of the Elector of Saxony, whose duty it was to defend Erfurt, but who had been terrorised by this exhibition of our influence.

While each one, in Germany, sought to shield himself, Carl-Ludwig managed to be on bad terms with everybody. Avowedly, he was opposed to the encroachments of France. "I am an Elector and a German prince," would he proudly say, "and I mean to depend only on God and on the Emperor." But the truth was that he

¹ In 1658 a defensive alliance was concluded by France with the ecclesiastical Electors, the Palatine Elector, Bavaria, the Houses of Brunswick and Hesse, etc. It was the League of the Rhine.

² *Französische Geschichte*, etc., vol. iv., pp. 322 and 323 of the French translation by J. J. Porchat.

accepted our subsidies¹ in 1658, at the time of the Rhine League, because it was beyond his power to refuse money; so that he pocketed and snarled at the same time. Häusser affirms that he did not long receive "the salary of Judas." It was easy, nevertheless, to foresee that such things would come to a bad end; that, between the buyer of consciences who was bent on having his money's worth and the bought who would try to cheat, the good understanding would crumble away at the first menace of an European war; and that Carl-Ludwig, on bad terms with the Emperor, who was at his wit's end, on bad terms with his neighbours, and with whom he quarrelled about money affairs, would find himself in a critical position. He was himself aware of this and greatly wished that his sister-in-law's scheme might succeed; this marriage would serve as a lightning conductor in case of misunderstanding with France.

Nearly a year elapsed before, one after the other, Monsieur, his minions, who rejected the idea of a "penniless princess," and also King Louis XIV. could be persuaded. At last, August 7, 1671, the Palatine wrote: "This time, sir, the marriage of Liselotte with the Duc d'Orléans is an accomplished fact, if you desire it. Monsieur wishes for it, and the King of France has given his full consent. . . . The only obstacle is that of religion." A Duchesse d'Orléans could only be

¹ Three thousand thalers a month. Cf. Häusser, *Geschichte der Rheinischen Pfalz*, ii., 616.



FONTAINEBLEAU AT THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.
From a painting in the Chateau of Versailles

a Catholic, and Carl-Ludwig did not dare to approve of his daughter's conversion; he feared the anger of his people, for whom hatred of Rome was the beginning of piety. The Palatine suggested an expedient. It was agreed between them that Liselotte should secretly abjure, and that her father should pretend to be surprised and angry when the thing should be discovered. The young Princess accepted this comedy.

Of her feelings during these long negotiations, we know but little. She did not conceal that she was being disposed of against her will. "It is true," she wrote long after, "that I came to France out of pure obedience to His Grace, my father, and to my uncle and aunt of Hanover; for it was certainly not for my pleasure."¹ She acknowledged also that her bitter regret at leaving her dear Germany added greatly to this repugnance. Was some uneasiness mixed with her disinclination? Was she aware of what was said of Monsieur and what did she think on the subject? No one knows. On the other hand, it is certain that her change of religion left her somewhat indifferent. Her father had been careful that she should only have "a vague and lukewarm" religious instruction, such as could prove no hindrance, and she was accustomed to look upon a conversion as a matter of business. There is a letter of hers where she expresses astonishment that a certain Duke of Brunswick should have become a Catholic, for

¹ Letter of November 9, 1719, to the Raugravine Louise.

says she with ingenuousness, "it did not bring him in a penny."¹ When her father spoke to her of her possible conversion, she feared the judgments of the world if she "changed her religion merely to get a husband,"² and she did not even enquire what she would be forced to believe as a Catholic. A means of satisfying the world having been furnished her, she asked for nothing more.

Carl-Ludwig had in his service one of those Frenchmen, hucksters of witty sayings, such as German princes attached to their court in order to have some one with whom to converse. He was called Urbain Chevreau³ and came from Hanover, where he had sojourned five years. Duchess Sophie had recommended him to her brother as being very quick-witted and to be had cheap: 500 crowns, board and lodging, and the keep of a valet. With it all, singularly ill-favoured: "As to your seraglio, he would make no havoc there with his charms, for he is uglier than Esop." He was "learned" and made of "solid stuff." "He has the pretension of being well up in medals and paintings; he has written a short history of twelve emperors, in which he has put everything that all other authors together had said. I have not seen it, but he himself

¹ Letter of April 3, 1710, to the Raugravine.

² Carl-Ludwig to the Palatine, July 31, 1671.

³ Urbain Chevreau, born at Loudun in 1613, died in 1701; he spent a part of his life going from court to court. He wrote many works, all of which are forgotten.

greatly admires his work.”¹ To crown all, he was not pious; his was a very open mind. On this recommendation, Carl-Ludwig had taken Chevreau, and it was to him that he entrusted the task of converting, with the greatest mystery, the future Duchesse d’Orléans: “To this end,” relates Chevreau,² “I devoted eighteen or twenty days, four hours a day, without awakening any suspicions. And when the Electoral Princess had no further doubts or scruples to submit to me, I wrote to France to the Palatine Princess and sent her a copy of the abjuration.” Liselotte had allowed, free thinker that she was, her Protestantism to be whisked away by sleight of hand: the label was of small importance, since beneath it there was nothing.

II

Having rid herself of this one serious stumbling block, Anne de Gonzague urged her brother-in-law to complete the contract. It had been drawn up in Paris according to that of the first Madame, but the amount of the bride’s dowry was left in blank, and Carl-Ludwig was stubborn in his refusal to name the sum, hoping to gain something by delay. In vain the Palatine assured him that Monsieur would accept whatever was proposed; she could only get from him the following words,

¹ Letters to Carl-Ludwig, February 18, 1671, and November 5, 1670.

² *Chevræana*.

which would certainly have broken any marriage had the respective fathers, thus discussing matters, been ordinary mortals: "October 19, 1671. . . . *As I have not been asked the quantum of the dowry, which is but small, and that the sum must be known, I have not deemed it necessary to mention it.*" Monsieur was quite aware of the reputation for avarice of his future father-in-law, and did not expect to receive a penny of his wife's dowry. He accepted the situation and in the contract we read: "In favour of the aforesaid marriage, the said Lord Prince Palatine Elector has constituted a dowry and given to the Lady Princess, his daughter, a like sum to that which the princesses of the Palatinate House are accustomed to receive and . . . which will be given partly in money, partly in rings, etc., of which an inventory and estimate value shall be made."¹ The "inventory and estimate value" exist.² Liselotte took with her to France the value of 10,400 livres in jewels, knick-knacks, table and toilet objects in gold and silver. Even for a German princess, this was modest.

Then followed the renunciation of the "Lady Princess" to "all rights of succession on all sovereign or feudal possessions paternal or maternal, situated in Germany, reserving to herself only her rights on possessions of the same nature situated out of Germany, and the freeholds of her House."

¹ *Archives Nationales*, K. 542, No. 9.

² *Ibid.*, No. 10.

France was one day, on these last words, to base her claims upon fragments of the Palatinate.

The remainder of the contract followed "the customs" of Paris, with one important exception, however: "Said Lord and Lady, future consorts, shall enjoy community of all goods, furniture, and acquisitions, realty which shall be purchased by them during the time of said marriage . . . it being however stipulated that the personal property belonging at the present time to the Duc d'Orléans should remain his own." The fortune in question was one of no ordinary importance. According to M. de Boislisle,¹ the "possessions" of Monsieur at the time of his second marriage consisted in an appanage bringing in 100,000 livres, of a pension from the King of 560,000 livres and of a "supplement" of 100,000 livres; that is in all of a revenue of 760,000 livres which was soon to be increased by a new appanage of 200,000 livres (Patent Letters of April 24, 1672). For a Princess Liselotte, whose dowry amounted to a few thousand florins,² Monsieur was what the world calls a fine match.

Then came the wedding presents and allowance. Monsieur gave "jewels, rings, and precious stones to the amount of 150,000 livres." The allowance of Madame was of 40,000 livres a year, "beside . . . the castle of Montargis, furnished as befits her

¹ Cf. the *Mémoires de Saint-Simon*, ed. in 8°, viii., 357, Notes 1 and 2. Monsieur, besides, owned the Palais-Royal, Saint-Cloud, and several other estates.

² 32,000 florins of Germany were equal to 64,000 livres. The receipt is at the *Archives Nationales*, K. 542, No. 14.

quality, for habitation and dwelling during her lifetime." This last clause was to prove to her in coming years a source of much heart-burning. Finally, should Monsieur die first, his widow was to be allowed three months wherein to renounce her rights to the common possessions.

When Madame, much later, became aware of our customs, she complained bitterly of her contract, because it did not mark the difference between an Electoral princess and a shop-girl of the Rue Saint-Denis: "My marriage contract," wrote she to her sister Louise,¹ "was drawn up as miserably as if I had been the daughter of a burgher; I cannot understand that the Elector should have made me sign it." That the same laws should be applied to Madame and to Madame's tradespeople, was almost insulting. Thus, to certain eyes, we already showed signs of being a democratic and revolutionary country.

For the time being, Liselotte knew nothing of business and had other things to think about. In France, there was a desire to come to an understanding "as soon as possible," and the Palatine wrote² that she would be at Strasburg on the 28th of October in order to receive the future Madame from her father's hands. Her letter then mentioned the trousseau question: "Some gowns and some linen have been hastily made up; it was necessary to have a white robe for the wedding day." Then

¹ Letter of December 10, 1701.

² Letter to Carl-Ludwig of October 10, 1671.

came the question of the travelling "room." It is well known that during the seventeenth century nobles carried with them furniture, which was unpacked on arriving at the night's halt and packed again in the morning; a precaution which greatly lengthened journeys. The Palatine wrote on this subject: "I take the liberty to tell you that the Princess will only need a little bed and some tapestries as far as Metz, for there we shall find the complete furniture of two rooms for the rest of the journey." She added: "A magnificent apartment is being prepared for Madame at the Palais-Royal and her household is already organised. . . . In one word she will find everything ready and magnificent, and, with God's grace, she will surely be happy."

On the receipt of this letter, Carl-Ludwig set out to conduct his daughter to Strasburg. Among the members of his family who formed the bride-elect's escort was a young boy of thirteen, the Raugrave Carl-Lutz,¹ the eldest son of Louise von Degenfeld. On this occasion, the Elector had not lost sight of his bastards' interest. Since Liselotte was going to be rich and influential at the court of a great king, he looked to her to protect the poor creatures on whom the country looked coldly on account of their father's bigamy, and he wished them to be known in France. Alone of all the German relatives, who did not go further

¹ His name was really Carl-Ludwig. But he was called Carl-Lutz to distinguish him from his father.

than Strasburg, Carl-Lutz was appointed to accompany his sister to Metz, where the Maréchal du Plessis-Praslin was to espouse Liselotte in the name of Monsieur.

The Palatine was at the meeting place. She had not come alone. "She brought with her," relates Chevreau, who was of the party, "Father Jourdan, a Jesuit, to see that nothing was wanting to the new conversion. But things were in so good a state that he found nothing left for him to do."¹ Chevreau had every right to feel proud: the teaching of religion had not been supposed to be of his competence.

The farewells began. Carl-Ludwig exacted from Liselotte the promise that she would faithfully love the children of Louise von Degenfeld² and placed her in the carriage with her aunt. She left, bathed in tears. We read in her first letter to her Aunt Sophie: "Frau von Wartenburg told the truth. . . . I cried so hard that my side is swollen; from Strasburg to Châlons, I did nothing but howl all night." She was never to forget the horror of that journey toward the unknown and toward wedlock. Twenty-five years later, she still spoke of it: "Since my arrival in France, I eat three times less than before. I think it is the result of the terrible sorrow I felt at Strasburg on leaving Your 'Dilection,' Papa and my lost brother; for I was fully eight days, and even

¹ *Chevræana*.

² Letter of April 14, 1718, to the Raugravine Louise.

more, without being able to eat or drink without effort." ¹

While she was making herself ill with sobs and cries, her father had turned his face homeward in the merriest of moods. He was glad to be rid of his daughter and well pleased with her fine marriage: "I hope," wrote he to the Palatine, while still on the road, "that she will ere this have dried her eyes, and will observe the precepts of the Psalmist: *Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui.*" He confessed his terror of "accidents" which might up to the last moment compromise matters, and he added: "The more I think of this affair you have managed, the more glorious for you and important for our House do I find it; that House must eternally be under obligations to you, and I in particular am grateful." ²

For once, this naturally suspicious man was guilty of optimism. The marriage of Liselotte was to be the cause of nothing but misfortune to the Palatinate, and that through the fault of Carl-Ludwig. At the time when his daughter became sister-in-law to Louis XIV., a German prince could not at the same time have as patron and protector the Emperor as well as the King of France. A choice ought to have been made, and that choice Carl-Ludwig could not find in him to make.

¹ Letters of February 5, 1672, and February 24, 1695.

² November 4, 1671.

III

The household of the future Duchesse d'Orléans awaited her at Metz. This household, together with the great personages who had gone to meet her, formed a Parisian audience to witness the little political and religious comedy made up by her father and her aunt. In France, it was supposed that the Electoral Princess would have to be instructed in the Catholic religion. When it was known, on November 13th, at Metz, that the Palatine had brought a converted neophyte who had already abjured her errors, unknown to her father, there was nothing to be done but to publish the fact. The official abjuration took place on the 14th¹:

Something was read to me [relates Madame] and I was to answer *yes* or *no*, which I did absolutely according to my own idea. I said *no* twice when I was expected to say *yes*; but I had my way, at which I laughed to myself. I had so loudly protested against the damnation of my relatives that nothing was said on that score before me. I listened with attention, and answered at my will. . . . This kind of show does not take place without much beating of the heart.²

Chevreau had written after the ceremony to Carl-Ludwig: "All things went off agreeably and

¹According to the Nuncio (Archives of the Vatican, *Nunziatura di Francia*, vol. 145, despatch of November 20, 1671). The act of abjuration is dated the 15th (*Archives Nationales*, K. 542, No. 15).

²Letter of May 22, 1707, to the Electress Sophie.

easily." The official account was less exact and more edifying; the Pope's Nuncio to Paris thought himself justified in writing: "Madame seems an excellent princess; it has been said that while abjuring, she gave signs of the liveliest satisfaction."¹ The Palatinate learned the news through a letter from Liselotte to her father, the terms of which had been agreed upon beforehand:

My lord, I doubt not that the profession I have just made of the Roman Catholic religion will greatly surprise Your Electoral Highness; if I did not before leaving dare to confess this design, I humbly beg Your Highness to believe that fear of displeasing you alone prevented me from so doing, and that no wordly advantages could have forced me to take this resolution, had I not believed it to be necessary to the salvation of my soul.²

Protestant Germany was also made acquainted with the answer of Carl-Ludwig:

From the way in which you lived with me and thanks to the tenderness I have always felt for you, I was persuaded, Madame and very dear daughter, that you would never do anything contrary to my feelings, nor against truth, of which I did not fail to instruct you. From that, you can judge with what surprise I must have received the news you give me of the profession you made at Metz, of the Roman religion, and you cannot doubt how this change amazes me. But God alone sees the heart. He alone, then, is the judge of our conscience, etc.

¹ Despatch of December 4th.

² From a copy preserved at the British Museum. See the Preface to the correspondence of the Electress Sophie with her brother, p. xvii. The following letter is taken from the same volume, p. 470. Both letters are written in French.

The complicated lies of Carl-Ludwig availed him but little. The Protestant world refused to believe in them and harshly commented on his conduct. The Dutch press, especially, was very hard on him.

The marriage by proxy took place on November 16th. At seven o'clock in the morning the Palatine wrote to Carl-Ludwig: "Having but few moments at my disposal, I think you will permit me, Sir, to confide the description of what is taking place to M. Chevreau, and merely say that, three hours hence, our Princess will be Madame Royale de France, and that everybody greatly esteems her, and that according to every appearance she is destined to be very happy and in position to be useful to her House." Chevreau, in his narrative, insisted yet more on the success of Liselotte, and, clever courtier that he was, did not forget the success of Carl-Lutz, Louise von Degenfeld's little bastard: ". . . The Electoral Princess. . . has universally pleased all the court here present, and all are charmed with her wit and gaiety. . . . The Raugrave has been admired by every person who has seen him, and he takes his meals with Maréchal du Plessis-Praslin. It seems to me that French customs please him, though he is naturally timid, he still shows a great and frank freedom in expressing himself." ¹

On the evening of the same day, the Palatine informed Carl-Ludwig that

¹ Correspondence of Duchess Sophie and Carl-Ludwig, p. 467.



MADAME DE MAINTENON AND HER NIECE

From the portrait by F. Elle in the Château of Versailles

Photo. Neurdein



the marriage of Madame . . . had been celebrated with all possible ceremony and solemnity. . . . The same honours were accorded to her as to the person of the King himself . . . and in the evening fireworks were given for her amusement. She behaves so well, and in every way, that I am sure she will soon win the heart of Monsieur, her husband, and the esteem of the King; in which I shall help by all the means in my power, for thus will this great marriage be made useful to your ends and to your House.

The following day, the new Madame went to Châlons, where her husband was to await her. They had never met and knew but little of each other.

Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, was then one and thirty years of age. Such as Saint-Simon knew him twenty years later, such he was to appear in the eyes of Liselotte, only a little less rotund:

He was a little round man who seemed mounted on stilts so high were his heels, always decked out like a woman, covered with rings, bracelets, with jewels everywhere, and a long wig brought forward and powdered, and ribbons wherever they could be placed, highly perfumed, and, in all things scrupulously clean. He was accused of putting on a very little rouge. The nose was very long, eyes and mouth fine, the face full but very long.¹

He was not ill-natured; he would have been incapable, as had written the Palatine to Carl-Ludwig, to have connived at a poisoning affair: but²

¹ *Mémoires*, ed. in 8°, viii., 348.

² It is well known to-day that from the official report and from the dying woman's words doctors have concluded that Madame died a natural death.

too political an education had made him one of those beings whose very name provokes a smile. His mother and Mazarin had brought him up as a girl, for fear he might prove to be a troublesome and dangerous younger brother to Louis XIV., and girl he had remained, to such an extent that he seemed incapable to assume his own sex. Dress was his only serious occupation. The King's brother felt the strongest emotions of his youth before a mirror, trying the effect of a new style of head-gear, decking himself out, adorning himself with a woman's jewels, most happy when he found a pretext for wearing petticoats and showing his white neck. Not to be dressed to the best possible advantage was for him a real sorrow; to be seen in his nightcap a positive calamity. He avoided horseback riding for fear of spoiling his complexion. His delight was to talk of fashions while eating sweets, or to play at innocent games with young girls. Louis XIV. and Napoleon also played at blind man's buff or at hide-and-seek with ladies; only they did other things besides. Monsieur did nothing else until his marriage with Henrietta of England, in 1661, nor in the years that followed. Moreover he had fallen into vice, which caused him to be robbed and tyrannised over by a band of disgusting individuals and, while in the power of these miscreants, he was capable of villainy, through very weakness. The ravages caused by a shameful education seemed irremediable when his chaplain, Daniel de Cosnac, bishop

of Valence, undertook to draw him out of the mire, and well-nigh succeeded.

Cosnac conceived the bold, and to him dangerous, idea, of tempting him with forbidden fruit.¹ He dazzled him with the thought of a great power, of high situations, and only succeeded in filling him with the terror at the thought of giving himself trouble and of working. He, however, succeeded in tickling his ambition by offering him the crown of Naples,—Cosnac, perhaps, offered more than he could give,—but Monsieur discovered that Naples was near Vesuvius and unblushingly drew back, seized with a childish panic. Cosnac was beginning to lose heart when (without knowing it or wishing to do so), Louis XIV. came to the rescue.

In the spring of 1667, the King suddenly took it into his head, for the first time to be accompanied in his campaign by his brother.² No one could have guessed the real vocation of Monsieur. The troops besieging Tournay, with joyous surprise, acknowledged the truth when they saw the young prince venturing in the most dangerous points, his chaplain trotting at his heels. The officers surrounded him. In camp, the subject of the day was this young hero who had suddenly shown himself to be the worthy grandson of the great Henri IV. This was so absorbing a topic that the King was quite

¹ Cf. the *Mémoires de Daniel de Cosnac*, Paris, 1852, 2 vols. in 8°.

² The war was known as the Devolution. The father-in-law of Louis XIV., Philip IV. of Spain, having just died, the King took advantage of this to claim, in his wife's name, certain parts of the Netherlands.

forgotten, which His Majesty noticed and commented upon most bitterly. At the end of the campaign, Cosnac soon learned that Monsieur ordered him to sell his charge of chaplain and to retire to his diocese. This he had somewhat expected.

After this whiff of heroism, Monsieur fell back into the futilities which formed the ordinary tissue of a most useless life. He was the oracle of all elegance and the organiser of festivities. No greater gossip was there in all the kingdom. He was despised, but sought after, for he was the soul of the court: "When he had left it," said Saint-Simon, "everything seemed lifeless and dull."¹ He was even a good deal of a favourite; he had natural wit, knew how to be amiable, he was good-natured when his coterie did not interfere, and, if he was too extravagant for our taste as citizens of a democracy, such extravagance was necessary in the old time monarchies. Besides, his campaign of 1667 had rehabilitated him in public opinion. The nation now understood that, for reasons of state, a nature, good in itself, had been wantonly spoiled. Princess Liselotte, in her old age, used willingly to repeat that she had been the "political lamb" offered as victim on the altar of the country. How much more truthfully might not Monsieur have said as much of himself! Had they understood that they both

¹ *Mémoires, grande édition*, in 8°, viii., 333.

were victims, natural pity might have helped them to bear with each other; but such wisdom was not to be expected of them. Liselotte continued to sob all the way from Metz to Châlons. Monsieur, on the road from Paris, smiled at the fine effect produced by his new liveries. For him, that was the all important thing: "You can well understand," wrote Mme. de Sévigné, "what joy Monsieur will feel at being married with great pomp."¹ Everybody understood it, even the Pope's Nuncio, who thought himself called upon, repeatedly, to mention,² in his despatches to Rome, the magnificence of Monsieur's suite.

The Prince made his solemn entrance in Châlons November 19th. The 21st, it was Madame's turn.³ The authorities copiously harangued them, the bishop married them over again, between two discourses, and the town celebrated this august event by rejoicings that Madame might recognise, were her spirit to revisit Châlons, in our days, some 14th of July. Nothing changes less than official rejoicings. Liselotte would once more see the same illuminations and hear the same drunken revels; the drunkards would acclaim something else, but, in reality all that makes but small difference.

From Châlons, the newly married pair went to

¹ August 16, 1671.

² Despatches of October 23 to November 20, 1671, Archives of the Vatican.

³ *Recueil des gazettes, nouvelles ordinaires et extraordinaires*, etc., No. 143, p. 1145, Paris, 1672.

spend a few days at their castle of Villers-Cottret¹ and their little court hastened to report its impressions to Paris and Saint-Germain. Mme. de Sévigné heard the echo of these in her far-away Brittany:

Aux Rochers, December 2d. . . . It is said that the new Madame is not a whit embarrassed by the splendour of her rank. It seems that she does not believe in doctors and still less in medicines. I shall let you know what she is like. When her physician was presented to her, she said that she did not need him, that she had never been bled or purged; that when she was out of sorts, she took a two league walk, and that cured her. *Lasciamo la andar, che fara buon viaggio.*

November 27th, Madame had the honour of receiving the King at Villers-Cottret. She no longer sobbed. She was in no way intimidated. The King was at once conquered by her savoury frankness and hearty laugh: "He came back so charmed," wrote the Grande Mademoiselle, "that he declared that she was the wittiest, most agreeable of women, that she danced well, in fact that the defunct Madame had been nothing to her."² From this judgment, there was no appeal; the court of Saint-Germain did not, however, ratify it without some resistance: "She arrived two days later," continued the Grande Mademoiselle, "in a gown of silver brocade, more bejewelled than

¹ The castle of Villers-Cottret belonged to Monsieur. It is situated in a forest, eight leagues from Soissons.

² *Mémoires de Mlle. de Montpensier*, édition Chéruel, iv., 310.

when she first met Monsieur, for he said that he had not found her so fine on that occasion. It was cold; she wore no mask; she had eaten pomegranates which had made her lips violet. She seemed to us quite comely, but Monsieur was not of that opinion and was a little astonished." In the seventeenth century *astonished* stood for *disconcerted*, *seized*. Monsieur had been *seized*, and disagreeably so, by the contrast between his little wild Teutonic girl and the court of France: "The visage and the roughness of a Swiss,"¹ declared Saint-Simon, who yet greatly admired Madame. This certainly was the general impression, which only strengthened with time. "The following day," again says Mademoiselle, "we visited Madame, who was not seen at as great advantage by day as by torchlight." The King and Queen smoothed things for her by their friendly demonstrations and their attentions. When it became evident that Madame was destined to be an important personage, her outward appearance was no longer of any moment.

However, since Metz, her father the Elector Carl-Ludwig had been without news and was growing very impatient; no one had taken the trouble to write to him. When, December 18th, he at last received letters,² he informed the Palatine of the official sentiments of the newly married pair: "The particulars contained in the last courier fully compensate for the anxiety I have

¹ Saint-Simon here speaks of a Swiss guard.

² These letters have, seemingly, been lost, unfortunately.

felt at having had no news by the three last, which had brought me nothing from any member of the caravan. The letters from Monsieur and Madame fill me with joy for they assured me of their happiness. I send this messenger . . . to my daughter that he may see her in the state of glory in which she finds herself." Carl-Ludwig wound up by promising to "have the remainder of the linen paid for," a promise which formed the epilogue of a long conflict with his correspondent. What was wanting to the "state of glory" of Madame was the possibility of changing her chemise. The orders given by her aunt ¹ remained in the hands of the tradespeople for lack of money from Carl-Ludwig, a situation tragic or comic according to people's humour. To the Palatine, it was tragical. She predicted that these miserly proceedings would cost the Palatinate very dear and wrote to Rammingen, her brother-in-law's "resident" in Paris:

You know very well that she only has six night-gowns and six chemises, and being thus shiftless will make her a laughing-stock to the court, and such things do endless harm. . . . The affection of Monsieur and the esteem of the King are solid gains. . . . But still remember the linen. . . . It would be a crying shame to see the Elector send a daughter of his to a brother of the King of France with six chemises. . . . I shall take as great care to keep things in good order as I did to bring them about, but everybody should contribute to this end.

¹ See above, p. 74.



MADAME ON HORSEBACK
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale



Madame behaves perfectly well; she is admired and liked by the whole court.¹

Sent on to Heidelberg, this letter produced the desired effect. Madame had her chemises, and everywhere was received with welcoming smiles.

IV

It is an averred fact in Germany that Madame was extremely unhappy during the whole of the half century she spent in France. This is not true; but the legend on the other side of the Rhine has been propagated by nearly all the men whose opinion counts. Fustel de Coulange² said that German erudition is "patriotic." This is still true. Through patriotism the German historians have adopted Madame as a striking example of the incompatibility which already existed, during the seventeenth century, between her nation and ours; between a "thoroughly German nature,"³ filled with the serious virtues of her race and the "frivolous and corrupt world to which Princess Liselotte had been exiled by her marriage with a French prince." The more her sufferings were

¹ *Briefwechsel der Herzogin Sophie von Hannover*, etc., p. 471.

² French historian of the nineteenth century.

³ Preface to the letters of Madame to the Electress Sophie, by Mr. Ed. Bodemann, p. ii. Mr. Bodemann borrowed this passage almost textually from Häusser, historian of the Palatinate, vol. ii., p. 716. By way of contrast to these judgments, it is but fair to note, for its impartiality and justice, a lecture on Madame, delivered at the University of Heidelberg, March 19, 1895, by Mr. J. Wille, and since published in pamphlet form (Heidelberg, Gustav Koester).

dwelt upon, the greater seemed the contrast and the more evident became the incompatibility. It does not enter into my plan to discuss the relative rights of patriotism and truth; it will suffice to show that in this case those of truth have been sacrificed. Madame led in France—and the proofs thereof will be seen in time and place—an existence of mingled good and evil, like that of most human beings. It now seems to us, on account of the decline of the monarchical idea, that the evil was more evil than the good was good; Madame's contemporaries judged otherwise, according to notions which we can no longer thoroughly understand. The Electress Sophie, so maternal toward her niece, wrote at the time when the latter was most unhappy: "Madame also suffers tribulations . . . but in the position which she occupies, it seems to me that she has many compensations."¹

The first years were happy. According to our ideas, the hardest ordeal would have been conjugal life with Monsieur. It was on the contrary, the easiest: the morality of that prince left Madame quite indifferent. The companions of debauch of Monsieur only offended because they were often wicked and dangerous, and so grasping as to threaten ruin to the house. Their depravation

¹ Letter of June 4, 1688, to the Raugrave Carl-Lutz (*Publicationen aus den K. Preussischen Staats Archiven, briefe der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover an die Raugräfinnen und Raugrafen zu Pfalz*, ed. by E. Bodemann. Hirzel, 1888, Leipzig.)

touched her so little that she would have been willing to live in peace with this ugly set and to convince her husband, always ill at ease on the subject, that she would not solicit the King to deliver her from such surroundings: "In spite of all I can do," wrote she to the Electress Sophie, "to show him that I wish no harm to those fellows, and though I converse politely and amicably with them, I cannot succeed in reassuring him."¹ In which he was wrong. Her conduct was so sincere, so little prompted by diplomacy, that we shall see her, when she has a daughter in age to be married, passionately desire as son-in-law a prince as rotten to the core, morally speaking, as Monsieur himself, and insisting on her "esteem" for said prince.

On the other hand, one can but unreservedly praise her perspicacity and good sense in a question, not of vice, but of crime. Had Monsieur poisoned his first wife? Saint-Simon relates that Louis XIV. had taken pains to reassure his new sister-in-law by giving her a proof that her husband had not been aware of any such machinations: "A few days," says he, "after the second marriage of Monsieur, the King took Madame aside, told her this fact,² and added that he wished to tranquillise her about Monsieur and about himself, who was too honest a man to have allowed her to marry his brother had he been capable of such a

¹ Of January 17, 1697.

² Allusion to an interrogatory by the King in person of one of the supposed accomplices. *Mémoires, grande édition* in 8°, viii., 378.

crime." As a prelude to family intimacy, this conversation was certainly original; but it is by no means sure that it ever took place; Saint-Simon was not born in 1671, and he speaks of it from rumours already distant. However that may be, in one way or another, Madame had made her enquiries and her opinion never varied: "It is very true," said she, "that Madame was poisoned, but without the knowledge of Monsieur."¹ That little gossipy, frivolous man, incapable of keeping a secret and who would have caused his accomplices to be "hanged" had he been entrusted with any plot, had yet by no means the soul of a criminal: "Monsieur is the best natured man in the world," Liselotte confided to her Aunt Sophie after a year of married life, "and that is why we get along so well together."²

These two points settled, the marriage was yet but a badly assorted one, for the most effeminate of men, the most coquettish and the most finicky, found himself bound to a turbulent little person who had a horror of all constraint, who ran about the woods "for her health," told improper stories because "they made one laugh" and because laughing is most healthy, who swore German-fashion, and whose head-gear was eternally awry. Her women in vain did their best to make her presentable; five minutes later no one would have guessed it, and that was true at fifty as well as at twenty years

¹ July 13, 1716, to the Raugravine Louise.

² December 3, 1672.

of age. We read in a letter of 1706 to her sister Amelise: "When by chance my hair is straight, people come and compliment me on it, but it is a rare occurrence." Monsieur must have suffered when he looked at her, for a curl out of place made him unhappy, and the Electress Sophie feared that the contrast between this tomboy and this doll might be too flagrant for their mutual happiness. She wrote to Carl-Ludwig the day after a conversation she had with one of the numberless French dancing masters whom the government of Louis XIV., for reasons best known to itself, encouraged to ply their trade in German courts:

[September 19, 1673.] However, a man of consequence reached here yesterday, in a great state of admiration. This is an individual named Jeme, who spoke to me of Madame and brought me her portrait with that of Monsieur, which overjoyed me. . . . I had still greater joy when Jeme assured me of the great love and harmony which existed between Monsieur and Madame, for I always feared that his affectations might displease her, but one gets accustomed to all things.

Jeme may have exaggerated a bit; but, on the whole, it was the truth: for the time being, Liselotte was well satisfied.

The beginning of her new life had been made easier by the exile of the Chevalier de Lorraine,¹ Monsieur's great favourite since 1667 and the most dangerous of the set, as much through his

¹ Philippe de Lorraine, born in 1643, son of Henri de Lorraine, Comte d'Harcourt.

wickedness as through his absolute power over a master whom he ruled with a rod of iron. Curiously enough, and from political reasons, this unlimited power had earned for him the King's favour, though as a general thing Louis XIV. was very hard on debauchees of that category. It is well known that the remembrance of the Fronde weighed up to the end of the reign on the interior politics of the monarch. The insignificance of Monsieur had not sufficed to reassure his elder brother as to the danger with which the younger members of royal families threaten public order. The King remembered with a shudder the fatal part played by his Uncle Gaston in the troubles of the Fronde, when he himself, with his mother, fled along the roads and slept at night in torn sheets. When he thought of this—and he always thought of it—he concluded that it was not enough to have kept his brother a stranger to all public affairs; he wished him to be “bent to his will,”¹ and “bowed low before him” and therein the favourite could serve him. The King—if I may be allowed to use the expression—swallowed his medicine. He ruled over the Chevalier by means of money and distinctions. The Chevalier de Lorraine kept a firm grip on Monsieur and “bent” him as low as was required: hence his power at court, a power which occasioned much scandal.

There came a day, however, when the first Madame, less indifferent than the second to certain

¹ Added by Saint-Simon to the *Mémoires de Dangeau*, ix., 60.

turpitudes, exasperated also at finding that she was not mistress in her own house, pleaded with the King and obtained the Chevalier's exile. Monsieur fainted, wept, grew frantic, and had a stormy explanation with the King; then he sulked and finally resigned himself. Five months later, Madame Henriette died suddenly, and public opinion accused the ex-favourite of having sent the poison: for at that time all believed in foul play. This was not calculated to shorten the banishment. One day when he was talking with the Grande Mademoiselle, the King said: "With my consent, the Chevalier de Lorraine shall never return to my brother. Though I had great consideration for the late Madame, there were yet other reasons for which I sent him away from my brother, and for those reasons I will not allow him to return."¹ Had the King held to this resolution, he would have spared his sister-in-law much sorrow.

Meanwhile, the evil day was yet far off and Princess Liselotte was becoming familiar with the life that was to be hers. On the 4th of December, the day of her arrival at the Château of Saint-Germain, the King "treated" her to a ballet the "magnificence and pomp" of which the *Gazette*² greatly praised. According to the custom prevalent on such occasions, the article recalled to the French nation that the sovereign had well earned this

¹ *Mémoires de Mlle. de Montpensier*, iv., 168.

² *Recueil des gazettes*, etc., No. 143, pp. 1166-1168 (Paris, 1672).

noble recreation by "his continual care of the Glory of his State and the Good of his Subjects." Louis XIV. desired it to be understood that he was a great worker; such things produce a good impression.

On the 5th, Madame received the presents of their Majesties: from the Queen, a rose in diamonds, valued at 40,000 crowns according to the Pope's Nuncio¹; from the King 30,000 pistoles² as pin money for the young Princess. Madame having bitterly lamented, and many times, that, in France, she was allowed to go penniless, it may be well to state that the King's present amounted to about half the total yearly revenue of the Palatinate. For instance, in 1671, the budget of Carl-Ludwig showed as receipts 234,834 florins.³ These figures rendered economy obligatory in Heidelberg, and Liselotte had been brought up by her father to do without pocket money.

On the 7th, the King promulgated an ordinance wherein it was said that his Majesty, "wishing to treat with favour Monseigneur duc d'Orléans, his only brother, and to give him the means of meeting his domestic expenses," had "liberally granted him the sum of 252,000 livres annually, for the maintenance of the household of the Lady Duchesse d'Orléans, to be taken from the royal

¹ Archives of the Vatican, despatch of Dec. 11, 1671.

² According to Michielli, ambassador of Venice.—*Relations des ambassadeurs vénitiens*.—Italian; 1872, p. 115. MSS. B. N. A pistole was worth ten francs.

³ Häusser, ii., 660.

treasure.”¹ Ten years earlier, a similar document—except for the date—had granted exactly the same pension to Henrietta of England.

On the 7th, also, the newly married pair moved to the Palais-Royal, so that Madame might be presented to the Parisians. The whole town ran to pay homage to her, with subtle distinctions, according to the title, the rank, the position, or the pretensions of each. Some only came after having conferred with Monsieur; others angered him by usurping an attitude to which they were not entitled. The constituted bodies and the official personages delivered solemn harangues. The ambassador from the Republic of Venice was so pleased with his, that he wrote lengthily on the subject to his government. He had, in it, described the “sincere” impatience with which their Excellencies awaited from Monsieur an abundant progeny of “heroes” and Monsieur had accepted the augury with “extreme contentment.”²

From time to time, the crowd was disappointed as Madame was being shown Paris and its environs: the Place Royale and its celebrated “promenade”; the apartments of the Tuileries palace; the abbey of Val-de-Grâce, rich in souvenirs of Anne of Austria; Saint-Cloud, “the most beautiful spot in the whole world,” said Madame repeatedly; Versailles, where Louis XIV. planted and built

¹ *Archives Nationales*, K. 542.

² *Relations des ambassadeurs venitiens*.—Italian; 1872, p. 119. MSS. B. N.

unremittingly, without giving his reasons for doing so. The couple then returned to Saint-Germain where fairy-land enchantments lasted until Lent. Mme. de Sévigné wrote January 13, 1672: "Every day there are balls, comedies, and masquerades at Saint-Germain. The King makes more efforts to divert Madame than ever he did for the other." The friendship prospered on both sides. Moreover, Louis XIV. seized every pretext for multiplying festivities. Enforced pleasures formed part of his policy; while the courtiers danced or busied their brains about fancy dresses, they did not dabble in politics; and that was so much gained. The King would assure himself with his own eyes that he was being obeyed and that his court was making strenuous efforts to be amused; then, if personally he had better things to do, he would slip away.

These festivities took place in the château with which every one is familiar. When that was full to overflowing, there was still another building called *Château neuf*, which was then used; of this only the Pavillon Henri IV. now remains. The "three Queens" took up a good deal of space, even though Mlle. de la Vallière and Mme. de Montespan were in rather too close proximity in the old château. On the other hand, the King had already formed the project, born of his rancour against the Fronde and which he certainly considered as one of the great ideas of his reign, to reduce his nobles to inoffensive insignificance



CHARLES, BROTHER OF MADAME
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale



by housing them, as a body, under his roof, within reach of his eyes and voice. Saint-Germain was insufficient. Versailles was built to serve his purpose.

At the beginning of February, 1672, an indisposition of Madame showed, even to the least observant, what a place she had taken in the King's affections. He was the first to notice that she was ill at ease: "How badly you look,"¹ said he, and he, full of concern, felt her pulse and head and seconded Monsieur in advising her to go to bed. It was nothing but an indigestion caused by having eaten, two successive evenings, "so as to be unable to move," and nature might have sufficed to relieve her, as was usually the case, affirmed Madame, with many details; but the doctors were not to be set aside, for all this happened in Molière's time. They found a rebellious patient and a scene followed which recalls that of the apothecaries in *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*. The King put an end to it by entreating Madame to submit to her fate. Then, they wished to bleed her: "Madame refused," says a despatch of the Nuncio to the Vatican,² "declaring that her father had warned her that the Paris physicians killed their patients by the abuse of bleeding." She refused with equal energy to take any medicine: "Not knowing what to do with me, the King and

¹Letter of February 4, 1672, to Frau von Harling, formerly Fräulein Uffeln, Princess Liselotte's governess.

²Despatch of February 5, 1672, Archives of the Vatican.

Monsieur decided to hold me each by an arm . . . and to have me bled by force." An unexpected crisis caused them to abandon their project; but the court of France had seen the great King acting as sick-nurse at the bedside of the plain little German princess—as he used to do when he took care of his mother.

Yet, to every one's great surprise, this same sovereign, less than a week afterwards, was heard to say to Monsieur, who had happened to mention the Chevalier de Lorraine: "'What! Do you still think of the Chevalier de Lorraine? Are you still fond of him? Would you greatly love him who gave the Chevalier back to you?'—'In truth, Sir,' answered Monsieur, 'it would be the greatest happiness that could ever be bestowed upon me.'—'Well,' said the King, 'that present will I make to you. He . . . shall return; I give him back to you, I wish you to be grateful to me all your life, and you shall care for him out of love of me. I will do more, for I will make him *Maréchal de camp* of my armies.'"' Thereupon, Monsieur threw himself at the King's feet, embraced his knees, and, with unbounded joy, kissed his hand. The King made him rise saying: "'My brother, that is not how brothers should embrace,' and kissed him fraternally."¹

This is the only disloyal act toward Liselotte of which Louis XIV. was guilty. Doubtless, Monsieur had given some cause of complaint; he had

¹ Mme. de Sévigné, Letter of February 12, 1672.

not "crouched" low enough before his redoubtable brother, and the latter, a king above all things, had judged it prudent to place him once more under the favourite's rod. Reigning families are not always free from such miserable Machiavelism. For the time being, chance saved Liselotte from the consequences of her brother-in-law's petty treason. Monsieur felt less pleasure than, at a distance, he had expected at the return of the Chevalier. Monsieur had acquired other habits. The Chevalier tried reproaches, and found that they had no success. Several years passed in quarrels and sulks, and that was so much gain for Madame. Monsieur was occupied, Louis XIV. at peace, and Liselotte in very high favour; her illustrious brother-in-law greatly wished to please her, on condition that it should not occasion the slightest trouble, be it ever so light, to the King of France. While her star is on the ascendant and while she had no excuse for grumbling, let us see what impression France made upon her.

V

It had been expected that Madame would be dazzled. These expectations were not quite realised. She found fault with almost everything in France; with the cooking, first and foremost, of which she complained all her life. We can quote at random and at any date; thirty or forty years later, she uttered the same lamentations: "I cannot get accustomed to it. Fat is used in cooking, not a

particle of butter." Bouillon was constantly employed and bouillon made her "swell." She could not swallow the soups, the fish disagreed with her, the rich stews nauseated her, and, finally, by way of delicacies, there were three abominable "drugs," three new inventions, tea, coffee, and chocolate, which she described to her German friends after an energetically realistic fashion, which one must accept from Madame or else shut the book. The chocolate was sweetish and made one sick. That is nothing, however, as compared with coffee: "For my part, the odour of coffee is like nothing but that of stinking breath; the late Archbishop of Paris gave forth just such a smell, which was like to make me vomit." And coffee was yet as nothing compared with tea: "Tea suggests to me hay and dung . . . if I may be allowed to say so, it constipates me."

She marvelled that French stomachs were able to endure these abominable drinks and these stews. Hers could not stand them, and yet she boasted of its solidity; but it was "a genuine German stomach," with a patriotic digestion, so that to give it tone once more she had to swallow a good draught of hot beer with nutmeg, or a "good dish of sauerkraut with smoked sausages." The difficulty was to procure these panaceas. When Madame arrived in France, there was not in all the kingdom "a single cook capable of preparing sauerkraut." When hers became familiarised with the recipes of beyond the Rhine, she

initiated the King into the delights of German cooking and saw with joy that he relished it; Princess Liselotte began to hope that henceforth she might find something palatable when she should sup with Louis XIV. She, on several occasions, enumerated in her correspondence, with no little pride, the dishes of her country with which she had enriched the royal table. This fragment of a letter is dated 1719:

No one here marvels that I should like black-pudding. I have introduced raw ham and a great many of our German dishes, such as sauerkraut and white cabbage, bacon salad, savoy cabbage, venison, of which, till now, one rarely ate, and pancakes with smoked herring. All these I have made fashionable. I taught the late King to eat these things and he quite took to them. My German mouth so loves German food that there is not a single French stew that I can endure. I only eat roast beef, veal or mutton, roasted chicken, rarely partridges, and pheasants, never.¹

Unluckily, the introduction of German cookery into the French court was but a satisfaction of vanity. Madame was unable to cause French sauerkraut or French sausages to be equal to those of her country. To the end of her life, she was destined to bemoan the detestable food to which her marriage had condemned her. I fear that she was somewhat given to the pleasures of the table. At sixty-five years of age, she wrote to her sister Louise: "Paris, December 10, 1715. Yesterday, a lady from Strasburg . . . gave me a pot of sauer-

¹ Letter of July 28, to Herr von Harling.

kraut, with a duck in it. It was not bad, but the cabbages were French cabbages, which are ever so inferior to German cabbages; they have less taste and, also, they are not hashed as fine; there are no knives to hash them properly. It was not bad, but I have eaten better; yours, to my mind, was preferable." These last words allude to the resolution taken by friends and relatives of the Palatinate and Hanover to send poor Liselotte wherewith to make a good meal from time to time.

These contributions came from different sources; one person would send this thing, another, that. Herr and Frau von Harling¹ had chosen as their specialty certain smoked sausages in which Madame delighted. They added provisions of *pumpernickel* or "black bread of Westphalia." Their gifts were eagerly looked for. The Raugravine Louise was an universal providence. From her, Madame received German sauerkraut and many other delicacies, such as crawfish soup, ready to be eaten. Besides, Louise always had good recipes and knew where the best things could be found; by her, the palace gardeners of Saint-Cloud at last received seeds for the variety of cabbage which cures obstinate coughs. The Electress Sophie sent boxes of black-pudding; simple functionaries offered geese or salmon. It was so well known that this was the best way of paying court to the Duchesse d'Orléans, sister-in-law to the King of

¹ We recall that Frau von Harling had been governess to Liselotte.



ELISABETH CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF MADAME
From a portrait in the Château of Versailles



France, that the Duke of Wartenburg, being in Paris on a pleasure trip, caused a dish of sauerkraut to be taken to her: "I have not eaten such," wrote Madame to her sister Louise, "since I left the Palatinate; but it had been prepared by a German cook."¹

Nearly as much as French sauces, and with much better reason, the French habit of living in the midst of filth revolted Madame, who, yet, in Germany had not been accustomed to over-cleanliness; but all things go by comparison: "It is certain," said she, "that when one has seen Holland [she had seen it before her marriage] one finds Germany dirty; but one has only to come to France to look upon Germany as clean and agreeable; for nothing is more full of stench, more disgusting than Paris." She entered into details like a veritable Zola, on the odours of Paris in the morning, when all the windows were opened so that the slops might be thrown out, and declared herself incapable of supporting the tainted air: "As soon as I am there two hours, I have a headache, a tickling in the throat, and I am taken with fits of coughing."²

In Paris, and out of Paris, the princely palaces, with their eternally renewed crowds, were great centres of infection. The incredible *sans-gêne* of men transformed the staircases and corners of the Louvre, or the Versailles galleries, into

¹ Letter of December 27, 1715.

² Letters of July 24, 1721, to the Raugravine Louise and of January 16, 1695, to the Electress Sophie.

ignoble cesspools, where women could only pass by holding up their skirts: the odour pursued one: "The whole Palais-Royal," said Madame in her naturalistic fashion, "stinks abominably."¹ Our forefathers had succeeded in revolting Princess Liselotte, which however was not an easy matter, and we can find nothing to say in their defence: they were unmitigatedly dirty, and the King let things go, not imagining that they could be otherwise.

In no way did the French console Madame for being in France and her letters certainly will not give us a good reputation abroad. We read, as burden to her song, that we are intriguers, false, egotistical, envious, grasping, corrupted, and debauched; in which Madame was, at the same time, right and wrong. She was right with regard to the artificial set in which she lived, the rotten little court of Monsieur, the great court of gilded beggars of Louis XIV. She was wrong if one looked beyond, toward that France that worked and thought; but Madame knew nothing of that France. She was blind to everything beyond the crowd admitted to her own palace or to that of the King. Paris, where she might have learnt that Saint-Germain or Versailles did not constitute the whole of the nation, was hateful to her and she shunned it. Thus, she knew nothing about it: here is an example of this ignorance. Every day, Madame met at court men like Colbert,

¹ Letter of April 16, 1721, to Herr von Harling.

Le Tellier, the members of the Council, the members of Parliament. Yet, on the rare occasions when she mentions our middle classes, she evokes only the image of common people, whose language was vulgar and whose way of living was rough. It is a question whether she ever deigned to notice the existence of the high bourgeoisie, unsurpassed in nobility of manners or in politeness or in elegance, and which, moreover, held in its grasp both power and riches. At any rate, one feels that there had been no point of contact between her and that class, the importance of which entirely escaped her.

As soon as she abandons personalities and gossip, one can but notice the limitations of her monotonous horizon which affect her judgments. This is very striking, for Princess Liselotte, if she was not gifted with superior intelligence, possessed a bright and clear mind; and this is also very interesting to observe, for her case was that of all the French nobility when our kings had shut it up at Versailles, outside of the free current of ideas. Court provincialism—if I dare so express myself,—which is so evident with Madame, explains how the French court so quickly lost all notion of public opinion. Paris, ever in the vanguard of the intellectual movement, soon took the direction of that movement from the court, and kept it; in Molière's time it was the court that decided the success of a play; in the day of Marivaux, it was Paris. Very

soon two different tongues were spoken, so different indeed that all mutual understanding ceased. Royalty became aware of this at the Revolution; but it was then too late.

Many pages would yet be necessary to exhaust the grievances of Liselotte against her adopted country. We shall only note one more, that one which, perhaps, was most often mentioned by her, and which however existed only in her imagination, as was proved by events.

Madame professed a horror of ceremony; she fancied that she liked simplicity and quiet living; she deplored the slavery of etiquette in a great court. Had Madame been able to see a performance of *Ruy Blas*,¹ she would have recognised herself in these verses of the Queen:

. . . Que ne suis-je encore, moi qui crains ces grands,
Dans ma bonne Allemagne, avec mes bons parents!
Comme, ma sœur et moi, nous courions dans les herbes!
Et puis, des paysans passaient, traînant des gerbes:
Nous leur parlions. C'était charmant. . . .²

The truth was that Madame attached more importance to ceremony than did any French princess: "Noble and haughty in all her demeanor,"

¹ By Victor Hugo.

² Oh! would that I, who fear the grandees here,
Were still in my good Germany, beside
My parents, as when with my sister dear
I rambled freely through the fields; and when
We met the peasants trailing their rich sheaves,
We talked to them. 'T was charming.

(Translation by Fred L. Slou and Mrs. Newton Crosland.)

says Saint-Simon, she was "petty to the last degree with regard to what was due to her."¹ She always feared that sufficient reverence should not be done her, even involuntarily and at a distance of two hundred leagues. This, her correspondence proves. In her letters, she gives lessons of "protocol" to the Raugravine Louise, so as to prevent some obscure person in Hanover or Heidelberg from speaking of her as *Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans* instead of as simply *Madame*. Elsewhere, she begs her sister to see that a German of low birth, who had been very happy to address her in the Park of Saint-Cloud, should in future be taught to express himself correctly: "Should that good fellow return, he must not use the word *Altesse*. That title is only for princes of royal blood. We and our children are called *Altesses royales*, title belonging only to the *grandchildren of France*."

To exonerate Madame, it must be said that questions of etiquette and precedence assumed in her day an importance which has disappeared with the glamour of the great. Saint-Simon never could speak calmly of the "cap" question. Should the President of the Paris Parliament take off his cap while consulting dukes and peers? It seemed as though the fate of France depended on the issue. Madame took a no less passionate interest in the quarrel of the dukes and peers with the German princes. The question of precedence agitated whole generations. In her quality of good and

¹ *Mémoires*, éd. Chéruel, in 18°, vol. xix., p. 85.

faithful German woman, Madame saw but insolence in the French pretensions; she was outraged and did not hide her feelings: "Though from us, Princesses of the Palatinate, have sprung the most powerful princes of the world, people hesitate to acknowledge that we belong to a good house, and if a Palatinate count happens to be here, the first come of the beggarly dukes insists on taking precedence of him. Often, this has exasperated me. I seem to burst out of my skin with rage."¹

The Germans invoked in their favour a sort of divine right, most characteristic of the times: "I once had a most amusing dialogue with the poor Archbishop of Reims.² He was, as Your Dilection knows, the first of the dukes and peers. One day as we were walking in the Val, near Saint-Germain, he said to me—'It seems to me, Madame, that you do not think much of us, dukes of France, and that you greatly prefer your German princes.'—I answered curtly:—'That is true.'" The Archbishop wished to know the reason of this contempt. Madame rejoined: "'It is the King who made you what you are . . . but as to our German princes, there is but God, their father and mother who make them, and therefore there can be no

¹ Letter of October 12, 1702, to the Raugravine Amélie. Translation by E. Jaeglé.

² Charles-Maurice Le Tellier, son of Michel Le Tellier and brother of Louvois. He had just died.—Letter to the Electress Sophie, March 5, 1710. The passage quoted is almost entirely in French in the original.

comparison between you. I thought,'” added Madamé, “that the poor man would have exploded with anger; but he found nothing by way of answer.’”

In spite of so many subjects of complaint, Madame wrote to her former governess on the 10th of October, 1676, four weeks after the birth of her daughter¹: “Here is one more Liselotte in the world. God grant that she may not be more unhappy than I, and then she will have no reason for complaint.”

VI

We can follow Liselotte easily enough during these pleasant years. Her rank condemned her to live in the wake of the King, who, at the time of Madame's marriage, definitely turned his back on his capital. The last stay of Louis XIV. in Paris dates from 1671. He left it on Ash-Wednesday, to return only at long intervals and without ever spending the night; he even avoided crossing the city; it was noticed that he preferred making a great circuit, thereby showing that he had never forgiven Parisians for the barricades of 1648 and his own flight² at night, without any baggage, through the bitter cold. After the final removal, during eleven consecutive years, he was seen to go

¹ Elisabeth-Charlotte d'Orléans, born September 13, 1676, died December 23, 1744.

² The court fled from Paris in the night of the 5th-6th of January, 1649.

to and fro from Saint-Germain to Versailles, where he spent months superintending his workmen. He would hunt in the plain of Saint-Denis and in the Bois de Boulogne, go as far as Montmartre, and act as though Paris did not exist. This state of mind deserves to be noticed. It confirms what is known of Louis XIV.'s unrelenting character. On the other hand, it shows him as more given over to fancies than one would have supposed.

Monsieur and Madame lived with the King, whom they followed in his migrations. So much the worse if these did not suit them. The King did not consult them. Louis XIV. wished to be surrounded by numberless and brilliant satellites, so as to add to the monarchical pomp, and his brother with his wife and their numerous followers were indispensable. Thus, he kept them chained, year-in, year-out, except for two months of holidays² spent at their dear Saint-Cloud—generally August and September,—and an occasional visit to the Palais-Royal or Villers-Cottret.

Wherever the court might be, a great princess was bound to begin her day by exhibiting herself, even before she was presentable, according to modern ideas. Madame obeyed etiquette. Men and women crowded her room and assisted at "her toilet"; we cannot make out precisely at what moment of the toilet the door

¹ Longer if Monsieur thought he had some cause of complaint against his brother.

opened to the men. She explains this, but not very clearly. Here is the text itself. To her Aunt Sophie, she writes: "Mondays and Thursdays, I rise at eight o'clock, the other days at nine; I say my prayers, wash my hands; then, I dress. Courtiers come to my toilet, and I talk to them." To the Raugravine Louise: "I generally rise at nine o'clock. . . . Then I say my prayers. After the prayers, I read three chapters of the Bible: one from the Old Testament, a psalm and a chapter from the New Testament. After this I dress. While my hair is being put up, a great many men of the court present themselves."¹ These passages might give rise to various comments; all the more that the customs of the day admitted easily that a woman should dress before men. Another text furnishes proof of this. It is not taken from Liselotte's correspondence, but from an undated writing found among Mme. de Maintenon's papers and entitled: *Sketch of the mode of life I should like to adopt were I far from the Court.*² This detached sheet commences thus: "I should wish to rise at seven o'clock in summer, and at eight in winter; remain an hour in prayer before calling my women, *then dress and during that time receive the tradespeople, workmen or people with whom I might have some business.*"

The rites of the *lever* remained immutable until

¹ Letters of December 23 and September 20, 1714.

² M. Geffroy believes it to be of 1675. Cf. his *Madame de Maintenon d'après sa correspondance authentique*, vol. i., pp. 61-62 (Paris, 2 vols. in 18°, 1887; Hachette).

Madame's death. The remainder of the day depended on the different epochs and places. These fragments all refer to the first eight years of the marriage.

The following picture of a stay of several weeks at Versailles is in no way exceptional. There, the rule was to enjoy oneself, night and day, without an hour's respite:

I beg of you [writes Liselotte to her Aunt Sophie] to forgive me if I have remained an eternity without writing to you . . . In the first place, I went to Versailles, where we were occupied all day long. From the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, there was hunting. On returning from the field, we changed our costumes and went up to the card tables, where we remained until seven in the evening; then we went to the theatre, and afterwards to supper; after supper came the ball which lasted until three in the morning, and then only could we go to bed. I leave you to think if I had time for writing.¹

Another letter shows us Liselotte at home, at the Palais Royal:

Here we only get up at half past ten. We go to mass at about twelve. After mass, we gossip with those who happen to be present. At about two, we go to table. After the repast, come some ladies, and that lasts until half-past five. After that come all the men of high birth who happen to be in Paris. Monsieur then plays at "bassette,"² and I am obliged to seat myself at another table and play also. . . . Or else, I take all those who do not play to the opera,

¹ May 22, 1675, to Duchess Sophie.

² A game of cards much in vogue at that time, and which somewhat resembled lansquenet.

which lasts until nine. On my return, I have to play again until ten or eleven, and then it is bedtime.

The following day, it began all over again, and Liselotte was bored to death by this stifling existence. She did not like cards, because she was always beaten, and she did not like to lose her money.

For fear that she may be pitied more than would be fair, we must complete the picture. Whenever she desired to do so, Liselotte could always secure some hours of liberty, during which she gave herself up to romping, whereof she never boasted to her Aunt Sophie, who always wished princesses to be dignified. Later on, she described to her sister Louise her fine games and amusing escapades with her brother Carl-Lutz, then fifteen years of age, whom her father had sent her (1673) that she might push his fortunes: "December 6, 1721. I was still much of a child when I came to France. . . . With Carl-Lutz and the little Prince of Eisenach, we sometimes made such a rumpus that no one could stand it. There was then an old lady, called Mme. de Fiennes, whom we tormented abominably. She was afraid of explosives and we continually threw fire-crackers in her skirts. That sent her raving. She would run after us to beat us; it was great fun." Here, again, Liselotte does not tell the whole truth. Mme. de Fiennes¹ was a gossiping intriguer,

¹ Mme. de Fiennes had made a love-match with the Comte des

who had acquired more influence over Monsieur than was likely to please Madame, and she revenged herself with fire-crackers. Duchess Sophie, a prudent and diplomatic person, would have considered this conduct a little hoydenish.

Fontainebleau was the favourite residence of the young Princess: "I spend my time very pleasantly here, for we do nothing but hunt and go to the theatre or opera."¹ The stage was one of her great passions, and she rendered justice to the brilliancy of that of France, of which she remained, during half a century, a faithful devotee. Not content with the novelties, she would indefatigably sit through the old repertory, never wearying of a fine play; her memory was stocked with tirades in verse and prose, which she was fond of quoting, quite indifferent to the fact that she now and then lopped off a foot or two. If anything could have reconciled her with France it would surely have been its theatre; but her "German soul" did not permit of such a miracle.

She had another great passion: the steeplechase. When she arrived, Princess Liselotte could not ride. In France, she became a brilliant horsewoman, bold, indefatigable, laughing when she fell, insensible to sunburn, and bringing such ardour to the sport that the chief hunters of the royal family, Louis XIV. and, later, his son the great

Chapelles, son of the Queen of England's nurse, but refused to bear his name. Her daughter, Mlle. de Fiennes, eloped with the Chevalier de Lorraine, to whom she gave a son.

¹ September 23, 1677, to Frau von Harling.

Dauphin, took pleasure in having her with them. Louis XIV., after three months of tuition, assisted at her first ride. "[Saint-Cloud, October 10, 1673.] Next week, I hope to go out hunting with the King, for he sent word by Monsieur that he meant to take me out twice a week. That will exactly fit in with my tastes, for my aunt must know that her Liselotte is still a little madcap."¹ The monarch and his sister-in-law were soon inseparable on the hunting field. "[Versailles, November 4, 1677.] I hunt with the King every other day, and often two or three consecutive days. . . . I am as fond of hunting as the King, and it is a pleasure just suited to a hoyden of my sort, for one need not put on fine clothes, or use rouge, as for a ball."²

The engravings of the day show us under what aspect, with what a physiognomy, and in what an attitude, France represented the important personages of the court. The first glance tells us what we must think of Monsieur's second wife; in the eyes of her contemporaries, she was for ever hunting. A series of prints³ represent Madame, over and over again, in hunting costume: Madame, a gun in one hand and a fan in the other; Madame as the huntress Diana; Madame and her dogs;

¹ Leopold Ranke, *Französische Geschichte*, vol. vi., p. 4. The Stuttgart edition nearly suppresses this paragraph.

² Letter to Duchess Sophie.

³ *Bibliothèque Nationale, Cabinet des Estampes*. It is noteworthy that none of these "portraits" which bear her name have the slightest pretension to being likenesses. They are fancy pictures.

Madame on horseback; Madame before the hunt, during the hunt, and ready to mount again, for, except in the evening when she consented to don a gown, she rarely left off her semi-masculine *amazone*; she found it easier to wear than the "elaborate dress" required of ordinary mortals at court, and she had adopted it for ordinary use, every day and all day long; this put her apart from others and gave her a certain originality. With the aid of the sun, Liselotte was henceforth alone of her species at the court of France, both for face and figure.

Even princesses cannot with impunity be subject to sunburn. Madame discovered this to her cost. Long after the harm was done, she wrote: "I know what it is to be burnt in the field by the sun. It often happened that I was in the open air from five in the morning till nine at night and I would get back as red as a craw-fish and my face quite burnt; that is why my skin is so tanned and so rough." "My skin," says another letter, "is of a red hue and speckled with yellow."¹ This brick-coloured face was framed in a man's wig, a round hat—or a tricorne,—and finished off by a large manly cravat. The remainder of the costume consisted of a long garment with long basques, opening on a sort of waistcoat, and of a long skirt, the whole covered with numerous ornaments: brandenburgs, fringes, embroideries, braids, laces,

¹ Letters of June 3, 1706, and April 22, 1698, to the Raugravine Louise.

knots of ribbon, etc., which then characterised masculine fashions. Madame says somewhere that a monk, having met her in his monastery, had mistaken her for a man; it is certain that the error was excusable.

It is also certain that, when dressed in that guise, eternally busy letter-writing, and distributing, indiscriminately, with her "rough"¹ voice, in her drawing-room at Saint-Germain or Versailles, home truths and indecorous stories, she caused some astonishment. On first acquaintance, people were delighted by her bubbling gaiety and by what Mme. de Sévigné called "her charming sincerity" and her wit, "not exactly amiable . . . but full of common sense."² In time, her friends loved her for her brave heart, faithful and loyal; others learned to their cost to be a little afraid of her. One of her countrymen describes her as "having her say with all and on all subjects, never forgiving those who had offended her, rarely disposed to make the best of things, not easy to deal with,"³ and completely incapable of understanding the French mind. The portrait is full of dark shadows; the author forgot her depths of passionate tenderness and her good humour, often akin to heroism in her situation, which rendered his Princess lovable in spite of her faults and eccentricities.

Louis XIV. only saw his sister-in-law's good

¹Letter of March 30, 1720, to the Raugravine Louise.

²Letters of January 6 and December 30, 1672.

³Leopold Ranke, *Histoire de France*, trans. by J. Jacques Porchat, vi., 144.

qualities: "December 14, 1676. The King, every day, shows me greater favour, for, whenever he meets me, he always speaks to me, and now he sends for me that I may enjoy 'medianoche'¹ with him and Mme. de Montespan. So that, just now, I I am all the fashion. Whatever I do or say, be it good or bad, is admired by the courtiers . . . That is the way with this court." And also with all courts. In the same letter, Madame gives a lengthy description of her first fall from her horse, and continues:

Your Dilection, who so admired the King for having so well cared for me when I was brought to bed, will love him all the more in this circumstance. He was the first to reach me, pale as death, and it was all in vain that I assured him that I was not hurt and that I had not fallen on my head; he would not be reassured until he had examined it in every way. When he was convinced that I was all right he took me back to my room, where he remained with me some time, so as to assure himself that I would have no dizziness. He only consented to leave me . . . after my reiterated assurances that I had not sustained the slightest injury.²

In their intercourse, the monarch gave way to the man, and that man invariably showed himself attentive and kind: "The court goes to Fontainebleau," wrote Mme. de Sévigné; "it is Madame's wish."³ That "it is Madame's wish" astonished

¹ Word borrowed from the Spanish and meaning "midnight." These reunions took place on fast days, and at midnight a plentiful supper was served.

² Letter to Duchéss Sophie.

³ Letter of July 26, 1675.

no one, and that is why the courtiers admired all in her, even to her big wig, which was generally awry.

Monsieur continued to show himself an agreeable companion, in spite of all the efforts of his creatures to excite him against his wife, and Madame continued to live on good terms with him, in spite of all the intrigues of "the cabale": "[July 1, 1678.] As to Your Dilection's idea that, when Monsieur is near me, I ask for nothing more from Heaven or earth, it is quite true that I greatly like to be near him."¹ They were not an amorous couple, a thing moreover at which one looked askance during the seventeenth century, and which Madame was the first severely to censure: in marriage, said she, love leads to hatred. They were a pair of friends. When Monsieur was at the war, Madame was terribly anxious: "I am most unquiet; he exposes himself extraordinarily; everybody writes to me about it."² Time hung heavily on her hands when he was away: "the King and Monsieur are absent; it is very dull here."³ She wished for his return. To Carl-Lutz, April 7, 1676: "The King and Monsieur are to arrive tomorrow or the day after. I shall be as joyful as we used to be at the Palais-Royal, three years ago, the year when you came." That was the fire-cracker year. The return of the prince having

¹ To Duchess Sophie.

² May 30, 1676, to Frau von Harling

³ Undated, to Frau von Harling.

been delayed, she again writes to her brother: "Time seems very long to me." These are rather commonplace sentiments, but they are not those of an unhappy woman. Monsieur, for his part, ordered Madame's gowns and put on her rouge for her. When she was ill he nursed her. We have already seen him do so with the King, for a mere indisposition. He outdid himself in 1675, during an illness which was well-nigh fatal.

Duchess Sophie wrote to the Elector Carl-Ludwig, April 10, 1675:

I send you the news I have received about Liselotte, for whom I have already shed many tears. That good Princess spoke of you, of Ernst-Augustus, and of me, as though she expected to die. The Bishop of Strasburg's physician was forced to hide himself, for the people would have torn him to pieces. I do not send you Hinderson's¹ letter nor the one Jeme's wife wrote to him, for you could not read them without weeping. The King also wept. Monsieur does not leave her side, . . . tends her better than would a maid, with a passionate tenderness that words cannot express. He threw into the fire the third powder which the German doctor wished to administer, and which, had she taken it, would have been the end of her, so people think.

Duchess Sophie enclosed a letter from Monsieur which her brother had communicated to her, and which had greatly touched her: "I read Monsieur's letter with the greatest pleasure; he must be one of the best princes in the world."²

¹ Lady in waiting to Madame. Jeme was the French dancing-master.

² To Carl-Ludwig, April 24, 1675.

We give this letter *in extenso*; it is important for our knowledge of this Prince and for Madame's biography:

Paris, March 30, 1675.—I shall begin my letter by telling you of my joy, for Madame is entirely out of danger and has scarcely any more fever, for she was twenty hours like one dead, that is from Wednesday at nine o'clock in the evening till Thursday at three in the afternoon, when she was bled at the foot, which saved her, without which she would have died of a colic which took her on Wednesday at three o'clock, after having been from nine in the morning very weak and often fainting. This accident occurred between the tenth and eleventh access, which latter one was more violent than the others. She showed on this occasion a piety, a firmness, and a tenderness for you, for me, and for the King (who was three hours by her side weeping all the time) which cause her to be admired and loved by all, for, from the King down to the least among the people, everybody was in affliction, so great that I could scarcely have believed it had I not seen it. At last, praise be to God, she is cured, her attack to-day having been much less violent. That will not prevent that two hours hence, she is to be bled, moderately, from the arm, because she has a slight cough, which prevents her from taking a purgation, a remedy she much needs. . . . I forgot to tell you that she was bled from the arm on Wednesday at ten o'clock in the evening, and that from that bleeding to the one of the foot she took ten little remedies which greatly troubled her, without bringing any ease; finally, she was so low that the Blessed Sacrament was brought with Extreme Unction. Knowing how you love her, I have given you all these details, thinking that you would be glad to have them. She earnestly recommended the King to remember what he had promised in your favour, and that you should remain in his good graces. As for me, I was more dead than she, for I do

not think that since the world exists, there has been a better marriage than ours; I trust it may last long and that I may have an opportunity of serving you and of showing how much I honour you.

PHILIPPE.

Madame has just had me called to bid me present her compliments and to say that she will yet have the honour or writing to you and of assuring you of her respect.

A few weeks later, Liselotte thanked her aunt for her expressions of affection. It was, said she, "Monsieur, Papa, Your Dilection, and my Uncle" who cured her much more surely than the doctors. "The joy of being pitied by you purged my liver more surely than the seventy-two clysters those gentlemen caused to be administered to me."¹

All this is too fine. Monsieur and Madame as little saints, vying with each other in tender and edifying sentiments: that could not last. With both their natures, tempests, one day or other, were sure to burst forth. It must be owned that, pending these, Liselotte was as unlike as possible to the forlorn Princess, persecuted and unhappy, that the German historians have described. Petted by the King and Queen, esteemed and respected by the nobles, popular with the people and feared by intriguers, she had conquered her place among us, if need be by dealing hard blows; she had managed to make for herself, in spite of etiquette, an existence according to her taste, and she did not hide how well satisfied she was with her fate. No doubt,

¹ May 22, 1675.

France was an ugly country, and the "cabale" a daily source of bitterness to her. But, when one is "a very obstinate and resolute person," as Mme. de Sévigné had very justly described her,¹ one struggles, one triumphs, one places a victorious foot on the dragon, like the stone saints in gothic cathedrals. It is in that attitude that, for the moment, we shall leave Princess Liselotte.

¹ Letter of December 30, 1672.

CHAPTER III

THE BUDGET OF A PRINCESS—THE GERMAN FAMILY
—HAPPY YEARS—THE COURT OF FRANCE

IN 1679

MADAME repeatedly assured her German relatives, who were inclined to be importunate, that she knew nothing about politics, that she had neither money nor influence. With regard to influence, this was quite true; she had not even tried to obtain the political inheritance of her predecessor, Henrietta of England. The first Madame had aspired to the post of diplomatic agent of the French King; the second only sought to make him laugh by her amusing sallies. The first had schooled herself to understand state affairs; the other vied with Bricmini, the little jester of Marie-Thérèse. We must not count on Princess Liselotte for throwing side-lights on politics.

The service she rendered to general history was indirect. Outside of the twelve octavo volumes of her personal correspondence, more than a thousand letters from her relatives have been unearthed, and these contain precious indications as to the attempts of Germany to obtain a quiet and peaceful hold on France, at the eve of the war with Holland. The letters of the Elector

Carl-Ludwig, father of Madame, to his sister Sophie, Duchess of Hanover, change their tone under the pressure of anxiety and cares. Somewhat trivial during the first years, or full of domestic events, they grow more serious and broaden, when a new crisis threatens the very existence of Germany. Carl-Ludwig most eloquently describes the moral misery of the German nation, its humiliation, and its dangers. As a nation it possessed no feeling of patriotism, no political unity, which could be opposed to the encroachments of a Louis XIV.

Madame, in her palace of Saint-Cloud, or in her apartment at the King's palace of Saint-Germain, was not free from the effects of the paternal troubles. She was blamed at Heidelberg, and also at Osnabrück, for not taking to heart the woes of her native land, for not coming to its aid, for so enjoying herself as to forget the sufferings of the Palatinate. Still more was she blamed for not sharing with her poor relatives the riches she was supposed to possess. For these various reasons, the Elector, displeased with his daughter Liselotte and not hiding his displeasure, represented in her life an element of gloom and discontent, while in our forests around Paris joy awaited her, as, light-hearted and sprightly, she galloped by the side of a great King, to whom she had become indispensable. From Germany came reproaches and indiscreet demands; in France, she found nothing but favour and smiles. So that, even while she proudly

adored her native country, Madame could not help tasting of life's good things in the midst of an inferior race, for which a good German should feel nothing but contempt and hatred. The proof of this is to be found in numerous documents, whose authenticity cannot be denied by her compatriots, for most of them come from beyond the Rhine, or are official papers, preserved in our national archives.

Let us now see whether Madame was really, as she often affirmed, reduced to "beggary."

I

We shall content ourselves with studying the budget of Princess Liselotte before her widowhood in 1701. Afterwards, everything was changed: the need for money and the subsidies. At the beginning of their marriage, Monsieur and Madame disposed, every year, thanks to the royal pensions and the apanage of Monsieur, of more than 1,200,000 livres, that is between four and five millions of the present French currency. Their financial situation was soon augmented at the birth of a son, Alexandre-Louis, Duc de Valois. The child came into the world June 2, 1673. On the 23d of the following October, Louis XIV. signed the following act: "We have granted and made a present of by these papers signed by our hand, to our nephew the Duc de Valois, a yearly pension of 150,000 livres."¹

¹ *Archives Nationales*, K. 542.



QUEEN MARIE THÉRÈSE, WIFE OF LOUIS XIV.
From the Château of Versailles



The Duc de Valois died March 16, 1676, killed by the doctors, exclaimed Madame in her sorrow, and not without some show of reason; but he had a brother, Philippe, Duc de Chartres, born August 2, 1674, who came in for the 150,000 livres¹; and he lived to be the Regent.

To the official revenues should be added a fair portion of those showers of gold that the King let fall on his court, and which caused Mme. de Sévigné to say, in a celebrated paragraph where, in four lines, she traced a whole system of government: "The King is lavishly generous . . .; even when one is not his *valet de chambre* one can, by paying court, find oneself under what he scatters. That which is very certain is that, far from him, services pass unnoticed; it used to be the contrary."² It would be interesting to calculate to what the "generosities" of Louis XIV. amounted. Whoever glances at Dangeau's *Journal*, or the *Mémoires* of the Marquis de Sourches, must be struck by the monotonous repetition, all through the year, of such items as these:

The King made the Comte de Roye a present of 9,000 francs, and 4,000 to the Comte de Rebenac. . . . The King granted a pension of 500 crowns to Vertillac. . . . M. de Frontenac received from the King a gift of 3,500 francs. . . . The King granted the Princesse d'Harcourt a pension of 2,000 crowns. . . . The King gave [to M. de la Chaise] 100,000 francs to help him to pay for his [place]. . . . The King gave the Comtesse de

¹ By Patent Letters of March 28, 1676.

² Letter of January 12, 1680.

Beuvron a pension of 4,000 livres. . . . The King bestowed on Mlle. d' Aumale . . . 40,000 livres as capital and 2,000 livres as pension. . . .

And so on. It was only when France was drained and money not to be found that Louis XIV. gave up, momentarily, playing the part of Providence to his subjects, and refrained from building up their private fortunes at the expense of the nation.

The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans lived too near to the throne not to receive much of this golden shower. It is averred that presents in money to Monsieur were frequent and considerable. When the Prince sulked, because he was angry with his great brother, the latter knew the best way of turning the sulky mood into a smiling one. Much of the gold thus given was employed in the Saint-Cloud embellishments. Madame complained that she never had her share of the cake as long as Monsieur lived, for he kept all to himself; but that was her way of putting it, for she had also her windfalls. As we have seen, Louis XIV. gave her 30,000 pistoles as a wedding present. She says, in a letter dated 1675: "We play all day long a game called hoca . . . as my purse was somewhat flat, His Majesty, the King, gave me 2000 pistoles. I am so unlucky at cards that, in fourteen days, I have lost 1700 of them."¹ Elsewhere, she mentions another gift of 1000 pistoles. Royal gambling was a kind of state expense, which the King

¹ August 22d, to the Duchess Sophie.

considered as devolving somewhat upon himself; this was but justice, as card playing was an irksome obligation which none dared to shake off, except Princess Liselotte, who dared all things. The princes and princesses served as decoy ducks to draw courtiers into heavy play, apparently so that these idle people, whose days were very empty, might at least find an absorbing occupation. At a table of *hoca* or *lansquenet*, they would, in fact, forget everything else; it was an occupation which was answerable for many ruined lives during half a century: "Here, one stakes fabulous sums," wrote Madame,¹ "and the players are like raving maniacs; one howls, the other strikes the table with his fist so hard that the whole room resounds with the blow; a third one blasphemes so as to make one's hair stand on end; all are beside themselves and frightful to behold." Before long, she herself left the card table whenever she could.

The New-Year gifts were another godsend.² On the morning of January 1st, the royal Treasurer brought his master caskets filled with gold pieces and purses crammed with gold and silver coin. During the day, or the following day if time were wanting, the King presided over the distribution, forgetting nothing and nobody, augmenting the share of one, diminishing that of the other, ac-

¹ May 14, 1695, to the Raugravine Louise, translation by Brunet.

² Madame says somewhere, without any other explanation, that, during the first five or six years of her marriage, she received no New-Year gifts from the King. Doubtless, the distribution was not then a general one, as later was the case.

cording to the needs of the recipient or his conduct. Once, Madame, then out of favour, received nothing. "I have been punished," said she. The following year, the King once more made her a present, though she, in a letter, hinted at the reverse.¹ Princess Liselotte was frank; she was not always truthful.

The royal caskets invariably held three hundred purses of silver,² and nine of gold. The first were distributed to "the great officers of the King's household" and of the "Princely households." The purses of gold were reserved to the royal family, and to a few great personages such as the Chancellor of France and the Comptroller-General of Finance. Before our reverses, the ready money amounted to 80,000 pistoles, of which the King kept 40,000 for himself,³ distributing the rest. The Grand Dauphin received 5000 pistoles, Monsieur and Madame each 3000, to mention only those most in view. Enforced economy began in 1693; Madame's share was reduced to 2000 pistoles. In the following years all the portions were diminished, and, after an ephemeral period of prosperity, the royal New-Year gifts were sup-

¹ Letter of January 27, 1700, to the Electress Sophie.

² Cf. the *Journal* of Dangeau for the first two days of each year, from 1685 to 1715 (Paris, 1854-1860, 19 vols: in 8°).

³ In the eighteenth volume of the 8° edition of his *Mémoires*, p. 431, Saint-Simon confirms the sum of 40,000 pistoles. Vol. xiv., p. 245, he says "35,000 gold louis, of whatever value they might happen to be." At the rate of the gold louis in that day, it came to about the same.



THE DUCHESSE DU BARRY
From a painting in the Château of Versailles



pressed in 1710. The royal treasury had been emptied.¹

For the feminine part of the court, the golden shower also took the shape of objects for the toilet: jewels, fabrics, ribbons, laces, trimmings, and flouncings which were offered after an impersonal and gallant fashion. Sometimes the King organised for the ladies a lottery where every one had a prize. At other times, it was a bazaar, the booths of which were occupied by princesses, or by Mme. de Montespan, or Mme. de Maintenon: well trained to their parts, they knew what they had to do, and sold—for nothing—to each woman according to her rank. During the years of prosperity, there were evenings which, in feminine finery, cost the nation very dear; the Queen's circle was bound to be dazzling. We shall not do Madame the injustice to suppose that she cared for laces and furbelows; but, all the same, a piece of cloth represented a skirt, an *amazone*—and she had that much less to buy.

With our modern ideas of hospitality, there might have been, for Monsieur and Madame, considerable profit in being housed by the King, they, their suite and servants, during three quarters of the year. In the seventeenth century, this could

¹ Was the custom of making gifts re-established before the end of the reign? I could not say. Dangeau alludes only once to the subject, January 1, 1714: "The King was in the habit of making New-Year gifts to the royal family, but this year he made none." From this, we may conclude that he had once more made presents, but Dangeau does not say so.

scarcely be accounted an advantage. At Saint-Germain—therefore until 1682—Louis XIV. offered his guests nothing but the four bare walls; they brought their furniture and paid all their personal expenses, according to an ancient custom of which Colbert greatly approved, and which he sought to perpetuate. A *Statement*¹ exists of the yearly expense of Madame's household, during the Saint-Germain period; it consisted of one hundred and seven persons,² the rest of her followers entered into other arrangements, and Monsieur had his own household and budget, as also had the little Duc de Chartres. These old documents prove that neither Madame nor her suite counted on the King, either for a piece of bread or a bit of candle.

The wording of the *Statement* is curious. The business men of Madame, of whom she speaks in her letters because they disturbed her while she was writing, drew up a chart of all that they thought might be spent by her during the space of one year, from the bread to the brooms and string. Each article was estimated at the market price and the total made up; this limit was not to be overstepped, at least in principle. Thirty-one persons, out of the hundred and seven, received

¹ *Statement of the expenses that Madame, Duchesse d'Orléans, wishes and orders to be made in the Chamber of the house's exchequer during the year (1682), Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, 5754, fo. 158, MSS.* The *Statement* is dated January 2d; the court was definitively to leave Saint-Germain in May.

² The *Statement* does not mention the ladies in waiting to Madame, nor the pages, footmen, lackeys, and many others besides.

the equivalent of their food and managed for themselves. The other seventy-five, designated by their office, are marked down on each list.

Under the head of *bread* Madame and the seventy-five were rationed, with democratic equality, to two loaves each a day, for the dinner¹ and supper. The bread at breakfast, on the contrary, was measured by the importance of the breakfast; the gentleman in waiting had a whole loaf, the almoner, half a loaf only.

The lists of *wine*, of *wood*, of *candles*, confirm the principles of inequality. The chaplain received a pint of "table wine" a day, the "common almoner," the one who attended to the lower servants, was given the kitchen wine. In the list of *wood*, the year was divided into *six months of summer, beginning on the 1st of April and ending on the last of September, and six months of winter*. During the "summer" a few privileged persons alone had the right to feel cold. During the "six months of winter," rank was marked by the number of logs and faggots granted to each beginning with Madame: "Bed-room, entrance hall, closet, room where Madame will take her meals,"² 35 logs, 20 faggots. For the wardrobe, 6 logs, 6 faggots. For the "room" of the six maids of honour and their governess: "20 logs, 20 faggots." For the under-governess, "3 logs,

¹ The *Statement* specifies that Madame's followers dined at twelve and supped at eight.

² Dining-rooms did not then exist. The table was set here or there according to circumstances or caprice.

3 faggots.” For the maids of the maids of honour: “o log, 3 faggots.” It is impossible to mention everything. The list ends with a recapitulation: “Per day, 134 logs; at 3 sols¹ 6 deniers² a log, per day 23 livres 9 sols, and 620 faggots at 1 sol 6 deniers, 9 livres a day, the two sums amounting to 32 livres 9 sols, and for 182 days 5905 livres 18 sols.”

The *flambeaux*³ of white wax cost 27 sols a pound, the yellow wax tapers 24 sols a pound, and the tallow candles 8 sols. In consequence, Madame alone used white wax tapers. And even she did not use them exclusively; she also burned yellow wax and even tallow: “White wax: for Madame’s room, half-pound tapers: 3 livres—Candles, 1 livre—Yellow wax: for Madame’s room, three candles a quarter of a pound each, viz.: three quarters of a pound—Tallow: for the wardrobe, half a pound.” All Madame’s suite had to see by the aid of tallow candles, with a few yellow wax tapers, or of “Wax” simply, for the maids of honour and other persons in direct attendance at court, such as ushers for example. Let us recall that Mlle. de Fontanges had been maid of honour to Madame, obliged to count her faggots and economise on her candles, when Louis XIV. fell in love with her and laid treasures at her feet.

The persons fed from Madame’s kitchens were divided by “tables,” for each of which the *State-*

¹ Pennies.

² Farthings.

³ *Flambeau*, a wax candle three feet long.

ment specified the menus, one with meat and the other for meagre days, always the same, it would seem.⁴ These stereotyped bills of fare served as reminders for the "kitchen officers" as to the number of dishes to be prepared, their nature, and the strict price according to the market rates of Paris, of which a copy was joined to the *Statement*. We shall quote the *menu* of the *Mouth*,² recalling that all this food was for Madame alone.

DINNER

MEAT FOR THE "MOUTH"

	Livres	Sols
A soup made with a capon and a leg of veal . .	2	9
A soup made with two chickens and vermicelli. .	1	9
Another soup made with a duck and cabbage . .	1	4

ENTRÉES

A large quarter of veal.....	3	15
An entrée of three chickens.....	1	10
A piece of mutton hashed.....	1	

ROASTS AND SALADS

A pig, two capons, two snipe and three hens and three pigeons.....	19	16
---	----	----

SUPPER

A soup made with a capon and a leg of veal.....	2	9
---	---	---

¹ The *Statement* from which we quote is that of 1682. In that of 1693, of which, in truth, we only have the beginning, the *menu* begins exactly in the same terms. Cf. *Traité de matériaux manuscrits*, etc., by A. A. Monteil, Paris, 2 vols., 1836.

² The *Mouth* means Madame.

	Livres	Sols
A soup à la <i>Princesse</i>	1	4
A duck with turnips	1	4

ENTRÉES

A quarter of mutton.....	2	10
A stew of veal.....	1	5
A stew of capon	1	4

ROASTS AND SALADS

A capon	1	4
Two river birds.....	2	8
Two partridges.....	2	8
Six chickens.....	3	

FURNISHINGS

Three pieces of mutton	3	
Eight pounds of beef.....	1	12 Den.
Half a bushel of eggs.....		17 6
Ten pounds of lard	5	10
Two pounds of butter and fat	1	2

PASTRY FOR THE " MOUTH "

Four dishes of cakes for Madame's dinner and supper; one dish for the afternoon collation; by day	1	10
---	---	----

FRUIT FOR THE " MOUTH "

Two great dishes of fruit and four salads for Madame's afternoon collation.....	8
---	---

It had been surmised that Madame could never eat all this food, and the *Statement* specified the sixteen persons who would have the honour and

pleasure of making merry with the leavings of Her Royal Highness.

The series of meagre menus commence thus: "Meat for *Mouth* on days of abstinence: as entrée, a loin of veal," etc. Madame always ate meat; she had permission to do so: "I have not even performed the good work of abstinence," wrote she to her sister Louise during a Lenten season; "I cannot digest fish, and I am persuaded that one can accomplish more meritorious works than spoiling one's stomach by eating too much fish."¹ A few weeks later, she answers "Amelisse," the other Raugravine: "You need not fear to give me scruples; they have no hold on me." Louise and Amelise were then two old maids, very devout and formal, who, though they were Protestants, were shocked at the liberties Liselotte took with her new religion.

By way of curiosity, and because it is short, we shall quote the *straw* list:

STRAW

ONE LOAD A MONTH

For the maids (of honour), governess, and undergoverness	20	bundles
For the four officers.....	12	"
For the kitchens.....	12	"
For the first maid	10	"

Number of bundles a month: 54 at 3 sols a bundle: 8 livres 2 sols. For twelve months: 95 livres 4 sols.

¹ Letter to the Raugravine Louise, March 30, 1704. The following letter is of June 29th.

To what use was put this straw? No doubt to serve as carpet. In looking back through the centuries, we find that the kings and queens of France thus used cartloads of hay, furnished by their vassals.

Then follow several columns of varied items such as 2 sols a day "to the scullery boy for bran with which to clean the crockery," and 6 livres a month to the scullions to furnish the kitchen with larding-needles and string. The total amounted to 117, 836 livres, 18 sols, and 4 deniers: "Done and approved by Madame at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, this second day of January 1682." Signed "Elisabeth Charlotte."

There must have been a second *Statement* of Monsieur's household expenses, for he had his kitchen and followers apart. How were those two households governed? Monsieur and Madame dined together: was each one served with separate dishes, at the risk of seeing two pigs and twelve chickens on the table at once?

As it happened, the court definitively abandoned Saint-Germain in 1682. At Versailles, the King furnished the apartments of his most distinguished guests, warmed and lighted everybody; but he fed no one. The saving was therefore but slight. Besides, it was only Monsieur who was the gainer by it, as he was bound to provide furniture, "the stable," and the linen. We know this, because Madame accused him of stinginess whenever he had to attend to his wife's needs: "When I want

sheets or chemises, I have to beg for them during an eternity, while at the same time Monsieur gives 10,000 thalers to La Carte to buy his own linen in Flanders.”¹ In another letter, she complains of having none but old horses. Hence, there were bickerings, with regard to all that was not provided by the Treasury Office; this was a teasing but also a protecting institution. When the Finance Council had approved the budget, of which the *Statement* quoted was but one chapter, the Chevalier de Lorraine himself could not have changed as much as a comma in it. So that Madame, if she could not, at will, dispose of her revenues, gained protection from Monsieur’s favourites.

Much red tape and paper were used in this matter, and that was no novelty, as M. Louis Battifol very clearly showed in a recent book,² with regard to the household expenses of Queen Marie de Médicis:

In December, the administration prepared the budget of the following year. The statement, read and signed by the Queen, was submitted to the Council of Finance that revised it carefully, balancing the accounts, making sure of the correctness of each article, introducing such modifications as seemed advisable, then the whole was submitted to the King and approved by him, after which it was sent back to the State Treasurer, whose duty it was, at the end of each month, to send the twelfth part to the master of the Queen’s Chamber of Finance and to the

¹ Letter of March 7, 1696, to the Electress Sophie. La Carte was a favourite of that time.

² *La vie d’une reine de France au XVII^e siècle*, p. 470.

cashier. Each head of the different services then received a parchment copy of the expenses which concerned him, and was bound strictly to adhere to it.

The ceremonial was the same for Madame. Her treasurer, still like the Queen of France's, himself paid all tradespeople, so that money did not pass through Madame's hands. These details explain how it was that Princess Liselotte, with her enormous revenues, was strictly limited as to pocket money.

Marie de Médicis had also thus been limited, and she also had bemoaned her fate. Henri IV. gave her 36,000 livres a year for her personal expenses, more, said he, than ever any Queen of France had received, and she went into debt. Monsieur gave his wife 12,000 livres, an insufficient sum for so liberal a princess, declared the Marquis de Sourches,¹ a great admirer of Madame and disposed to embrace her cause on all occasions. She, herself, swore that it was beggarly: "I have but 100 pistoles a month,² I never can give less than a pistole; in eight days all my money is spent in fruit, in letter carrying, in flowers. If I want to buy the least trifle, I have to borrow; it is therefore impossible for me to make presents." This last sentence was intended for German relatives who insisted on believing her to be rich and quite able to help them. The 12,000 livres, in time, I could not exactly say when, were in-

¹ Cf. *Mémoires* for January 5, 1690.

² May 20, 1689 to the Electress Sophie.

creased to 25,000; it may have been when Monsieur doubled what he had been in the habit of giving Madame for cards: "I had but 100 silver louis¹ for the card table until my mother's death.² When Monsieur received the Palatinate money, he doubled the sum."³

After all, what with the gifts from the King and the allowance from Monsieur, Madame received, year in, year out, about 40,000 livres of pocket money, which represent 200,000 francs of the present currency, more than was allowed to the queens of France before Henri IV. So that her pretence of poverty would have been simply ridiculous, had she not had her reasons for this pretence as we shall see.

II

We left the Elector Carl-Ludwig quite happy over the marriage of Liselotte, making golden dreams, after the fashion of Perrette,⁴ as to the benefit his bastards and the Palatinate would derive from it. France sedulously encouraged these flattering illusions. The war with Holland was decided upon. Our diplomacy was doing its best to isolate the morrow's enemy, and all

¹ The silver louis is best known as *l'écu de six livres* (six franc crown).

² Charlotte of Hesse died March 16, 1686. At that time, Madame had already lost her father and brother. She inherited some money and Monsieur allowed her to have a little of it.

³ Of June 11, 1717, to the Raugravine Louise.

⁴ La Fontaine's fable of *Perrette et le pot au lait*.

German princes had become important personages. The greater part were already at France's beck and call, some by means of subsidies, others "gratuitously," notes Häusser, the historian of the Palatinate, and that is indeed a curious fact: there is no better proof of the existence of a French party in Germany at that time. That party must have had a certain weight, since Bavaria promised by a treaty of February 17, 1670, to help the King of France to be named Emperor of Germany at the death of Leopold. France, on its side, promised the Grand Dauphin, then aged eight, to a daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, who was nine. This clause was destined to add to the tribulations of Princess Liselotte.

The following year, the Emperor proved that he well deserved the contempt which he universally excited, by allowing himself to be seduced by France. Fifteen days before Madame's marriage, the head of the German Empire signed a treaty (November 1, 1671), by which he bound himself not to side with the enemies of France. That he did not keep his word will scarcely be an excuse in the eyes of Germany.

The petty princes imitated the greater potentates. Ernst-Augustus, husband of Duchess Sophie, had sold his neutrality to France, and greatly rejoiced thereat. Those who had done likewise were legion. One scarcely dares to blame them, so venial, during the seventeenth century, did it seem to betray one's country. Not twenty

years earlier, the great Condé had taken arms against his native land. Carl-Ludwig, whose head was quite turned by the "splendour" of his daughter's popularity, and who counted upon her to influence Louis XIV. if need be, was among the most easily seduced. He was flattered by tales of the King's intention to re-establish for his benefit the kingdom of Austrasia, founded at the death of Clovis.¹ The Elector believed this. The idea of succeeding to Pepin le Bref tickled his fancy. He caused a coin to be struck, on the face of which was "an allusion to the hoped-for crown," and he corresponded about Austrasia "with his future Liege Lord" of Saint-Germain. The story of Sancho and his island is scarcely wilder. The councillors of Carl-Ludwig had great difficulty in bringing him back to real life, and then he adopted, of all resolutions, the most impolitic. The war with Holland had begun and Germany, alarmed at its success, turned against us: Carl-Ludwig then made up his mind to be neither for the King of France nor for the Emperor, and so had everybody against him.

The Palatinate paid for the faults of its master. During four consecutive years it was most pitilessly trodden down, pillaged, ransomed, burnt, now by one party, now by another. That a body of soldiers came as friend or foe—it mattered little; doubtless, the cruel habits of the time were somewhat responsible for this, but the double-

¹ *Geschichte der Rheinischen Pfalz*, by L. Häusser, ii., 627.

dealing of Carl-Ludwig was no stranger to it. He thought his underhand diplomacy very clever, but he had deceived no one, and he found himself in a very equivocal situation:

I suffer [wrote he to his sister], March 21, 1674, for having concluded an alliance with the Emperor, and I have, as yet, concluded none,¹ but I am on the way to it. I am assisted by him, and yet I am not helped. I command troops, and I do not command them. I am married, and at the same time, not married. I am master in my own house, and I am not. I have friends who pity me and who do nothing to help me. I have enemies who endure me, relatives who neglect me, and indifferent persons who help me.

The "relations who neglected him," were, in the first place, Ernst-Augustus, to whom neutrality had been favourable and who lived in peace in his bishopric, more interested in the passage of wild ducks than in that of French soldiers: "Ernst-Augustus is eager for hunting," announced his wife, "and I work at my tapestry. . . . Until now, all that belongs to Ernst-Augustus has been respected."²

Liselotte, also, and most especially, had disappointed and irritated the Elector. What had she done since her marriage? Nothing. She was constantly with the King and not once had she insinuated a salutary word, or asked for a bit of good advice. It seemed a *parti pris*. Sophie also

¹ The treaty was dated May 18, 1674.

² To Carl-Ludwig, letters of [November 7, 1674 and June 19, 1675.

wondered at finding her of so little help. Had they known Louis XIV. better, the brother and sister might have understood Madame's reserve. The King did not admit that women should have a finger in the political pie. He had too lively a remembrance of their obstreperous meddling with public affairs during his youth, of the time when the *Frondeuses* led to civil war for the pleasurable excitement of the thing and out of love for adventure. Louis XIV. was capable of making exceptions to this rule, as with his first sister-in-law, and, later, with Mme. de Maintenon; but there was no reason for making an exception in favour of the second Madame, who understood nothing about politics and made no pretence of understanding them. Liselotte's advances would have been ill received had she shown herself curious about the plans of France's king. This, she felt, and prudently abstained from displeasing him. Her family thought her over-cautious.

She was so blamed for having rendered none of the services expected of her, that her Aunt Sophie herself did not attempt to defend her, and even threw oil on the fire, which was unusual with her: "[November 9, 1679.] Liselotte . . . enjoys great liberty . . . her sallies amuse the King; I have noticed that her power extends no further¹ than to make him laugh, nor does she make any effort to exercise greater influence."—" [February

¹ We repeat that the correspondence between Duchess Sophie and Carl-Ludwig was carried on in French.

1, 1680.] Liselotte is evidently not capable of greatly helping her friends; she contents herself with the good graces of the King so as to go hunting with His Majesty, and would fear to displease him were she to solicit any favour."—" [February 29th]. Liselotte is so afraid of forfeiting the favour of the King, her brother-in-law, that she only dares tell him things that provoke a laugh . . . and she does not fear telling rather broad stories . . . but for others, I do not see that she ventures to speak to him." Both the Duchess and Carl-Ludwig were convinced that this prudence was the effect of ill-will.

They also found her very indifferent to the sufferings of her native country during the years of continual invasions. At first, she showed some feeling on the subject. During the summer of 1674, when the Palatinate was devastated by Turenne,¹ there was an amicable exchange of letters between Saint-Cloud and Heidelberg. From Carl-Ludwig to Louise von Degenfeld, September 30th: "I have received by the last courier a letter from Liselotte, who affectionately assures me of her filial duty, whatever happens."² Monsieur wrote in the same spirit. Twice he had interceded with the King, "for it seems to me a grievous thing," wrote he to his father-in-law,

¹ Turenne burned twenty-seven villages to revenge the abominable tortures inflicted on French soldiers by peasants of the Palatinate. This, however, was not the execution known as the conflagration of the Palatinate.

² *Schreiben der Kurfürsten*, etc., p. 246.



MADemoiselle DE BLOIS, WIFE OF THE REGENT
From the Château of Versailles
Photo. Neurdein



"that war should thus continue in your country, . . . being what I am to you, and moreover Madame and I living so well together as we do, and she knows my desire to be of service to you."¹ Louis XIV. was not averse to a reconciliation; it was Carl-Ludwig who rejected all French advances, with as proud a tone as though the correspondence about Austrasia had not been placed in his Archives. His answer to Monsieur, however, was gracious; that to Madame much less so. He was full of mistrust, and this time, not without reason. Liselotte was too happy, she was enjoying herself too much, to think much about the troubles of others; that was to come later, when sorrows of her own had overtaken her.

During that same summer of 1674, speaking to her aunt of the devastations of Turenne, this is all she found to say: "August 22nd: Let us hope that God will grant us peace, for pap would become very dear in our Palatinate, were M. de Turenne to take more cows." This is scarcely emotional. The joy of living was too strong; it smothered all other sentiments. Duchess Sophie wrote to Carl-Ludwig: "[August 25, 1674.] Mme. de Maubuisson² writes to me that Madame has been to see her and that she is extraordinarily gay, and that she "has grown stouter and better looking."—" [October 21, 1677.] Madame does me the honour

¹ Published, with the answers to Monsieur and Madame, in the correspondence of Duchess Sophie and Carl-Ludwig, p. 197, note 7.

² The abbey of Maubuisson was near Pontoise.

to send me the most amusing letters possible, which is ample proof that she is happy; she hunts, and attends the theatre with as much zest as our late mother used to do." — "[April 14, 1678]. Nothing can be more sprightly than Liselotte's letters. . . . She is lucky thus to have her heart at ease." Minds were not tuned up to the same pitch at Saint-Cloud as at Heidelberg or at Osnabrück.

Carl-Ludwig had another and a still sorer subject of displeasure against Madame: she did nothing for the Raugraves. Not the least little service did she render them, not a farthing did she give to help them in any way. The eldest, Carl-Lutz, had been sent to her in 1673. He was only fifteen and the letter in which he describes his arrival at Madame's is childish. We owe to it, however, an artless picture of Liselotte in her home with her first-born and her two little step-daughters¹ whose hearts she had won:

Paris, July 1, 1673. Serene Elector, gracious Lord, I humbly give Your Electoral Highness the news that I reached here the day before yesterday, and that yesterday I went to Liselotte.² M—— entered first. Then Liselotte cried out "O! Is that you, blackamoor? O! my little man,

¹ Monsieur had had two daughters by his first marriage with Henrietta of England: Marie-Louise d'Orléans, married November 19, 1679, to Charles II. of Spain; and Anne-Marie d'Orléans, known as Mademoiselle de Valois, who married, on April 10, 1684, the Duc Victor-Amedée II. of Savoy and became the mother of the Duchesse de Bourgogne.

² Madame's eldest son, Duc de Valois, was born at Saint-Cloud. June 2d.

is that you?" and she certainly embraced me twenty times. Then she showed her rooms, to M—— and to me, and they are very fine. Then, little Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle de Valois came in. . . . Then Liselotte took M. M—— and me to see the Duc de Valois put in his swaddling clothes; he will soon be as big as Carl-August.¹ Liselotte told us that she had already been up ten days, and that everybody said that she had had a very hard time and that the child would be sickly because she [Liselotte] had refused to take bouillon. Thank God, the child is in good health, and he laughs when he sees his governess, Mme. la Maréchale de Clerembault. Little Mlle. de Valois is jealous when she sees Liselotte play with the little prince; she rushes up to kiss Liselotte. . . .

Carl-Lutz was much caressed and had famous romps with his sister, but returned none the better off for all that.

The desire to free herself from importunities in favour of the "poor innocents" certainly entered for a large part in the perpetual complaints of Liselotte on the score of her poverty. As, on the other hand, she could not keep herself from boasting that, on a single occasion, she had received for her cards or her pocket money, more than Carl-Ludwig gave to all the Raugraves for a whole year, her bemoanings deceived no one, and she was not popular among those young people.

This is felt by the trouble Duchess Sophie took, in her correspondence with the Raugraves, to justify Liselotte, when she was accused of ill-will and stinginess. Constantly, she explains that "dear Madame has but little influence," and that

¹ One of the Raugraves, born October 9, 1672.

she is not rich; "therefore you should not wonder that she does nothing for you." If Madame does not answer when a service is required of her, it is doubtless because "she is ashamed at being able to do nothing for them," but her heart has not changed: "I know . . . that she feels great fondness for all the Raugraves."¹

Madame, in all sincerity, went further still in her protestations; and yet, at each summons, she refused all aid,—because she had some of her father's avarice, some of his egotism, some of her mother's vanity, and because she wished to keep her money, not to be troubled to solicit for others and not to be saddled with a family that did her so little honour, even more than she desired to see "the very dear Carl-Lutz," or the "beloved *Louisse*," and to contribute to their happiness. Her father and she were too much alike for him not to understand her, and he "ate his heart out"² thinking of what, after him, awaited the children of Louise von Degenfeld.

It was evident that nothing good was in store for them. The heir apparent,³ the one who resembled Thomas Diafoirus,⁴ saw with anything but pleasure this increasing regiment of Raugraves; it was already a heavy load to carry and might

¹ *Briefe der Kurfürstin Sophie, etc., an die Raugrafinnen, etc.* Letters of November 24, 1697, of October 28, 1688, of January 20, 1689, and of October 11, 1691.

² Letter of Carl-Ludwig to Duchess Sophie, February 23, 1674.

³ Carl, son of Carl-Ludwig by his legitimate wife.

⁴ Personage in Molière's *Malade imaginaire*.

become a danger. His wife, Wilhelmine-Ernestine, for whose indolence and want of will, Duchess Sophie had answered, when she chose her for her nephew, had, against all expectation, declared herself most violently against her father-in-law's bigamy, and showed herself still hostile after the death of Fräulein von Degenfeld, which happened in 1677, at the birth of a fourteenth child. When gentle Louise felt that life was ebbing from her, she took her leave with her accustomed resignation and modesty. She begged Prince Carl's forgiveness, caused a letter to be written to Duchess Sophie to "recommend . . . her poor children . . . to her compassion,"¹ and one to Madame to entreat her to take the eldest of her half-sisters under her protection and to find her a French husband. Having thus fulfilled all her duties of politeness and done what she could for the Raugraves, Louise von Degenfeld expired in peace, confiding in the divine mercy. She had, in advance, paid dear for her fault, for she had greatly suffered through Carl-Ludwig.

The Elector wept abundantly over his loss and was quickly consoled. It was the fashion of the day. Six weeks after the funeral he was peacefully debating whether it would not be wise to divorce Charlotte, his legitimate wife, and marry again, according to the advice given him by Duchess Sophie. In prevision of which event, he sought

¹ Letters from Carl-Ludwig to Duchess Sophie, of April 7 and March 10, 1877.

for temporary consolation, which he found without difficulty from a Swiss girl, named Mlle. Berau, who had been in the service of Louise von Degenfeld. Not later than June 17th, his sister was able "to rejoice" with him, that he had found "a sociably inclined person with whom he might enjoy rest from his troubles and fatigues."

Duchess Sophie spoke freely to her brother about his "Swiss girl"—"It is a sign of health,"¹ said she with satisfaction. She, however, judged it superfluous to give this good news to Liselotte, and contented herself with speaking to her of the possible divorce and second marriage. Madame did not take to the idea with anything like amiability:

[November 4, 1677.] God grant that it may all be a mistake. . . and that there will be an end to the talk caused by the *proposition* that His Grace the Elector has, it seems, made to Her Grace, my mother. At first, I would not believe it, because, from home, I had received no intimation whatever of the project; but, now I have no doubts, since Your Dilection has written to me about it. Here, it would cause the greatest *tort*² to His Grace, the Elector and it is said that here His Grace cannot be divorced from Her Grace, my lady mother, without doing my brother and myself both *tort* and *affront*.³ I must add that I found Monsieur greatly disturbed on the subject. He told me that the King looked upon it as very singular, but I begged Monsieur to be patient until I could find out whether there was any truth in the report, for it was with difficulty that I could believe that His Grace, the Elector, could think of com-

¹ Letter of May 27, 1680 to Carl-Ludwig.

² Harm. The words in italics are in French in the original.

³ Affront, indignity.

mitting an injustice with regard to my brother and myself; first on account of his paternal affection, which His Grace has always manifested, and secondly, because it is still more difficult to believe that His Grace could wish to inflict an *affront* on us, for, near as we are to him, the *affront* would fall back upon His Grace; beside which, *Papa* well knows that I am in a place where it would not be tolerated. I therefore hope with all my heart that His Grace, the Elector, no longer thinks of this *proposition*.

At this sort of summons, with its tone of menace, Carl-Ludwig flew into a great passion. To the Duchess Sophie, he wrote:

[November 24, 1677.] . . . I should like to know what malignant or ignorant person has persuaded Monsieur and Liselotte that it would do harm to them and to the Electoral Prince were I to marry again. You were quite right to answer as you did. . . . But I desire that Liselotte may henceforth meddle with matters that she understands better than she does this one, and that, if she can do nothing for my peace of mind, she should at least refrain from angering me.

Duchess Sophie wrote to Carl-Ludwig: "[January 5, 1678.] Liselotte has not written since my answer about you; I cannot say whether it is a sign of conversion or perversion; perhaps she has no time for either, absorbed as she is by the continual gaiety of the Court."

Madame wrote to Duchess Sophie:

[January 11, 1678.] No day passes that I am not tormented about the story of the divorce. Your Dilection and *L'Oncle*¹ make fun of me because you think me so

¹ Ernst-Augustus, husband of Duchess Sophie.

good a Catholic as to attach great importance to the *sacrament* of marriage. It is because that *sacrament* is so to my mind that I should like it to last eternally, and he who would seek to divorce me from Monsieur would in no wise please me. Your Dilection can be assured that if divorce were to become fashionable, I should be much chagrined; and that, were three abjurations like the one I made at Metz necessary to convince people that marriage is a *sacrament*, and therefore indissoluble, Your Dilection would receive three sealed promises instead of one. I wish with all my heart that His Grace, the Elector, could think as I do, and, moreover, I wish His Grace were as happy as I am.

A few months later, the war between Germany and France had come to an end. Madame proposed to her father and to her aunt to meet her in Alsace. The Elector asked for time to reflect, and finally refused. Liselotte and Liselotte's marriage had caused him too many deceptions. He was by no means eager, once more, to see his daughter.

III

We are now forced to retrace our steps. During nearly eight years of married life, there had been few events in Madame's life; yet it is necessary to mention these. The most important had been the birth of her children¹ and the death of the eldest, the Duc de Valois. As was to be expected, Liselotte was a passionately fond mother; she adored her children, and defended them, like a lioness, first against physicians, then, when they

¹The third was a daughter, Elisabeth Charlotte, born September 13, 1676.

grew up, against evil counsels and bad examples. The death of the Duc de Valois, which she unhesitatingly attributed to the doctors, caused her terrible grief. It is to be noticed, however, that she did not love her children *beforehand*; none of them had been desired—quite the reverse—and, that from no philosophical preoccupations; it was through fear of the state of pregnancy and its consequences. Her first experience had greatly irritated her:

[November 23, 1672.] O! my dear Fräulein Uffeln! how extraordinary it seems to a tomboy like me no longer to have a right to romp and jump, nor even to go out in a coach, and to be carried everywhere in a sedan chair. If only it were soon to come to an end, one could be resigned; but it will last nine months, and that is not gay, and I should willingly say to you as used to do Prince Gustin at Heidelberg: "*Grande Maîtresse*¹ I should like to possess patience. Will you give it to me? It is that which I most need just now."

At that time, Liselotte had not yet begun to ride. When the second child was expected she was in despair, because it prevented all hunting with the the King. Duchess Sophie wrote to Carl-Ludwig: "[December 28, 1673.] Madame is doing wonders, for she is once more in the family way, of which she is very sorry, for it prevents all horseback riding."

Madame also accuses herself of cowardice where

¹ Fräulein von Uffeln had become mistress of the robes at the court of Duchess Sophie.

suffering was in question: "I confess that I am very much of a poltroon."¹ In a word, maternity seemed to her an abomination: "From first to last, it is an ugly business and most dangerous; it always displeased me."² This opinion, Madame had not the wisdom to keep to herself. At court, it was said: "When one wishes to deter any one from matrimony, it is enough to put Madame on that subject."

The campaigns of Monsieur during the Dutch war constituted the other great events of Madame's life. During those first years, she was as good a wife as she was a mother; which is rather puzzling to reconcile with the foregoing assertions. When Monsieur was absent, she almost fell ill from worry and *ennui*.³ When he returned, her joy was exuberant: "Madame is beside herself at the return of Monsieur," wrote Mme. de Sévigné, July 8, 1676. Pride had something to do with this, for the miracle of 1667 had been renewed, and the army was amazed at the brilliant military qualities of so effeminate a prince. Up to what point he really commanded, whether or not he was but the mouthpiece of his generals, will never be known; but as to his intrepidity, his coolness in an intrenchment or in the midst of the fray, there were thousands of witnesses and these all agree.

At the battle of Cassel,⁴ which he gained

¹ March 9, 1721, to Herr von Harling.

² June 30, 1718, to the Raugravine Louise.

³ Cf. the letter of Duchess Sophie to Carl-Ludwig, May 23, 1674

⁴ Cassel, or Mont-Cassel, a few leagues from Hazebrouck.

over William of Orange (April 11, 1677), he himself led on his soldiers, bringing them back three times to the assault, and was so praised for it by all, that the courtiers were well aware that this would scarcely please the King. And the fact is that Louis XIV. never afterwards put his brother at the head of an army. Whether he had been aided or not, Monsieur was too good a general for a royal younger brother.

Between his two campaigns, Monsieur proposed to his wife a private arrangement which filled her with joy. In reality, it was the first flaw of a happiness made fragile by the opposition of the two natures; but Madame did not see this; she belonged to those clever people who are wanting in penetration: "I was overjoyed when after the birth of my daughter, my late husband and I had separate apartments, for I had no taste for the business of bringing children into the world. When His Royal Highness proposed this to me, I answered: 'Yes, with all my heart, and it would greatly please me, so that you do not learn to hate me and that you continue to show me some kindness.'¹ This he promised, and we remained well content with one another." . . . In her unmixed joy she said many other things impossible to repeat here.

A year later, a letter to Duchess Sophie lets us into the secret of the increasing efforts of Monsieur's favourites to bring about a misunderstanding-

¹ This sentence, in the original, is in French.

ing between him and his wife. The "cabal," of which we shall have to speak, was composed of the Chevalier de Lorraine's group, with his mistress, the Maréchale de Grancey, and their worthy satellite, the Marquis d'Effiat, with many supernumeraries, male and female, of the same species.

[November 14, 1678.] As to the wish expressed by Your Dilection that the devil might carry off the whole cabal, I do not know what will come of it, but for the moment, it is at its worst. I think that instead of whisking them all off to his kingdom, the devil has taken up his abode in them, and that they are all possessed; I dare say no more. I am very proud that Your Dilection thinks me better looking than the portrait I sent to Frau von Harling, but it is seven years since Your Dilection saw me, and were you to see me now, you might be of a different opinion. It is the cabal, more than the hunting, that has made me grow old and ugly; for the last seven years it has given me so many wrinkles that my face is covered with them.

This complaint was not repeated for quite a long time. The Liselotte of these happy days did not allow troubles to absorb her: she had too much "wherewith to console herself."

The year 1679 was, to her, full of happy events. At the end of June, the King announced the marriage of Mademoiselle, eldest daughter of Monsieur by his first wife, with Charles II. of Spain, one of the greatest matches of Europe. All knew that happiness did not dwell in Spanish palaces; but that was one of those mediocre considerations which were not taken into account in the case of princesses, and Monsieur gave himself up to the

joy of planning a few dozen dresses for a Majesty's trousseau. Madame was equally well pleased, and for a more serious reason. She had a god-daughter, Princess Sophie-Charlotte, daughter of Duchess Sophie, whom she dreamed of marrying to the Grand Dauphin, and she fancied that Mademoiselle might have proved an obstacle to this project. The Spanish marriage cleared the road.

In part, at least. Two other obstacles still separated Sophie-Charlotte from the French throne. One was the Bavarian Princess of the treaty of 1670; but nature seemed likely to free Madame of her: "It seems that she is so frightful to behold, that it is scarcely likely that she will be accepted."¹ The other obstacle was the age of Sophie-Charlotte; she was only ten and the Dauphin was seventeen² and was in a great hurry to be married. The difficulty did not seem insurmountable, even to Duchess Sophie, a woman of experience, hence a resolution which turned Madame's head for very joy, and to which we owe the most living pictures we possess and the least known, of the court of Louis XIV. during the monarch's maturity, after Mlle. de la Vallière and before Mme. de Maintenon and Saint-Simon. Duchess Sophie had always desired to see Liselotte again. A vague hope that the Dauphin would arm himself with patience after her daughter, who was lovely, had been shown

¹ Letter to Duchess Sophie, July 5, 1679.

² Sophie-Charlotte was born October 2, 1668, the Grand Dauphin November 1, 1661.

to him, aided her to resolve upon a journey to France, and she started August 1, 1679, for the abbey of Maubuisson, near Pontoise, the abbess of which was her sister, and where she was to meet Madame. A letter received on the way informed "Her Dilection" that Liselotte expected "to faint for very joy" on seeing her, and that she certainly would have had a "stroke" if "Her Dilection" had arrived unannounced. Things did not come to this tragic pass.

"Her Dilection" travelled incognita, under the name of Mme. d'Osnabrück. August 22d, toward the end of the afternoon, three coaches carrying "Madame d'Osnabrück" and suite appeared in sight of Maubuisson. After so long a journey, all felt very grimy: "I was covered with dust, and wore a costume that had served since I started";¹ but it was not expected that they would meet any one that evening, except the abbess and her nuns. Great was the emotion when it became known that Monsieur and Madame were at the convent, with Mademoiselle and "all the court." There was some disorder among the ladies at the idea of being seen in such a state by Monsieur, but it was impossible to avoid it:

As we entered the courtyard, I saw Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans running with all her might . . . jumping as was her wont . . . and Mademoiselle after her, to receive me.

¹ For all this portion, *cf.* the *Memoirs of Duchess Sophie*, p. 111 and following, and her letters to Carl-Ludwig, p. 371 and following. The two narratives complete each other.

. . . The good Princess wept for joy as she embraced me and held me in her arms, refusing to let me go. She only released me a moment, just the time necessary for me to salute Mademoiselle, while she tenderly embraced Frau von Harling. . . . After that she again took me in her arms.

Monsieur, with the abbess, was waiting at the door of the convent. "Mme. d'Osnabrück" was struck by his noble air:

He is a handsome prince, very well proportioned, looking every inch a prince. . . . [He] received me in the most courteous way, and acted as though he had known me all his life. While I embraced my sister, he went to the reception room with Mademoiselle his daughter, and I followed with Madame, who continued to press me on her heart.

Then came plans for the morrow, and Monsieur returned to Paris with the Queen of Spain; Madame remained here, and missed a hunt with the King; two signs of her affection for me, as she cordially hated convents. . . . I find her stouter, and in high spirits; her hunting-costume suits her better than any other; for she does not like to wear anything else . . . though dress here is an important affair.

The following day belonged to Monsieur. All went to the Palais-Royal, where, according to his orders "all the wedding garments of Mademoiselle were displayed in a great gallery." Monsieur himself did the honours to his guests; he had found nothing better wherewith to entertain strangers who had never seen Paris. After the gowns, came the jewels, first those of Monsieur, to which

were added the most beautiful of those belonging to Madame, who had had the good sense to abandon them so as to avoid jealousies with regard to pearls and diamonds. He then showed the jewels which he gave to the Queen of Spain and which seemed but mediocre in comparison to his own; then, he examined the stones Duchess Sophie had brought with her. Monsieur, who had no mind to exhibit an aunt after the fashion of Osnabrück, gave her detailed instructions as to the resetting of them according to the taste of the day. The remainder of the afternoon was taken up by a lengthy discussion of toilettes to be ordered for Fontainebleau, where the King invited Mme. d'Osnabrück to the marriage by proxy of Mademoiselle. The time was short; the ceremony was fixed for August 31st. In five days, a Parisian "tailor" and the "best maker of mouches" had transformed the Duchess and her daughter: they felt that they were "like the others."

Soon, they started with their suite:

I went with my daughter to Fontainebleau, August 30th. . . . On arriving, I went first to Madame's apartment, where I found Monsieur and a great crowd. Monsieur first took me into a boudoir to show me his jerkin, which was being embroidered with diamonds for the wedding of Mademoiselle. He then led me to my room. . . .

After a short rest, the Marquis d'Effiat conducted the Duchess to the King's study, where the first signature of the contract took place. Here, she

received her first impression of the world-renowned court of France, to which she had been eagerly looking forward:

I saw His Majesty seated by a table, with the Queen, surrounded by all the princes and princesses of the blood. . . . The Grande Mademoiselle de Montpensier left her place, as soon as she saw me, and embraced me, saying that we were related, then she returned to her seat. Afterwards, the marriage contract was read and signed by the King and Queen then by all the princes and princesses of the blood, and even by the children of La Vallière and Montespan. The Duke de los Balbasos signed in the name of the King of Spain, and all that was done with many bows, which made the ceremony very beautiful.

As Duchess Sophie was about to retire, Monsieur told her to remain, saying

that she must see the end. . . . This end was that all the princesses passed one after the other, making deep curtsies to the King and Queen; then the Queen turned to the King and likewise made him a profound curtsy after which she retired. After her departure, the King turned to me and made me the most obliging speech possible, letting me know in what high esteem he held the House of Brunswick and especially my husband, the Duke. . . . He also said that he could bear witness as to Madame's passionate love for me, and that he was pleased to render her the service of telling me this.

After some more compliments, the King bowed and left her: "He went one way and I another."

Afterwards, a comedy was given. "The royal household was seated below, in front of the stage." Mme. d'Osnabrück was placed on a platform from

which she could see the whole audience: "I found so many persons to examine that I paid but little attention to the actors. . . . The crowd . . . was so great and the heat so frightful that it seemed to me that the pleasures of the French court were mingled with much discomfort. Lemonade was taken as cooling drink." When the representation was ended, Duchess Sophie supped, not with her niece, which would have been natural, but in her room, far from everybody. The impossibility of according the German and French protocols had ended in this sort of penance.

She had scarcely caught a glimpse of Madame. In spite of the late hour, the Duchess went to her niece, on leaving the table, and thus became the occasion of a comic scene which completes the portrait she gives us of Monsieur: "I found her [Madame] in her wrapper, and Monsieur also; he wore a nightcap tied [with] a fire-coloured ribbon; he was busy preparing jewels for Madame and for his two daughters." To be caught in his night-cap was to Monsieur a veritable calamity, and he did not know how to hide his discomfiture. "He was so ashamed of being seen in that state by me, that he kept turning his head aside, but I put him at his ease by helping him with the jewels, and I contrived a clasp for his hat, which greatly pleased him. After so important a piece of work, I could sleep in peace, and I retired to my bed." Had Madame guessed that her aunt would write her Memoirs, she would not have boasted of having never "in

her life worn a wrapper."¹ This was one of her pretensions, a very innocent one, but which warns us to guard against believing all Liselotte's tales.

The following was the wedding day: "I was made to go through a great crowd to enter the chapel where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, and where the King had ordered that I should be seated in a tribune so as to witness it." Duchess Sophie was eager to discover among the spectators the actors of a play which interested the public far more than the marriage of Made-moiselle. Three women, beside the Queen, were then fighting for the King's heart: Mme. de Montespan, Mlle. de Fontanges, and Mme. de Maintenon, and every one tried to read on their faces how went the game. Mme. de Montespan's chances seemed to be waning, for she had covered her pretty head, not with the cinders of repentance, but with the "modest *coiffe* of devout dames."² Duchess Sophie spied her in the front row of a tribune "carelessly garbed, with an embroidered cap, in deep despair at seeing the triumph of a younger woman." That "younger woman" was, on the contrary, quite radiant: "On the same row, but rather far from her, I saw Mlle. de Fontanges, most becomingly dressed, with her prayer-book in her hand, which kept her in countenance, while she glanced

¹ Letter of March 5, 1695, to the Raugravine Louise. Translated by Brunet.

² Note by M. A. de Boislisle at the word *coiffe*. *Mémoires de Saint-Simon*, gr. éd., xii., 43.

down at the King, whom she doubtless loved more than the King of Kings, which is not to be wondered at, for he is most lovable." Louis XIV. was not less preoccupied. At every moment he looked up at Mlle. de Fontanges with more devotion than at the altar. When he looked down, he was dull, and then "he opened his mouth and shut his eyes." Meanwhile, good Marie-Thérèse was perspiring violently in a gown "the embroideries of which were heavier than those used for a horse-cloth," and Mme. de Maintenon,—if by chance she was present,—had taken her precautions to pass unnoticed.

In the afternoon, the Duchess received a visit from the King, and their conversation, on this occasion, was not their only one. The aunt was fascinated as had been the niece, by a charm in which we are forced to believe, since both proclaim it, but which it is difficult to imagine from the official portraits of Versailles, or from Saint-Simon's *Mémoires*. He only knew the King nearly toothless and inclined to piety. In 1679, Louis XIV. was still handsome. He knew how to say charming things to women and his voice was caressing. When he wished to do so—he pleased.

As much cannot be said of the Queen, whose want of intelligence indisposed those who most desired to like her. It was agreed that Mme. d'Osnabrück should visit her in her boudoir: "Monsieur led me to it and held a candle that I might admire the wonderful jewels with which she



THE DUC DE CHARTRES, SON OF MONSIEUR AND MADAME, THE REGENT
From the portrait in the Château of Versailles



was loaded. I took the light from him so as better to examine the woman who wore them, in front and behind." The good Queen pointed at her ornaments, saying: "You must look here," and added touching her face, "and not there." However, she lent herself most amiably to the examination of her whole person by the light of the candle, and was scarcely recompensed by her visitor's comments. "I found her very fair, but much better looking from a distance than near by. For her figure is not good, the back is too fat, and the neck is so short that it makes her quite 'stocky.' Her lips are red, but her teeth black and spoiled." The conversation turned upon France, and Marie-Thérèse spoke of the happiness she had there found: "The King so loves me," she repeated with her usual tact "that I am very grateful to him."

The same day, Mme. d'Osnabrück went to see "the beautiful Queen of Spain." Marie-Louise was dressing, in the midst of an enormous circle of curious women, and was sadly examining a portrait Monsieur had just handed to her. It was that of her husband, and "he was not handsome." Duchess Sophie tried to persuade her that it was the painter's fault: "Yes," answered the poor Majesty, "but do you know that he is said to resemble that ugly baboon, the Duc de Wolfenbüttel?" The "ugly baboon" was a German prince who assisted at the festivities of Fontainebleau, where he was no favourite. But of

what account is personal charm in a princely marriage? Duchess Sophie had just made the acquaintance of the Grand Dauphin and had found him "insipid," incapable of uttering two consecutive words: she nevertheless greatly desired to see her daughter Queen of France.

IV

When she had seen everything, the palace, the gardens, fireworks, a great ball, French and Italian plays, the starting for the hunt of the King with Madame in a carriage which he himself drove, Duchess Sophie returned to Maubuisson. Her impression of the French court was that it was "very fatiguing, on account of the frightful crowd" everywhere, of the great noise and the trouble people took "to be amused" and of the extraordinary number of curtsies: to the King, to the Queen, to the chapel altar, to the royal family, to the entire world, at every hour of the day. It also seemed to her, and there she was right, that the situation in which the new royalty kept the French nobility was wanting in dignity; she wrote to her brother: "The life of courtiers would not suit me; necessity makes slaves of them, and in order to have 'trimmings'¹ more magnificent than those of others, every kind of fawning and cringing is allowable; favour is sought by a thousand intrigues, so that vanity may be satisfied."

¹ There were "trimmings" of ribbons and "trimmings" of precious stones. The reader may choose for himself.

Monsieur and Madame had taken the new Queen of Spain to Saint-Cloud and were preparing to send her to Spain. Duchess Sophie joined them there: "Our arrival at Saint-Cloud was sensational, for our coachman upset us at the door of the palace. The Queen of Spain, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle with the whole court, came to our rescue. . . ." The accident had no serious consequences, and Monsieur did the honours of Saint-Cloud to his aunt:

His palace . . . is beautiful and magnificent. Nearly all the rooms look on the most lovely of gardens, all decorated with fountains and cascades, which produce a fine effect. His picture gallery is admirable and well chosen. In one of the smaller rooms I saw your portrait by Van Dyck,¹ well painted, and several other portraits by the same master. In visiting all this, I could but regret that you were not as fortunate as I, seeing the happiness of your daughter, Madame, in so agreeable a spot. I thought that nothing more beautiful could be found in France, but I discovered my mistake when I saw Versailles,² which surpasses all one can imagine in the way of magnificence and beauty. All that the personage of *Les Visionnaires*³ says of his palace does not approach to it. We there had an admirable dinner, especially with regard to the fruit, which was worthy of being painted, for I never saw any more beautiful.

This familiar letter is now an historical docu-

¹ Duchess Sophie was writing to her brother, Madame's father.

² The King had remained at Fontainebleau, and had fixed the day of Mme. d'Osnabrück's visit to Versailles. He had given orders that the fountains should play in her honour.

³ Comedy by Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin (1595-1676).

ment, since Versailles has become a tomb and Saint-Cloud has been destroyed. It gives us an impression of the admiration of strangers, during the last third of the seventeenth century, with regard to the masterpieces of French contemporary art. The civilisation which had produced Versailles was, in the eyes of Europe, something very great and worthy of imitation. How many German princes have endeavoured to create a small Versailles of their own!

From Saint-Cloud, Duchess Sophie accompanied Monsieur and Madame to the Palais-Royal, where the Queen of Spain took leave of them "weeping copiously. . . . There was such a chorus of cries and sobs in the whole court, that I think many shed tears that day because it was the fashion to do so, who never had seen the Queen." The Duchess guessed right. Afflicted or not, the spectators accomplished a rite, which recalls the hired mourners of certain countries, and no one dared to dispense with it. For a death, or simply for a departure, the dwellings of the great were filled "with a great howling and many sobs," accompanied with violent gesticulations. These conventional manifestations formed pictures singularly at variance with so polite a society.

The remainder of Duchess Sophie's stay was devoted to her sister, the abbess, to a few visits to Madame, who returned to Maubuisson in order to see her. Had Liselotte been unhappy in her married life, the occasion of opening her

heart was a good one, and she was not a woman to miss such an opportunity; she liked to complain, as she liked to expatiate on her joys, and we should find traces of these confidences in the letters of her aunt to her father. Duchess Sophie would simply have waited till she had crossed the frontier, on account of the "black closet," before broaching so delicate a subject. A note from her to Carl-Ludwig, dated from Paris, bears this postscript in German: "It is said that all letters are read before they are sent." She had profited by the knowledge and it is easy to notice, in reading the rest of her correspondence, that she had deferred certain questions until her return to Germany. But those concerning Liselotte's home life were not of the number. She had nothing to dissimulate. She had hidden none of her impressions with regard to Monsieur; she had expressed herself about him with perfect sincerity, and, on each occasion, with a sympathy which, in France, where that equivocal personage was looked upon with disfavour, causes some surprise. Never, in her letters to her brother, did she vary with regard to Liselotte's perfect happiness. Here are some of the texts themselves:

On her return from Fontainebleau, where she had seen the royal family intimately, the Duchess wrote: "[September 4th.] I can assure you that your daughter occupies a most agreeable position, with which she is well content." "[On the 13th.] If I were to begin to praise [Monsieur]. I should

never end; I consider Madame one of the happiest of women." In the same letter, she referred to Louis XIV., who had made her "well pleased with him," and went on to say:

He is certainly a king unique in every particular and whom one cannot see without greatly admiring. He is much attached to Madame, and you can be persuaded that she merits the esteem of the King by her conduct, for she is afflicted with no coquetry, and I assure you that she reflects great credit upon me when I say that I brought her up.

This passage should be kept in mind. It was meant to reassure Carl-Ludwig, who, as a prudent father,¹ was a little alarmed at the close comradeship of Madame with a gallant and handsome monarch. Duchess Sophie went guarantor for the King, in which she was justified; her dear Liselotte who "out of vanity never looked at herself in a mirror" was not one to inspire any feeling but that of friendship. But the Duchess also went guarantor with regard to her niece, and there she was wrong: the case was no longer the same.

On September 16th, she sums up her impressions of Louis XIV. and Monsieur:

Without any flattery, the King is, in his whole kingdom, the most agreeable and polite of all men; his way of speaking is charming; he forgets nothing kind or obliging,

¹ See, among others, a letter written by Carl-Ludwig to his sister, September 23, 1676, and Duchess Sophie's answer, on the following 15th of October.



THE GRAND DAUPHIN, SON OF LOUIS XIV., AND HIS FAMILY
From the portrait by Mignard in the Louvre Museum
Photo. Neurdein



going so far as to remind me of the battle of Trèves,¹ so as to praise Ernst-Augustus and please me; he succeeded well, for he certainly pleased me greatly. Monsieur is also very handsome; his face is longer than the King's; he is the best prince in the world; I am very grateful to him for all his attentions. I doubt whether he creates any disturbances in the State, as did the late Duc d'Orléans²; the King is fortunate to have such a brother. But I doubtless say things that you already know.

September 28th, the Duchess left for Germany. Even before her arrival at Osnabrück, she broached the subjects she had adjourned. The most delicate of these was the poverty in which Carl-Ludwig left his legitimate wife, that terrible Charlotte, mother of Madame and of the heir apparent, whom the Elector had sent away because she had almost driven him out of his senses. He had obtained her departure by promising a pension which he had taken good care not to pay,³ partly from avarice, partly out of vengeance, and her state of penury was becoming a veritable scandal. Monsieur had spoken on the subject to Duchess Sophie; hence, this letter:

[On the boat going to Coblentz. . . . October 10, 1679.]
. . . Monsieur charged me with a disagreeable message to you: that of speaking about Charlotte, who complains that you leave her to starve, which he says is shameful

¹ The taking of Trèves from the Maréchal de Créqui, September 3, 1675, by the Duc de Lorraine. Duke Ernst-Augustus, husband of Duchess Sophie, who had abandoned his allegiance to France, was among the besiegers.

² Gaston, brother of Louis XIII.

³ At first, he paid her irregularly, then, not at all.

for you and for your children. I answered that war had ruined your country, and that you had great need of all that was left. He says that you ought to allow her something, if not all that you used to give her. I said that you had given her assignats; which made him laugh, but he finds the thing very cruel. You will do me the favour of sending me one of your "impromptus," of which I can let him have the original.

This letter caused Carl-Ludwig great irritation. In his answer, the allusion to Marie de Medici is to be noticed:

[October 14, 1679.] . . . As to my "impromptu" which you think necessary as an excuse to Monsieur for not sending ready money to Charlotte for her maintenance, I think you will scarcely need it, for you are aware of her behaviour to me, which was public enough and lasted twenty years, the details of which could fill volumes, if one were to ask by what law of equity or decorum I might be forced to provide for her wants. Monsieur may remember, for it has not left men's memories, that other Christian princes behaved in like manner to those near to them, to whom, in nature, they owed greater respect and tenderness than [I] owe to Charlotte, who was not worthy of them. . . .

Duchess Sophie answered:

[Osnabrück, October 15th.] . . . The answer you would have me make to Monsieur with regard to Charlotte would not hold good in France. M. de Colonna,¹ Mazarin,

¹ The Connétable Colonna, married to Marie Mancini. The Duc de Mazarin had married Hortense Mancini, her sister. Cosmo de Medici, Grand-Duke of Tuscany had married Mlle. d'Orléans, half-sister to the Grande Mademoiselle. All three had had conjugal misfortunes.

and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany were not more fortunate in their wives than you in yours and yet they give them a maintenance. He [Monsieur] is well aware of her temper, [Charlotte's temper], but he says that does not prevent her being Electress and mother to your children. I know very well that Monsieur's grandmother was not happier, but if one can believe history, she was guilty of greater crimes.

Another equally disagreeable subject to Carl-Ludwig, because it also entailed the opening of his purse, had become entangled with that of Charlotte. He had not paid Madame's dowry, and it is certain that he was particularly averse to pay it after having been so roughly handled by France. Duchess Sophie saw a danger for Madame in this. November 23d, she wrote to her brother:

I see very clearly that it has not been through your fault that Liselotte's dowry was not paid, and doubtless Monsieur would consider it paltry enough, but it might prevent him from saying that he had not received a penny with her. He was eager that I . . . should notice the splendour with which he surrounds Liselotte, and the beauty of her apartments, so that I should understand that she has every reason to be satisfied that he does not treat her in accordance with what she brought. But, as you say very justly, there is no comparison between the mother and daughter, and that I have no right to intercede for the former; having given the message, I shall hold my peace. But I hear that there is some fear that she¹ may go to France, where Liselotte would be sorry to see her.

It was Monsieur who, with more generosity than

¹ Charlotte, mother of Madame.

prudence, had proposed to invite Charlotte and to provide a decent place of retreat for her. Madame was opposed to this, and for reasons that do not reflect much credit upon her: she feared the expense and the annoyance of such a burden. Even without speaking of tenderness, Liselotte did not feel the least pity for this unfortunate woman, who was her mother, and who had been good to her in her childhood, and who, after all, was only guilty of what we should call neurasthenia, brought on by the insupportable nature of Carl-Ludwig. It was known that the King was disposed to grant a pension to Madame's mother, and Madame would not yield; she now brought up questions of etiquette. Let us once more consult the texts.

Carl-Ludwig wrote to Duchess Sophie, November 29, 1679:

The question is not as to the amount of the dowry, but whether I could have paid it, whether Monsieur calls it much or little. I never doubted that Liselotte was justified in being satisfied, but as to the splendour of her apartments, I think that those of certain Genovese bankers outdo them, and as to the rest of her surroundings, it has been specified for a long time past how the wife of a king's brother should live; as to that, as I have been assured, Monsieur could change nothing.

Duchess Sophie answered with some vexation:

[December 21st.] It would seem that you have not seen the splendour as you call it of the Genovese bankers, or you would not compare it with that of the Duc d'Orléans, which does not smell of the shop. As for me who

am convinced that a great deal of earthly happiness consists in being well lodged, in having a fine garden, as also in being well served, I thought Liselotte justified in thinking herself very lucky.

Four days later, she learned that Carl-Ludwig had made up his mind to pay over his daughter's dowry, and hastened to congratulate him:

[December 25th.] I . . . am not astonished that your money¹ was gladly received by Monsieur, brother of the King, for ready money is as rare in France, or rather in his coffers, as it is elsewhere. I had not solicited it in his name; he only spoke to me in order that I should notice that he gave Liselotte every luxury without having received a penny with her. She, while I was with her, greatly feared that Charlotte might fall upon her for her maintenance, and said that people, out of pity, had offered her money on her mother's account, knowing that she herself had none to give. What would you have had Charlotte do, in her pitiable state? for at Cassel² she has barely enough to eat: her thousand crowns a year are taken from her. . . . It can scarcely be agreeable to her children to see her in this dire necessity, and it would excite their hatred against those³ who are supposed to get all which she ought to have. . . .

This allusion to his bastards rendered Carl-Ludwig quite furious: "I do not see why Charlotte should excite so much pity. . . ." Then followed

¹ The Elector probably only gave an instalment, for the receipt for the dowry, signed by Monsieur and Madame and preserved in the *Archives Nationales* (K. 542, No. 14) is dated November 24, 1680, three months after Carl-Ludwig's death.

² Cassel, that is in her family.

³ The Raugraves, for whom Carl-Ludwig could always find money.

long recriminations. He also wrote to Liselotte, and the discussion menaced to become acrimonious when Charlotte put an end to it by a theatrical resolution: she had changed her plans and gave up all idea of going to France. Neither Carl-Ludwig nor Monsieur ever knew the reason of this. Duchess Sophie discovered it thirty years later, when the others were dead.

The resolution had been brought about by a letter from Madame, where she painted, for her mother's benefit, so discouraging a picture of the miseries and humiliations which awaited her in France, that the poor woman had judged it useless to go into exile only to exchange one Calvary for another. No one guessed at this underhand manoeuvre, which Liselotte only confided to her aunt in 1709:

. . . Late Monsieur was quite willing to receive Her Grace, my mother; but I who knew and saw how things come to pass here, and to how many *chagrins* Her Late Grace would have been subjected I thought it my duty to discourage Her Grace. She never made me feel that she was angered by my sincere advice. She would here have known nothing but misfortune, but *chagrins* and *indignités*,¹ that is very certain and that is why I considered that I did well to warn her. One cannot all one's life remain incognito. If the Electress had seen people, and had not been treated according to her rights, she would have been much irritated. To see nobody would never have suited her. All the bastards would have insisted on taking precedence over her; I should have had to battle for her, and life would have been insupportable. . . .

¹ The italicised words are in French in the original.

Certainly, Liselotte acted with prudence. The question is whether it was not one of those cases where prudence is synonymous with egotism.

These bickerings, the source of which was invariably Heidelberg, did not prevent Duchess Sophie from being perfectly satisfied with her journey to France, and quite reassured as to the future of her favourite niece.

She had found Liselotte in the full flush of happiness and prosperity; on excellent terms with Monsieur, in spite of the cabal and its intrigues; in great favour with the King, and careful to keep that favour; surrounded by devotion and friendship, of which she valued the price; mourning over her "slavery," yet already incapable of doing without it; denouncing etiquette, and the greatest stickler as to what was due to her; faithful to the Palatinate and taking her share of its miseries, without for that missing a hunting party with the King, or a comedy by Molière; happy to be amused, happy to be young and gay, happy in France and in spite of France, happy through France and still hating it, because she was German and could not forget that she was, but beginning all the same to think of her nationality a little less often. At the sight of all this happiness, the penetration of Duchess Sophie was at fault. The storm that was gathering in Liselotte and about her was soon to burst and her aunt had not guessed it. Her excuse was that Liselotte did not feel it coming. She, herself, lived in perfect security.

CHAPTER IV

DEATH OF CARL-LUDWIG—LISELOTTE, THE KING,
AND MME. DE MAINTENON—GREAT SORROWS

THE crisis by which the happiness of Madame was wrecked has never been elucidated. The necessary materials are lacking. In France, Saint-Simon came to court long afterwards; Dangeau only began his *Journal* in 1684, and that of the Marquis de Sourches, begun September 25, 1681, was only printed about twenty years ago,¹ In Germany, the greater part of the documents only came to light during the second part of the nineteenth century, and have not yet been utilised for serious work.

Even to-day, in spite of the numberless publications on the subject of Princess Liselotte, there are hidden corners of her life, if I may so express myself, into which it is difficult to penetrate, and the first cause of this is that she did not wish to throw much light upon them. Madame, who at every turn defied public opinion, was without strength and courage at the mere thought that her aunt, Duchess Sophie, might blame her. To avoid this, she would not say everything, and would even dress up facts; we detect her in flagrant untruth

¹ *Mémoires du Marquis de Sourches*, published by the Comte de Cosnac (Paris: 13 volumes in 8°, 1882-1893, Hachette).

with regard to things which a hundred persons had seen or heard, and about which Liselotte might have known that she could not deceive so clear-sighted a person as Duchess Sophie. How this lady managed to be so well informed with regard to the smallest events of the court of France, I could not say; but it is certain that the absence of newspapers by no means prevented social chronicles from circulating in Europe; and that these, as they reached Hanover or Osnabrück, served as correctives to the letters that Liselotte addressed to her aunt.

Our task is rendered still more delicate by the fact that the sorrows which overtook Madame from the exterior world were aggravated by a sentimental crisis of which she never spoke, for she never understood her own feelings. She only knew that she suffered; that a dark cloud fell upon her life, till then so joyous, and that she was reduced to despair. Whence came this bitter pain, and why did her heart mourn? Some persons fancied that they could penetrate this mystery and smiled as they whispered the secret, but it was never more than whispered—either through prudence or affection—and the cause of this great unhappiness would remain obscure to this day but for a few French letters, which as we compare them one with the other throw light upon the subject. We hope, thanks to these, to unravel the web of sorrows which darkened the soul of poor Liselotte to her dying day.

I

Clouds gathered and enveloped her on every side. In Germany, her father became more and more embittered through age, infirmities, and serious political troubles, a great part of which he unjustly—we have said why—attributed to his daughter's indifference or carelessness. Thanks to the false ideas he had always entertained with regard to Liselotte's influence over the King of France, it is easy to understand his anger when he compared what he had hoped for with what he had obtained. He had so confidently expected this marriage to prove a source of advantages; whereas the series of disappointments seemed destined never to end. The Palatinate Elector, father-in-law to Monsieur, was not better treated than his neighbours in the councils of Saint-Germain, and the peace of Nimeguen (1678-1679) was followed by a very cruel period for the German states which touched upon our frontiers.

Louis XIV. had made use of the peace to follow with tenacity, regardless of any harm which might accrue to his neighbours, what Ranke calls his "capital project," the veritable object of which was the completion of our frontier defences. The difficulties that he encountered were considerable. The kingdom being considered as an immense fortress, the circumference of which presented open spaces, these had to be filled in or protected, which was often impossible without rectifying the frontiers, without taking possession of a

stretch of territory which the treaties had not given us and which Louvois or Vauban deemed indispensable for the carrying out of their plans. It was toward grasping these coveted aggrandisements that tended the exterior politics of the King.

All that was necessary was to invent an expedient by which the peace might be made "gnawing and invading." It was found through the "chambers of reunion" whose mission it was to discover whether the provinces, towns, fortresses, simple villages, annexed to France since the beginning of the reign, had not belonged, at some vague period, were it under the first Capetians, or even the Merovingians, to certain "dependencies" to which the recent treaties had made no allusion because they had been forgotten, but which ought nevertheless—such at least was the French thesis—to follow the fate of the population to which they were attached of yore. The archives were searched. "A testament of Hugues Capet is mentioned!" exclaimed Duchess Sophie with indignation.¹ Dagobert himself was cited. Some old parchment was sure to be discovered giving us "rights" to the desirable lands, whereupon would follow negotiations with the actual possessors which recall the conversation between the wolf and the lamb in La Fontaine's fable. I certainly do not uphold the system: I merely notice that the Germans, after having with great reason reviled it, found,

¹ Letter of May 27, 1680, to Carl-Ludwig.

when they became the stronger, that it possessed great advantages.

The Elector of the Palatinate was one of the victims of the chambers of reunion. France lay claims to fragments of his states which had formerly figured among the "dependencies" of the Bishopric of Metz. Our troops invaded it without ceremony; our agents "freed the inhabitants from their oath of allegiance to the Elector,"¹ obliged them to accept their new master, and in his name claimed contributions, the paying of which they enforced. Two of these settled at Heidelberg under pretext of business and made themselves hated. They got drunk on Carl-Ludwig's wine and then grew so insolent that the poor man was reduced to rejoice that his precarious state of health afforded him an excuse for eating alone in his room. He wrote to his sister, April 3, 1680: "My indisposition frees me [from the insults] which I have had to endure from these French gentlemen at table, when they are intoxicated, and my marshal enjoys the pleasure and inconvenience of it, for he gives back as good as he gets, while I eat my bread alone and in peace, caring nothing for their *bisques*." From Duchess Sophie, April 18th: "I consider the insolence you are obliged to endure from that La Goupillière² as insufferable; the favour Liselotte enjoys is of little use, since she cannot obtain that you should be better

¹ Häusser, ii., 640.

² French Commissioner.

treated." From Carl-Ludwig, April 24th: "If you knew how tormented I am on all sides, you would forgive my brain as well as my eyes if I can give you but a confused idea . . . of my thoughts. . . ."

Liselotte had, however, strange as it may appear, made an effort; but the little she had, with her husband's help, been able to obtain, was immediately compensated by new exigencies:

[May 1, 1680.] Liselotte does [her] best, and Monsieur also, as she informs me, and the favour which at Court is offered me for love of them, is never without "a tail. . . ." [Explanations of the "favour" follow which according to Carl-Ludwig was rather an aggravation.]

I think [continued he] that there is not a sensible man who does not see that, with the actual maxims of the French Court, and with the power it possesses, without any appearance of resistance, there is no one in this region who can be assured of remaining fifteen days in possession of what belongs to him unless he makes himself a slave, which the Elector of the Palatinate is in no humour to do. That is why you will soon learn that he has been hunted out of the Palatinate or out of the world; the latter would perhaps be the happier and more honourable of the two; at least, it would be the end of all his woes.

The following letter shows us the progress of France in the East, under the reign of the "gnawing and invading peace." Carl-Ludwig had just spoken to his sister of a family affair about which he claimed "the generosity and equity" of his brother-in-law Ernst-Augustus.

I wish [pursued he] that I could expect as much from

my great tutor,¹ who wishes to govern me and soon all Christianity with me, if he be not stopped, of which I see no prospect unless some great change comes; at least I shall endeavour to do my duty as long as the little power I possess will permit me; the rest, I must leave to fate, of which my years and my constitution will not permit [me] to participate long, be it good or bad, and . . . I shall be among the first devoured, as I am placed between the hammer and the anvil². . . .

From Duchess Sophie: "[May 27, 1680.] I am so indignant at the unworthy treatment inflicted upon you, that I cannot understand how Liselotte can look favourably upon her idol."

Liselotte's "idol" was the King, and her aunt no longer shared her admiration for that prince. The Duchess had suddenly ceased to love him. She now called him "the big mastiff," denying him all greatness, and excusing herself for her former enthusiasm: "He is fortunate and impresses one with his appearance and speech, but, as to the rest, he is but a man like all others; it is only in verse that he passes for a god [July 5, 1680]." There may have been some maternal rancour in this severity; the Grand Dauphin was decidedly to marry the Bavarian Princess.

Liselotte, as early as October 28, 1679, had warned her aunt that the journey she had taken had been fruitless and that her daughter would never be Queen of France:

No one doubts that next spring we are to have here

¹ Louis XIV.

² May 20, 1680.

the Princess of Bavaria, for the King often alludes to it and said the other day: "If she is intelligent, I shall at once tease her about her want of beauty. . . . He asked the Dauphin whether he could make up his mind to marry a plain woman. The Dauphin answered that he would not care in the least; that, so long as his wife were intelligent and virtuous, he would be quite contented, however ugly she might be. That is what induced the King to accept the Bavarian alliance.

Madame was not aware of the treaty of 1670.

She never knew or guessed anything, and on this occasion proved it once more. She could not make up her mind that her Aunt Sophie should be humbled and offended. It suddenly occurred to her that the Bavarian marriage might yet be broken, that a little effort only was necessary, and that she might intrigue as well as any one else; in which she wronged herself. For the first time in her life, Madame was mixed up in a state affair and tried to checkmate the King and Louvois. Let us show her in this new part, for we shall find no other occasion of doing so; she never attempted it again, for the result of her intrigues was not encouraging.

She began by offering to be reconciled with Louvois, her bugbear on account of the Palatinate affairs, but, in the present circumstance, an indispensable factor. They exchanged good words; only Liselotte believed in Louvois and ingenuously fancied that she had conquered him, whereas he, when Madame promised him to "forget everything," knew that these were mere words, and

besides, that they were without weight since the Bavarian alliance was, so to speak, an accomplished fact:

[Saint-Germain, December 15, 1679.] . . . The Palatine Princess¹ joined her efforts to mine, and finally we so conducted the affair that Louvois has made up his mind, and told me that if the first affair with Bavaria was as much compromised as was reported, he would speak to the King of our Princess. He authorized me also to broach the subject on the first occasion. I therefore fancied that the affair was in good shape, and when I found myself with the King in the carriage I gently directed the conversation to the marriage of his son. The King said that the thing suffered some difficulty with Bavaria. . . . "One often" said I "where marriages are concerned, makes proposals that are not accepted, as for the Bavarian alliance, for example." The King replied quickly: "Though that marriage is not sure, yet I by no means consider it as given up; my son has so great a desire to be married that he refuses to wait any longer; I am sure that if I yield on some points they will throw their princess at my head." Whereat I answered: "It will be a great honour for the Bavarians to have constrained your Majesty to yield on any point whatever." I trusted by that to nettle him, but he answered that it was a settled affair, that the news would greatly rejoice his son, who was uneasy that his proposed marriage should remain in suspense; that he would tell the Dauphin to write to the Princess. Seeing this, I held my peace and did not dare to say a word of the other affair.

Yesterday, the letter to the Bavarian Princess was written. Had not this wild desire for marriage seized the King's son, I should have had good hopes. That alone has spoiled everything, and, as you see, the Bavarian

¹ Anne de Gonzague.

marriage is already so far advanced that nothing doubtless will now break it.¹

In vain had Madame become reconciled to Louvois; the Grand Dauphin married Marie-Anne of Bavaria March 7, 1680. Meanwhile, Aunt Sophie had received some sort of compensation by the death of her brother-in-law, Johann-Friedrich,² reigning Duke of Hanover. He left no male child. Ernst-Augustus succeeded and neither he nor Duchess Sophie, though bound to the defunct "by very tender friendship"³ could hide their joy. The account of their entering into possession, in the presence of the coffin, is of rather disconcerting joviality: "[March 15, 1680.] Here we are in our princely palace, where all the chimneys smoke so abominably that we weep for the defunct without trouble but with much discomfort. I wish he could know of all the ceremonies with which we are to bury him; that would serve as his Paradise. . . ."

While they thus unblushingly rejoiced over this Christmas gift, Carl-Ludwig exasperated by the French "barbarities," for the last time ordered Liselotte to speak to the King, who was perhaps unaware of the insolence and unreasonable demands of his agents. Madame, for a long time

¹ Jæglé's translation. There had been difficulties with regard to a secondary point, and the King had yielded.

² December 28, 1679. The funeral did not take place until the following March.

³ Letter of January 11, 1680, from Duchess Sophie to her brother.

turned a deaf ear to her father's orders: "It will be six weeks next Tuesday," wrote he to Duchess Sophie, January 17, 1680, "since Liselotte has failed to answer me." The six weeks became six months. At last, July 29th, Duchess Sophie wrote to her brother:

Liselotte tells me ¹ that she had a long talk with [the big mastiff] about you, of which she says she has given you all the details. I fear that it brought no good to you, since you say nothing on the subject and that your letters to the Diet of Ratisbonne fully show the harm that has been done you, and your need for speedy help.

From Carl-Ludwig: "[July 31, 1680.] Young Botzheim, formally page to Liselotte, is to relate the dialogue between her and Louis-le-Grand, but he has [not] . . . arrived." Yet one letter from the Duchess, then a six line note, dictated by the Elector, and the curtain rose abruptly on the prologue of a drama from which Madame never recovered. The scene took place in Germany, in the environs of Heidelberg.²

Since the death of Louise von Degenfeld, Carl-Ludwig, during the summer, sojourned frequently at Friedrichsburg, where dwelt the Swiss lady, Mlle. Berau. In these expeditions he took with him his three daughters, the Raugravines, his chaplain, and all his court, like a man who has

¹ Liselotte's letter has never been found.

² The following details have been borrowed from two anonymous narratives published at the end of the correspondence of Carl-Ludwig with Duchess Sophie, pp. 435-442.

nothing to hide and who, in broad sunlight, follows the dictates of good mother nature. At Friedrichsburg, on August 26, 1680, he had three light strokes which momentarily deprived him of the use of speech. He soon recovered, and the following evening, against the advice of the doctors, announced that he would start early on the 28th with all his court to spend a few days at Heidelberg.

On the 28th, he was considered as quite well because he had begun once more, says a narrator, to rail at his servants who did not dress him as quickly as he wished. At seven in the morning every body had started.¹ At nine, the Elector had to acknowledge himself vanquished. He caused himself to be carried into a garden, where a fine tree spread shade and peace about his couch, and for the last time he enjoyed the sweetness of the world. He was heard to murmur: "How sweet it smells here," and almost immediately a merciful stroke deprived him of speech and consciousness. A few hours were spent in trying useless remedies. When it was visible that the end was near, his children knelt beside him, the whole court knelt, the soldiers and officers of the escort knelt, and the chaplain of the court, amidst the tears and the cries, recited a prayer that all the persons present repeated after him. The prayer said that if God, in His wisdom, had resolved not to allow His Grace to recover from this

¹ Together with Mlle. Berau, says Häusser, ii., p. 686. The two narratives do not mention her.

illness, God was implored to call His Grace to Him: "*Amen, amen, Lord Jesus, amen.*" The prayer ended, it was repeated, and, at the precise moment when the *amen* for a second time¹ ascended toward Heaven, Carl-Ludwig expired with out so much as a movement. The picture is impressive.

In the confusion that followed, it was remembered to send to Frankfort for "two hundred ells of black velvet for the hearse and the place of rest": but no one thought of writing to Liselotte: hence the scene recorded by Mme. de Sévigné:

[September 18, 1680.] Madame's father . . . is dead: a stout German announced the news to Madame, about in those terms, with no sort of preparation. And Madame began to scream, to cry, to utter strange sounds, to faint, it is said, but that I do not believe; she is not a person to show such a sign of weakness.

The first letter we possess from Liselotte after the catastrophe is dated September 24th, and is addressed to her aunt:

Though my eyes are very painful from much weeping, I could not allow our Prince² to leave without giving him a letter for Your Dilection; and, though the frightful loss we have sustained causes me a sadness and a sorrow beyond expression, it yet seems to me that it soothes my heart to write to one who is sad as I am and who shares my grief. As to telling Your Dilection what I feel, and in what a state I pass my days and my nights, I could scarcely do so in a

¹ A third time, according to one of the narratives.

² The eldest son of Duchess Sophie, Prince Georg-Ludwig, was visiting France.

letter; but Your Dilection, alas! can judge of this by your own feelings. Now that I have a sure means of communicating with you, I can speak freely. I can therefore tell Your Dilection that you are yet happier than I, for, if you lose as much, at least you are not forced to live with those who certainly caused the death of the Elector by the sorrows they inflicted upon him, and that I can hardly swallow. Your Dilection said in your last letter that you rejoiced with me that I should be near the King, with whom I so like to be. Yes, before he thus persecuted Papa, I greatly loved him, I acknowledge, and found pleasure in his company. But since then, I can assure Your Dilection that all this has become very painful to me and that it will continue to be so all my life. I could not even have resigned myself to it longer, had he not promised me at Fontainebleau¹ to arrange matters and put an end to the actual state of things, on the sole condition that we should be friends once more. Therefore I did my best during that journey. Your Dilection sees that, unhappily, it brought about no good result. If God Almighty does me the grace to re-unite me to Papa, it would be the greatest boon that could be granted me, for before me stretches a miserable existence, this Your Dilection must understand. . . .

Time only aggravated her sorrow:

[Saint-Germain, December 11, 1680.] I must confess to Your Dilection that you guessed aright when you said that what hurts me so is the fear that Papa may have died from sorrow, his heart broken, and the thought that if the great man and his ministers had not so tormented him, we might have kept him longer. I am filled with melancholy when I think of it; . . . yet I now have a consolation: the assurance you give me that His Grace the Elector, during the last days of his life, was not angered against me. What

¹ In 1680, the court arrived at Fontainebleau on May 13th and remained there until July.

surprises me is that he should not have sent you the *Dialogue*¹ which I had with the great man, for I know positively that he received it fifteen days before his illness. As he did not answer me, and merely caused a letter to be written to me . . . saying that he had received it, I feared he might have been displeased with me; but since he did not speak to Your Dilection about it, I trust that I may have been mistaken. From the way in which my brother² is now treated, it seems to me there is no intention of changing the mode of proceeding.

We knew long ago that Liselotte was a woman of acute feelings; but the bitterness which now shows itself in her letters is quite new under her pen. Before the death of her father, no one had perceived that she lay against the King vexations of which she was fully aware, since her father never ceased writing to her about them. No complaints, no reproaches, had had the power to overturn the "idol." She, in spite of all found her happiness in being near the King, hiding her game so little, like an honest woman who had nothing to hide, that the court of France smiled more and more. It was amusing to see virtuous Madame, uncompromising Madame, who dismissed her maids of honour at the slightest act of coquetry, turning, unknown to herself, toward amorous friendship. Under these circumstances, one is tempted to ask whether the scene of the

¹ The *Dialogue* was doubtless destroyed or lost, like all the correspondence of Madame with her father, for no trace of it has been found.

² Prince Carl, who succeeded to his father.

explanation at Fontainebleau ever took place except in her imagination. Her account of it, when closely examined, is full of unlikely things. It was an appeal which her father had eagerly expected for months past. She at last made up her mind to make it, obtained a promise from Louis XIV. who, had he chosen to do so, might have put an end to the tribulations of the Palatinate, and she speaks of this neither to Carl-Ludwig, nor to Duchess Sophie¹; this is, to say the least of it, singular.

Singular, also, when one reflects, is the exaggerated excitement which unnerved Madame on receiving the brutal communication of Mme. de Sévigné's "stout German." At the moment of the shock, this agitation had been natural enough; but, when time had gone on, it is difficult to explain. There was no further thought of accusing Louis XIV. of having been the cause of Carl-Ludwig's death. Doubtless the King had embittered his life. The strokes which carried off the Elector had, however, sprung from another cause, which had nothing to do with politics and of which Madame was quite aware; she spoke of it later with her accustomed immodesty:

[April 3, 1710.] What unfortunately shortened the life of His Grace, my father, as Louise could tell you,² is that His Grace sought too eagerly to banish sorrow, and wished

¹ Cf. the correspondence of the Elector with his sister from May 1 to July 29, 1680.

² The letter is addressed to Duchess Sophie.

to indulge himself beyond his strength in the company of a young and buxom Swiss girl who had been maid of honour to the Raugravine.

When and by whom Madame had been made acquainted with these facts, she neglected to say; but we know that her sources of information were numerous, what with her numberless correspondents and the constant flow of German travellers who thronged to salute her and to bring her news of the lost paradise of her youth: "Yesterday, I received twenty-nine German princes, counts, and gentlemen," says a letter.

However that may be, Liselotte did not recover her equanimity. She had taken up her usual life. To superficial observers she seemed as gay as ever; of this she accuses herself on April 25, 1681, to her sister Louise: "God is my witness that the death of His Grace the Elector was such a sorrow to me that I fancied I should never laugh again! During two months I was mortally sad, but afterwards, I am forced to confess that I could not keep back my laughter. . . ." She laughed, but she remained unhinged, over-excited, troubled to the very depths of her soul. The sudden end of her father, the brutality of the "stout German" had been the occasion of a long-threatened crisis. At the root of the trouble was Louis XIV.; not at all the Louis XIV. of the chambers of reunions or of war contributions; that one, we must repeat it, had but little disturbed her thoughtless youth; but the familiar Louis XIV., whom so few had

known, the faithful companion of those long horse-back rides in the great woods, which had worried Carl-Ludwig, a man given to suspicion.

Mme. de Sévigné by chance found herself in position to commit indiscretions with regard to the secret sentiments of Madame. It is to her, first of all, that we must turn.

II

Madame had found in France a sister of her mother, Princess Amelia of Hesse-Cassel, married in 1648 to Henri-Charles de la Trémoille, "called Prince de Tarente,"¹ a great Huguenot nobleman in the service of Holland. He at last returned to France, and the Princess his wife remained there after her widowhood which occurred in 1672. She lived at Vitré, whence she kept up a neighbourly intimacy with Mme. de Sévigné when this lady was at *Les Rochers*. She is the "good Tarente" of the *Letters*, the sentimental German of innumerable loves, whose heart refused to grow old, in spite of years and the warnings of her mirror: "Her heart is of wax," reported Mme. de Sévigné, who gently preached to her. But the "good Tarente" answered that hers was "a ridiculous heart" a way of saying that she was powerless to control its vagaries—and things went on as before.²

This aunt had captivated Madame, who con-

¹ Saint-Simon, *écrits inédits*, p. 205.

² Mme. de Sévigné, December 11, 1675.

doned her weaknesses, no doubt because she was German, and because, to the pure all is pure. Madame even regretted not being able to attach her to her own household. To make up for this she wrote her long letters "full of familiarity and tenderness"¹ which Mme. de Sévigné caused to be translated for her benefit. Madame would also insist upon visits from "her good aunt"² from time to time. On her return from one of these visits the Princesse de Tarente, being one day in a vein of confidences, told her neighbour what was no longer a secret at the court of France, except to the heroine of the romance:

[July 7, 1680.] As to her niece she speaks of her after a most diverting fashion: this niece has a violent liking for the elder brother of her husband, and is unaware of it; the aunt knows all about it; we laughed over this malady of which Madame is ignorant but which has seized upon her with great violence. This passion is a rough master, modelled on her own nature; it is a fever. . . . Her joy and her sorrows follow the fluctuations at court; she cares but little what happens in her own home; her conjugal troubles are but an excuse for long talks with this elder brother and for complaining to him. I cannot tell you how quaintly, confidingly, and wittily the neighbour told all this.

Mme. de Grignan apparently proved incredulous, for her mother replied July 28th: "The good Princesse de Tarente . . . can only attribute her niece's agitation to what I told you, and that it is a vio-

¹ Mme. de Sévigné, October 23, 1675.

² Mme. de Sévigné, March 28, 1676.



THE CHÂTEAU OF VERSAILLES AT THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

From the painting by Martin in the Château of Versailles

Photo. Neurdein

lent fever and *that she is an authority on such matters*¹: Would you have me quarrel with her about it?"

Everybody began by incredulity. The idea of a tender sentiment went so ill with Madame, with her wig awry, her ruddy ugliness, her rough voice, and her pitiless tirades against poor erring women, that the first impulse was to reject such a thought; the second was to laugh at it, and "people did laugh at it,"² but discreetly when they did not happen to be in the wilds of Brittany; the laugh was scarcely more than a smile. A letter from Mme. de Maintenon to her friend Mme. de Brinon gives us the keynote. It is dated December 25, 1686, six weeks after the King's operation.³ "The King . . . has heard three masses to-day, after which he went to see Madame, where he remained more than an hour. . . . Madame is in excellent health. Her face beams with joy at the King's recovery. I think you will not doubt this." It was amusing to note that Madame was not invulnerable, and no one entertained any evil thought, for, without speaking of reasons which were not flattering, she was known to be virtue itself.

¹ This is underlined in the original.

² *Madame de Maintenon d'après sa correspondance authentique*, by A. Geffroy (Paris, 2 vols., 1887), vol. i., p. 183. On this delicate subject, cf. *L'Histoire de Madame de Maintenon* by the Duc de Noailles (Paris, 1857, 4 vols., in 8°), vol. iii., p. 284.

³ The King had been operated for a fistula, November 18th. It was what was then called the "great operation."

She, however, was on the point of losing all self-control. We are approaching the time when Liselotte will madly proclaim her furious hatred of Mme. de Maintenon, the veritable hatred of a jealous woman, and which would have remained an enigma but for "the good Tarente" and a few other indiscreet persons. The King's mistresses had never disturbed Madame; their interests were different. Madame was not intimate with them; she did not avoid them, however, and she had even been drawn to Mlle. de La Vallière after she had become a nun: "I have often said to her," wrote Madame "that she had only changed the object of her sentiments, that she gave God all that her heart had conceived for the King."¹ It was a very different thing when Mme. de Maintenon assumed at Louis XIV.'s side that peculiar place where she forbade all words of love. She was hunting on Liselotte's grounds when she disclosed to the King "the realm of friendship."² She was her rival and a happy rival, when the delights of conversation, among the most perfect of the court, brought to her feet a prince who had begun by heartily disliking her. She completely defeated Liselotte when she dared to speak seriously to the King and tell him home truths. Poor Liselotte was too much afraid of displeasing him. She sought too constantly to make him laugh. Little by little, the King found that he

¹ *Fragments de lettres originales de Madame, etc.*, vol. i., p. 107.

² The expression is that of Mme. de Sévigné.

could dispense with his joyous sister-in-law. Then came the day when he dismissed her "with a nod" to direct his steps toward the apartment of Mme. de Maintenon, and that was repeated the following day, and the next, and always. We can imagine the sufferings of a passionate creature like Liselotte.

It is to be noticed that the letter in which Mme. de Sévigné gives the confidences of the good Tarente is about contemporary with the death of Carl-Ludwig. Such shocks, following so closely one on the other, were more than Madame could stand. She quite lost her head, and, in consequence, the little court of Monsieur was at sixes and sevens. Agitations were always rampant there and what Saint-Simon called "horrors"; but all this had not been of great consequence to Madame as long as she shrugged her shoulders. In the state of nervous excitement brought on by greater sorrows, the pin-pricks of the *cabale* became intolerable to her, and brought about her ruin; the Chevalier de Lorraine hastened to take advantage of the fact that she had lost all self-control, all mastery of herself, to turn things topsy-turvy. So far he had contented himself with levying blackmail on the tradespeople, with forcing Monsieur to dismiss all servants in favour with Madame and other such small misdeeds which smacked of the pantry rather than of the court. Suddenly, he went further. Guessing that the hour for disputes and quarrels had come, he caused his creatures to spread the rumour that

Madame had an intrigue with an officer of the guards called Saint-Saens.

This stupid slander reached the ears of the King who, knowing his sister-in-law, judged it prudent to warn her and to recommend prudence. He strongly advised her not to play into her enemies' hands by paying the slightest attention to their "wicked plot"¹; but she would not listen to him. Madame, greatly incensed, insisted that he should "take her cause in hand," that he should speak to Monsieur, in one word, that he should cause a scandal. "The more I think of it" answered the King, "the more inadvisable do I consider my intervention: for my brother knows you well, and everybody, for the last ten years, has seen that no one is less capable of coquetry than you. Your enemies can say all they wish; it will not produce much effect." This was full of common sense. Madame nevertheless remained much affected: "My honour and my reputation have been attacked," said she, and it was impossible to appease her.

Monsieur noticing her melancholy mood insisted on knowing the cause of it: "I ended by telling him. . . . He pretended to be much surprised and said . . . that if I had no other reason for my unhappiness, I could be at peace, and he would know how to answer any one . . . who had the impudence to speak to him of such a thing." This was most sensible; but it was beyond Monsieur's

¹ Letters of the 12th and 19th of September, 1682, to Duchess Sophie.

power to keep a secret, and this his wife ought not to have forgotten. His favourites learned through him that Madame had complained of them and they burst into a fine rage. Madame, on her side, grew very angry, excited by the tales brought to her with more zeal than tact by her great friend and confident, Mlle. de Théobon.¹ The court of Saint-Cloud took on the aspect of a turbulent porter's lodge. In earlier days, at a period of comparative peace, Mme. de Sévigné had described in these terms the flux and reflux of gossip at the Palais-Royal: "It forms an ant-hill of sayings, of denials, of comings and goings, of vindications, and all that does not weigh a grain."² In 1682, when everybody screamed as loud as possible, it was enough to make the bravest fly.

We shall not enter upon the wearisome details of these quarrels.³ Even the contemporaries could find but little interest in them. Had Mlle. de Théobon let Madame into the secret of "Monsieur's debauches"? Had Mlle. de Loubes,—one of Madame's maids of honour,—heard Madame make fun of Monsieur? "These trifles," confessed the Marquis de Sourches, "troubled the public but little, and it was far more important to know whether the Pope would show more leniency to

¹ Mlle. de Théobon, formerly maid of honour to the Queen, was without any fortune. Monsieur had attached her to his household out of charity.

² October 16, 1676.

³ Consult the *Lettres* of Madame and the *Mémoires* of the Marquis de Sourches for the years 1682 and following.

France.”¹ The public was right; it was more important. We shall merely mention the result of these “trifles.”

It is well to remind the reader, in order to allow him better to understand the following scenes, that Louis XIV. definitely abandoned Saint-Germain April 20, 1682. Versailles had just been enlarged and was still full of masons. The King went to Saint-Cloud, with the intention of waiting there until his new palace should be freed from the workmen. After fifteen days, he grew impatient. He left on May 6th for Versailles and settled there, in spite of the noise and the dust.

It was during his stay at Saint-Cloud that things came to a crisis with his hosts. The great wrongs were on Monsieur's side. Madame, gratuitously, took upon herself all the small ones. The tragic death of his first wife had inspired Monsieur with a salutary terror of breaking with the second; at the least indisposition on her part, he would be accused of poisoning her also. The fear of scandal is the beginning of virtue. Madame committed the fault of not respecting this embryonic morality. Her agitation, her noisy and public complaints so exasperated Monsieur that he threw all prudence to the winds, and begged the King to put some affront on Madame. Louis XIV. peremptorily refused. Liselotte, that night, must have gone to bed comforted. Her great friend had not abandoned her in her trouble.

¹ *Mémoires*, vol. i., p. 156.

He defended her and he preached to her, imploring her to control her tongue and to remain quiet. But we remember what the "good Tarente" said about the sweetness of "complaining to that elder brother." Liselotte could not resist that sweetness. She might have known that the King would soon weary of the Théobon and Loubes stories; she showered them upon him, so that one day "I found the King quite changed" said she. "When I spoke to him of my affairs he scarcely answered me and changed the conversation."¹ She bored him. That was the last blow. Soon after followed the break with Monsieur.

In June, ill news flew from Saint-Cloud to Versailles. Discord was rife, and public opinion accused Mlle. de Théobon of throwing oil upon the fire; she was looked upon as an intriguer:

Monsieur [says the Marquis de Souches²], persuaded, according to every appearance by the Chevalier de Lorraine, that Mlle. de Théobon . . . and the Comte de Beuvron, captain of the guards³ were doing all they could to aggravate the discord which had long existed between him and Madame, his wife, complained to the King and, with his consent, dismissed Mlle. de Théobon from his household and ordered the Comte de Beuvron to sell his commission. Nothing could equal the sorrow of Madame on this occasion; Mlle. de Théobon was almost the only person whom she could trust; and therefore she loved her

¹ September 19, 1682, to Duchess Sophie.

² *Mémoires*, vol. i., 136.

³ It was believed that Mlle. de Théobon was secretly married to the Comte de Beuvron. If that was not then true, it became so, and the marriage was declared in 1686.

tenderly, and, as she was naturally proud, she could not endure that the only consolation she had in her afflictions should be authoritatively taken from her. She wept abundantly and hid her tears neither from the King nor from the court. However, Monsieur went to the King and begged that he would bring about a reconciliation with Madame, saying that there was no further obstacle to their reunion since he had sent away those who poisoned her mind with evil advice. But the mind of Madame was not so easily appeased; Monsieur . . . awaiting her for supper, she refused to sit down with him and showed her anger openly by every possible means. The King, witnessing this state of things thought it necessary to his own honour to put a stop to it, and, having invited Monsieur and Madame to Versailles,¹ went to see one after the other in their respective apartments, and, after much going to and fro which he deigned to do himself, he succeeded in bringing together these two beings so widely separated, and forced them to embrace. . . .

Madame has preserved for us² the details of these laborious negotiations. She gives her conversations with Louis XIV. in French, which afford us precious specimens of the great King's language in the bosom of his family. The Louis XIV. she shows us is much nearer humanity than the majestic monarch who was wont, somewhat ungraciously, to send away his visitors with, by way of answer, his famous: "I will see."

His sister-in-law met him with a prayer that

¹ July 2d.

² Letter of September 19, 1682. This very voluminous letter, containing the story of the whole affair, had been sent by Madame to Duchess Sophie by private means, out of fear of the "black closet."

she might "end her days at Maubuisson." A most unexpected request on her part as she had a horror of convents and convent life. The King answered:

My brother's sentiments have greatly changed. He has written me a letter in which he begs me to speak to you, to induce you to be reconciled to him, and I confess that I desire this with all my heart, so great is my affection for both of you, and I assure you that I greatly wish to contribute to give you peace. For I am sorry to see you so afflicted, and I feel for you.¹

Madame insisted and ended her pleadings with these words: "Then, let me go to Maubuisson."—"But, Madame" replied the King, "reflect as to what such a life would be to you; remember that you are still young, that you probably have many years before you, and that this resolution is a very extreme one." Madame represented to him, and not without eloquence, that she was "helpless" against her enemies, that they had already poisoned Monsieur's opinion of her "and how do I know" added she "whether they will not influence you likewise."—"No, no, Madame" interrupted the King "I am absolutely sure of your virtue and I know you; on that head no one could do you harm; as to that, you can be quite at rest. And you well see that my brother does not listen to them so very much, since he wishes to be reconciled

¹ This last sentence has been suppressed in the German edition. It is given in Jæglé, i., 37.

to you." She still refused to yield, saying that after all that scandal, she did not dare to show herself:

That is why, in God's name, allow me to go where I said, for really I can no longer live surrounded by my most cruel enemies, seeing them triumph with such joy over the sorrows and troubles they occasion me. No, do not fear that I should leave the world with regret; my only regret would be not to have the honour of following you, but outside of that I regret nothing in all France.¹

She ended by imploring him not to abandon "the poor Théobon." The King promised: "All that I can do to allay your sorrow without angering my brother" said he "I will do." But he did not yield with regard to Maubuisson, nor did Madame: "We shall talk about it some other time," said he, and he sent her away to go and lecture Monsieur.

The same day, he took his sister-in-law in his carriage: "Well, Madame, in what state of mind are you now? . . ." She was still in the same—determined upon a separation from Monsieur. "Well, Madame, since I see that your resolution is really to retire to Maubuisson, you had better get it out of your head, for as long as I live I will never consent to it, and I would oppose it loudly and with all my might." The sovereign had taken the place of the friend, and he was inflexible when scandals in the royal family were in question, barring his own, of course. "You are Madame,"

¹ This last sentence is also suppressed in the German edition.

continued Louis XIV., "and obliged to occupy your post. You are my sister-in-law, and the friendship I entertain for you will not allow you to leave me forever. You are my brother's wife, and I cannot permit you to put such an affront upon him, for it would greatly harm him in the eyes of the world. Do not think of combating these reasons, for, in one word as in a thousand, come what will, I will never allow you to retire to a convent."¹ Madame no longer tried to resist: "You are my King," said she, "and therefore my master," and she submitted in all things. The King promised to have the persons who displeased her sent away, to double Mlle. de Théobon's pension, and to see that Monsieur kept his promises. That very evening he accompanied his brother to Madame's room and read them a little lecture full of wisdom: "Above all," said he to them, "I advise you to refrain from explanations, which only serve to irritate one." They embraced, "and thus did the reconciliation come about," a false reconciliation in truth, for neither Monsieur nor Madame had forgiven anything.

Duchess Sophie knew this but too well. In her smoky palace of Hanover, she anxiously asked herself how far her niece's imprudences would lead her. Public opinion was not tender, in those days, to princesses who pretended to give precedence to their own happiness as women over what they owed to their rank, and the Duchess was completely

¹ Sentence suppressed in the German edition.

on the side of public opinion. She herself had given proofs of patience—or of philosophy—and had earned the right to speak with authority on such matters. In spite of his infidelities, Ernst-Augustus had never been able to weary her indulgence, and with the same smile as ever she repeated that she was “the happiest of women.” He had taken an official mistress, a pest, Countess Platen,—and Duchess Sophie had been amiable toward the favourite. Ernst-Augustus had not proved ungrateful; he professed for his wife a deep respect, perfect confidence, and took great pains for her well-being. Was she of those women who ask for no more? All that can be said is that this couple, after all, seemed to get along most amicably.

For a mind thus constituted, it seemed mere folly to shout from the housetop all that went on within doors, and to put the whole of Europe in the confidence of domestic quarrels. Liselotte received letter after letter from her Aunt Sophie, rating her soundly. As she did not answer, unable as she was to acknowledge herself in the wrong, the Duchess called to her aid the Raugrave Carl-Lutz, who had just started for Paris:

[November 7, 1682.] The news which we receive tells us of your arrival in Paris, where there is new discord between Monsieur and Madame. I am in despair about it; it is said that she says loudly that she well knows that she will be poisoned like the late Madame¹; but that instead of

¹ Henrietta of England, first wife of Monsieur.

fearing this, she wishes for it. These are sayings that can scarcely be agreeable [to] Monsieur, and which do not emanate from a sound brain. I have written to her very frankly on this subject; I beg of you to second my efforts; I have put the example of her mother before her eyes, without the least flattery. If she insists upon separation, she will also find herself despised in the world.¹

The intervention of Carl-Lutz at last extorted an answer from Liselotte; but it would have been better had she not written this letter, or had it miscarried, like so many others. It is full of gross falsehoods. Whatever might have been her desire to justify herself in the eyes of her Aunt Sophie, and to be no longer scolded, Madame, that day, lost her right to reproach Monsieur with his lack of truthfulness:

[Paris, November 24, 1682.] I am really ashamed when I look at the eight letters of Your Dilection which are spread before me, and for which I have not yet thanked you; but I hope Your Dilection will find some compassion for a poor head, unsettled as mine is. . . . I am not surprised that my enemies should propagate in Germany, and in the whole world, stories of their invention. God is my witness, as well as the court and all my own people, that, in the midst of my sorrow, not a single unkind word against Monsieur ever escaped me; I never addressed the least reproach to him, and I never, behind his back, said the least harm of him. I have studied, on the contrary, never to say anything that could wound him, and, when he haggles at me, I answer never a word. How could I have reproached him with the death of his wife, I who more than

¹ *Briefe der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover an die Raugräfinnen*, etc., Leipzig, Hirzel.

any one else in the world, am convinced that it was brought about without his knowledge? I confess that I once said—he was reproaching me with killing myself through my own *chagrin*¹ and my *violence*—that my death would be no great misfortune, and that I cared too little for life to fear death, but that is all. . . . I do not understand why it is said that Monsieur and I lead a cat and dog life. We have always kept up appearances, and even more; we have never quarrelled. . . .

Months passed, then years, without bringing a frank reconciliation. The *cabale* continued to excite Monsieur, and the King did not interfere. Assuredly, these were not conditions of happiness for Madame, the eternal victim of this unequal strife. She would yet have triumphed, had it not been for Mme. de Maintenon. Liselotte was capable of overcoming sorrows caused by the Chevalier de Lorraine, to recover, after some affront, her hearty laugh and her “gay heart.” It was not the same in what concerned sorrows that, she imagined, came to her from Mme. de Maintenon; those were too heavy to be borne easily, for, there, the King was in question. “My gay heart has been taken from me,” said she in 1689. The laugh always came back more or less, for she laughed as others breathed; but the heart remained heavy. Princess Liselotte was turning into a moaner, seeing persecution everywhere, and incapable of containing herself as she witnessed the ascension of her rival toward omnipotence.

¹ The words in italics are in French in the original.

III

Françoise d'Aubigny, born (1635) in a prison, widow in 1660 of the cripple Scarron, and penniless, had, in 1670, consented to bring up the children of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Montespan. The King had at first thought her insupportable; had later grown accustomed to her; then the feeling became a little different; when Mme. Scarron, after four years, was rewarded for her good offices by the estate and name of Maintenon,¹ one needed no great degree of perspicacity to guess that this was but a beginning. A few months later, she "triumphed"² and Mme. de Montespan was reduced to defend herself against this governess who owed everything to her, and who dared to order the King to break his ties, calling this, in her proud ingratitude, "serving God" and "speaking like a Christian."³ Madame had been present at the duel, which was violent, full of terrible scenes, and which ended in the spring of 1679 by the defeat of the favourite, fallen to the rank of simple spectator after having so long played the principal part.

At the time when Madame's domestic happiness was wrecked, Mme. de Maintenon already possessed

¹ The act of purchase of the lands and lordship of Maintenon is dated December 27, 1674. A few weeks later, the King in public called her "Madame de Maintenon," and her new rank became an established fact.

² Sévigné, letter of May 6, 1676.

³ Letters of Mme. de Maintenon to Abbé Gobelin, June, 1676, April, 1675 (Geffroy, vol. i).

"all power over the King."¹ There was, however, no question of anything but friendship and confidence. The Queen was still living, and the new friend was forty-seven years of age; virtuous or not, a woman does not, if she has any sense, become at forty-seven the mistress of a great prince, and Mme. de Maintenon was very intelligent. Besides, hers was not a passionate nature; she was incapable of an act of folly. We can scarcely imagine Louis XIV. so impressed by the respect with which she inspired him, as never to have proposed illicit love; but he was always repulsed, which must have surprised him and perhaps amused him; it was something new, and strange.

The almost sudden death of the Queen, July 30, 1683, smoothed all difficulties. "The King is frightfully afflicted"² declared Liselotte, whose eyes, years and sorrows never opened. Louis XIV. wept easily and was easily consoled; three days after the death of Marie-Thérèse, the court left for Fontainebleau. "Mme. de Maintenon . . . appeared before the King in such deep mourning, with so afflicted an air, that he, whose sorrow was over, could not help joking her on the subject."³ She travelled in his coach. He gave her the Queen's apartment at Fontainebleau and took the habit of holding his cabinet council in her room. In September, they agreed to marry. A few

¹ *Mémoires* of Sourches, i., 108. Note 4.

² August 1, 1683, to Duchess Sophie.

³ *Souvenirs* of Mme. de Caylus, p. 124.

months later, the ceremony took place at Versailles, at night, in the presence of three witnesses. The date is not known. The moral proofs of the marriage abound, but there are no written proofs, and, later, there was no formal acknowledgment of it. In 1687, Madame, who so itched to know the truth, answered her aunt's questions thus: "I really cannot tell you. Few people doubt it, but, until the marriage be declared, I should have difficulty in believing it."¹ She questions, makes an investigation, and is unable to conclude: "[April 14, 1688.] . . . I have been unable to learn if the King, yes or no, has married Maintenon."

On the other hand, Madame thought she knew many things which only existed in her imagination, goaded by jealousy. She flattered herself that she was the object of incessant uneasiness to Mme. de Maintenon, since the Queen's death had opened a vista of wild ambition before that lady. In her candour, she fancied that the "old hussy," as she called her, or else the "old nuisance," hated and feared her because she might open the King's eyes to the "ignominy" of his companion. Hence the intrigues of the "old beggar" to ruin her influence over the King; instead of being grateful for the discretion which closed her lips, "the old swipe" did her best to separate her from the King and to suppress their intimate conversations, for fear Madame should let out what she knew of Mme. Scarron's love affairs. Had Liselotte been aware

¹ May 13, 1687, to Duchess Sophie.

how indifferent Mme. de Maintenon was with regard to her, how little she thought about her, Madame's life would have been much simplified; but we always shrink from realising that we count for nothing. It was more flattering to her vanity to see the hand of "the wrinkled old hag" in all her misfortunes. The notion turned to obsession and to the folly of persecution.

Mme. de Maintenon, on her side, was quite aware of Madame's opinion concerning her. Mme. de Maintenon was a psychologist, and she proved it. Besides, all that Madame thought, all that Madame so freely expressed in her correspondence, Mme. de Maintenon was free to read with the exception of the few letters, important it is true, which from time to time were sent by private means. The "black closet" took notes in French of all that went by post, and the choice naturally fell on all that was written in a bad spirit. Madame pretended even that the agents added to it, by the orders of Louvois and Torcy, so as to harm her in the King's mind. In reality, she was perhaps not ill-pleased thus to give a piece of her mind to those who made use of the "black closet." As we read her, we are tempted to believe this. She vowed that it was folly to hold back one's pen, and she let her own run on madly: "All letters are opened" wrote she to her sister. . . . "I know it full well, but I care not one jot, and still write all that passes through my brain."¹

¹ May 15, 1701.

And on she went, floundering, putting her foot in it, and loudly bemoaning the consequences of her own folly.

What with her correspondence and her conversations, equally sincere and imprudent, Mme. de Maintenon could not be ignorant that Madame honoured her with the amiable epithets cited above and with a few others, impossible to repeat; nor that she was pitiless when she recalled the past life of the young widow, beautiful and at her wit's end for ways and means; nor that she described her as a "wicked beast," rapacious and harmful; nor that she would never, never forgive her for inspiring in the King a respectful attachment which was robbing Princess Liselotte, the disinterested friend, of what belonged to her. Mme. de Maintenon knew all this and was sufficiently mistress of herself not to let it transpire. She was always full of deference, and did not revenge herself, which would have been very easy for her to do, and we shall see her, in a critical moment, render Madame a great service. It would have been unjust to require more of her and to reproach her with not having encouraged the intimacy between Louis XIV. and his sister-in-law.

The truth is that this intimacy ended soon after Mme. de Maintenon became all powerful. The King ceased, or nearly so, taking Madame out hunting. "It is by order of the old woman," Liselotte explained to Duchess Sophie. "He has

no longer the right to take me anywhere, and had I something to say to him, I should be forced to ask for a regular audience.”¹ Mme. de Maintenon knew better than to give “orders” to Louis XIV., but she was persuasive. She had undertaken to save his soul,—that was the reason she had given to herself, probably in all good faith, to justify in her own eyes her not very brilliant conduct toward Mme. de Montespan,—and she had not found Louis XIV. insensible to the fear of hell. A wind of austerity blew over the court of France, not before it was needed, it must be confessed, and by an odd freak of fate, virtuous Liselotte was one of its first victims. Louis XIV. suddenly discovered—did he discover it unaided?—that the broad jokes which had made him laugh so heartily during twelve years were out of place and even scandalous at the court of the Very Christian King, and this is what happened:

[Versailles, May 11, 1685.] . . . The King sent his confessor to see mine, and caused me this morning to receive a frightful and lengthy sermon. First that I am too outspoken, and that I had said to Monseigneur the Dauphin:

Et je vous verrais nu du haut jusques en bas
Que toute votre peau ne me tenterait pas.²

Secondly, that I allow my maids of honour to have *galants*³; thirdly that I had joked with the Princesse de Conti⁴ about

¹ August 2, 1688.

² From Molière's *Tartuffe*.

³ The italicised words are in French in the original.

⁴ Marie-Anne de Bourbon, called Mlle. de Blois, daughter of the King and Mme. de Montespan.



MADAME INTRODUCING THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY TO LOUIS XIV.

From the painting by Louis de Silvestre in the Château of Versailles

Photo. Neurdein



her *galants*; three things that had so displeased the King that, had I not been his sister-in-law, he would have sent me away from the court. I answered that with regard to the Dauphin, I acknowledged the fact; for I could not imagine that there was any shame in not feeling any *tentation* . . . ; and as to having spoken freely of . . . and of . . . [two words impossible to quote], it was the King's fault, much more than mine; I have heard him a hundred times affirm that one could say everything *en famille*. If he had changed his mind, he ought to have let me know; it is the easiest thing in the world to correct.¹

Not so easy as all that, as she was later to find out.

On the two other points she defended herself, ill rather than well, and concluded thus:

I confess that I am wroth against the King who has treated me like a servant. That would suit his Maintenon rather than me; she was born for that; I was not. I do not know whether the King regretted having had this sermon preached to me, but this morning, on his way to mass, he smiled most amiably at me; but I was in no laughing mood. I, as *à l'ordinaire*, made him a profound *révérence*, but with a countenance the reverse of amiable.

The King was certainly sorry that she should have felt hurt. He always was affectionately disposed toward her. But he cared less and less for her society. Mme. de Maintenon, even without meaning to do so, put Liselotte in the shade, simply by inspiring the King with a passion for exterior correctness, which this prince whose knowledge of morality was limited, took for virtue.

¹ Letter to Duchess Sophie.

This leads us to mention the freedom of speech which brought upon Liselotte her royal "sermon." Many people see in her the princess of the fairy tale who could not open her mouth without letting toads fall from it. This is an exaggeration. Liselotte, as a general thing, did not express herself in horse-guard language. Her correspondence proves this. The editors have been able to cut out of it a certain number of particularly coarse anecdotes, but they could not change the general tone, which is not lacking in savour. The truth is that she was "Rabelaisian" on occasion, with fervour and delight; when she was in the mood, no obscenity was too enormous, no filth too filthy, for this great princess. There exists a letter from her addressed to her aunt and suppressed by all the editors,¹ which is but a long variation on the Cambronne² theme. Duchess Sophie was so little shocked that she answered by a second variation on the same theme. Besides, she showed her niece's masterpiece to those around her, and informed Liselotte of the thing as though it were quite simple. "It seems to me," replied Madame,³ "that it is not *poli* that the Duchess of Celle should read that dirty letter in the presence of strangers. I should not have

¹ The letter is dated from Fontainebleau, October 9, 1694. G. Brunet gave a fragment of it in the Appendix of the 2d volume of his *Correspondance . . . de Madame*, and joined to it Duchess Sophie's answer, of October 31, 1694.

² One of Napoleon's generals.

³ November 18th.

thought this letter would have so much success. The Dauphin also makes great use of the subject."

Monseigneur the Dauphin was not only Rabelaisian in words but also in practice: "He greatly liked to converse while on the stool, which was most decently done, as then his companions turned their backs to him. I have often talked to him thus from his wife's room, which highly diverted him."¹

If I may so express myself, Madame here found herself in her element.²

It is needless to say that Liselotte never learned

¹ *Fragments des lettres originales*, etc., May 5, 1716, vol. ii., p. 74.

² These family scenes could scarcely be given in decent English. We here reproduce the French text.—*Note of the translator.*

"Elle adorait jusqu'aux simples incongruités qu'il est d'usage de s'interdire en société, et dont Louis XIV., pour sa part, 's'était toujours fait grand scrupule'; c'est par une lettre de Liselotte que ce point est acquis à l'histoire. 'Mais', poursuivait-elle, 'Mgr. le Dauphin et moi, nous nous sommes souvent parié à qui en ferait le plus, et nous nous en sommes très bien trouvés. Pour ces sortes de choses, tout dépend de la manière de s'y prendre.'³ A titre de tableau de mœurs sous le Grand Roi, Mme. de Maintenon étant toute-puissante, nous tenterons de faire deviner une scène dont Madame nous a laissé un récit qu'il est difficile de reproduire et qu'elle appelle, un peu ambitieusement, un 'dialogue' entre elle, Monsieur et leurs deux enfants déjà grands. Les quatre Altesses venaient de souper et elles étaient seules dans une pièce de leur appartement. Monsieur se taisait: 'Il ne nous trouvait pas d'assez bonne compagnie pour causer avec nous.'⁴ Après un long silence, il interpella tout d'un coup Madame et lui adressa une grosse incongruité. Madame riposta du tac au tac, et 'sur le même ton' par une autre incongruité; le jeune Duc de Chartres —le furur Régent,—se récria de joie et fit chorus, et voilà une conversation de princes, à Versailles, en 1693."

³ July 6, 1710, to Duchess Sophie.

⁴ January 18, 1693, to Duchess Sophie.

to behave herself with propriety. She would greatly have regretted doing so. The day when Duchess Sophie, grown old, in her turn became weary of equivocal stories and nasty jokes, her niece grieved at it: "[March 9, 1710.] I am sorry that Your Dilection should no longer laugh at indecencies, for that keeps up one's spirits, and gaiety keeps up health and life."

On the other hand, she was not seen to adopt a pious look nor to affect interest in the Saint-Cyr foundation. She was no hypocrite. As soon as Liselotte had understood that there was an end to the long intimate talks, in the shadows of the forests, that she would only see the King in public and from afar, she concluded that it would be playing a part of dupe to expose herself all day long to the wicked plottings of the *cabale* that brought her into trouble by twisting and turning her words and by maliciously interpreting her acts. She was then seen to bury herself in the very midst of the court of France; she succeeded in living a "hermit's life" in the palace of Versailles or Saint-Cloud. When the Dauphin, in the King's stead did not take her out hunting, or when she was not forced to figure with the other princesses in some entertainment, Madame would shut herself up in her own apartment, quite alone, for fear of being accused of secret intrigues. This original idea came to her the year that followed the "sermon" of 1685; of this resolution, she informed her aunt, who certainly disapproved of

it, in a letter dated from Saint-Cloud, May 18, 1686:

I no longer play. I remain in my boudoir, where I am at peace. Until the hour for driving or walking, I read, I write, I examine engravings, sometimes I put my closets in order, and even when I am alone all day I am never bored, and at least I have the consolation, even if I am deprived of society, of being free from spies who look you in the eye so as to guess your thoughts, which is the fashion of the day.

She kept up her part of hermit, or rather, of bear in its lair, until the death of Louis XIV., that is nearly thirty years. To Duchess Sophie: "[Saint-Cloud, July 3, 1695.] I live in the highest circles, absolutely isolated; I keep up an acquaintance with but few people, and ordinarily am completely alone for five hours in summer and seven in winter."

In her letters, of whatever date they may be, it is the same song, with more or less details, as to her occupations. To Herr von Harling: "[Marly, November 12, 1711.] I always find something to do in my *cabinet*.¹ I have a rather fine *suite de médailles* of gold; my aunt has also given me some of silver and bronze. I have two or three hundred *antique* cameos. I have many engravings, of which I am very fond. I like reading. Time never hangs heavily on my hands."

Even at Trianon, she succeeded in hiding herself. To Duchess Sophie: "[Trianon, June 21,

¹ The italicised words are in French in the original.

1705.] After dinner,¹ I retire immediately to my room. I read, I write, I gossip with *mes dames*, and the afternoon passes. I return to my *cabinet* and at a quarter to ten, I await supper in the gallery. After supper, quick to my room and to bed."

In 1693, when Saint-Simon arrived at court, she had so adopted her part of bear, that he was deceived by it. He fancied that Madame had always been the soured and unsociable woman whom he saw and painted in a marvellous page.² After describing Saint-Cloud and all that made of it a delightful residence, he adds:

And all that without any help from Madame, who dined and supped with the ladies and Monsieur, sometimes drove with a few, often turned her back on the company, who were afraid of her for her harsh and unsociable humour and sometimes for what she said, and spent all the day in her favourite boudoir, the windows of which were ten feet from the ground, and where she contemplated the portraits of the Palatinate and other German princes with which her walls were covered, and in writing volumes of letters every day of her life. . . . Monsieur was powerless to make her adopt a more humane sort of existence and allowed her to have her own way, living peaceably with her without really caring for her and scarcely ever seeing her in private.

In this profound moral solitude, Princess Liselotte became radically attached to an idea which had pursued her since 1671, on the road from

¹ As is well known, dinner was then in the middle of the day. Supper was at ten o'clock.

² Edition in 8°, viii., 336.

Strasburg to Metz, while she howled with despair at having left her beloved Palatinate in order to marry a Duc d'Orléans. It became very evident to her that there could be no happiness in France for a German princess. She had often lost sight of that idea, in the course of her years of favour and happiness. Never more was she to forget it. "Germany is always dear to me" said she in 1706, "and I am so little *propre*¹ to France. . . ." In vain did her aunt and her sisters answer her indignant complaints of our faults and vices, that as much might be said of Germans and their morals. Madame was astonished at these revelations: "I am sorry that our country should be spoiled and that honest people should there become so rare." And elsewhere: "I cannot sufficiently express my astonishment at the way all things are changed in Germany. It seems to me that in my day all went much better."² No, all had not been better; what was better was the soul of a happy young girl, who saw the world and humanity rose-coloured. This, Madame did not understand and she sorrowed over what she considered a falling off; but in spite of this her tenderness for Germany remained undiminished. She shared in the wrongs of Germany as in its sorrows. Of Germany, she understood all things; of France nothing.

¹ In French in the original. Letter of November 28, 1706, to the Raugravine Amélie.

² Letters of March 6 and April 29, 1704, to the Raugravines. The same idea is often to be found in her correspondence.

That is why, in her distress, she found nothing better to do than to retire within her shell. She served as example to the Dauphine, that other German princess to whom France was not favourable, and who from year to year showed herself less and less. The Dauphine was a poor creature, sickly and melancholy, who did not know how to make the best of the mediocre husband politics had bestowed upon her. She did nothing to keep him, could not resign herself to see him go elsewhere, and, in her turn, shut herself up in "small closets without air or view, that were behind her apartments."¹ The King did his best to cheer her and to persuade her to fulfil her duties as future Queen: in this he failed. Madame set her against Mme. de Maintenon and that did not mend matters. Finally, she was allowed to remain in her corner, and her death, which happened while she was still very young (April 20, 1690), was a relief to everybody, to herself most of all. "She was happy not to live any longer," declared Saint-Simon,² and this no one has ever contradicted. She, like Madame, never understood France.

"They are killing her with sorrow,"³ Madame had written a few weeks before the end. "They are doing all they can to bring me to the same point, but I am a harder nut to crack than the

¹ *Souvenirs* of Mme. de Caylus, p. 108.

² *Additions au Journal de Dangeau*, iii., p. 103.

³ February 8, 1690, to Duchess Sophie.

Dauphine, and, before swallowing me, the old woman will have lost more than one tooth." The Palatinate nut, effectively, was incomparably harder than the Bavarian nut; and it was not "swallowed." Was she much better off for that, and had she acted wisely in throwing the helve after the hatchet? We shall let events speak for themselves.

IV

Troubles were not lacking for her on the side of Germany. Carl-Ludwig had left his bastards entirely unprovided for: three grown daughters, not married, five sons, four of whom were still children. This was not through lack of thought for them. He had begun even before the marriage of Liselotte to secure on paper the future of Louise von Degenfeld's children; his will,¹ dated March 1, 1670, contains legacies to those who were already born.² But this was only a sketch of a whole series of projects which remained in the air. Raugraves were born, others died, and their father made and destroyed wills, blackened much paper, without coming to the only practical decision, which would have been to provide for them during his lifetime. He loved them, but he loved his pennies still more and could not find it in his heart to part with them. So that at his

¹ A. N., K., 552, No. 8.

² 100,000 florins to Carl-Lutz, 107,862 florins to Carl-Eduard, 100,000 florins to be divided among the five daughters then living.

death, Prince Carl, his successor, could argue that he faced mere vague projects, which his father himself had not seen fit to put into execution.

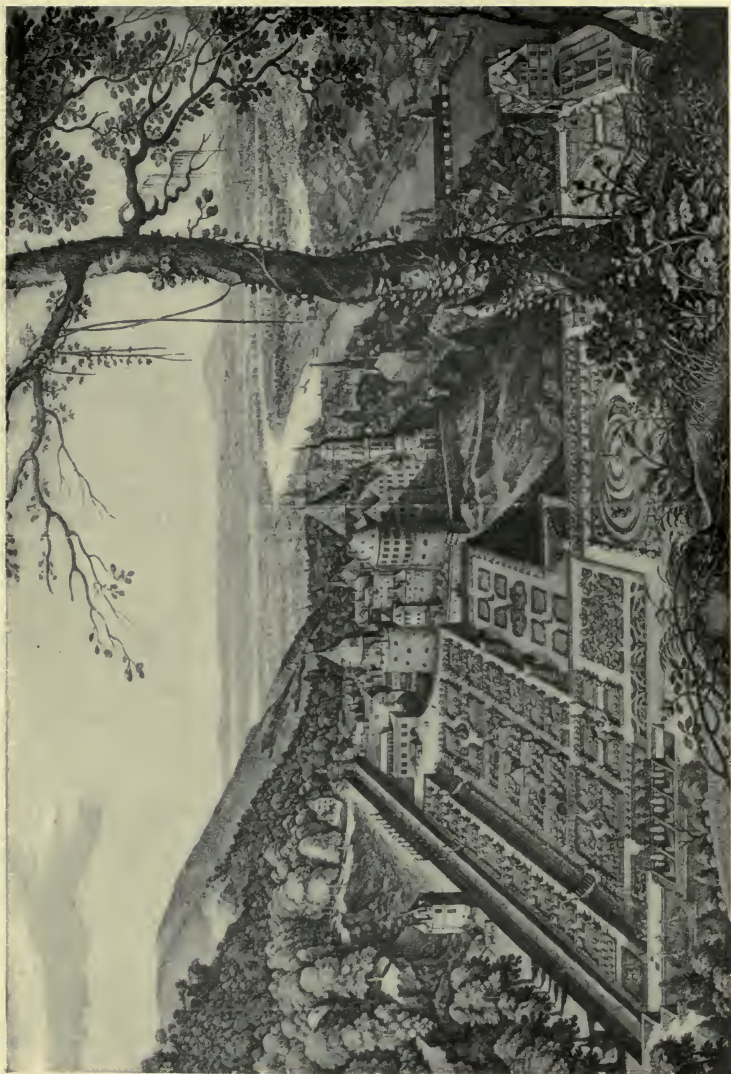
Duchess Sophie warmly took part for the orphans: "The will of the late Elector was perfectly clear," wrote she; "I do not doubt that the present Elector will find in his heart some gratitude for his father, . . . and will respect his last wishes."¹ The new Elector only found in his pious heart a provision of gall against those invading bastards who had robbed him of his share of sunshine, who were cared for, caressed, "magnificently provided for,"² while he, the legitimate son, "vegetated miserably" in the shade, deprived of the most necessary attention,³ scolded, ill-dressed, penniless. One of the first acts of his government was to forbid the Palatinate territory to Carl-Lutz, the eldest, too brilliant and too popular. Another was to annul⁴ the pecuniary arrangements sketched out by his father in favour of the Raugraves. These had but Madame and Duchess Sophie to help them. The Duchess, though she was not rich, showed herself generous and, with untiring kindness, watched over the flock deprived of its shepherd: "I would rather go

¹ To the Raugravine Caroline, November 28, 1680.

² Duchess Sophie to Caroline, April 21, 1681.

³ Duchess Sophie had reproached her brother for this: "[June 19, 1661.] I am quite scandalised at the little care taken of this prince during my stay at Heidelberg," etc.

⁴ Cf. *Briefe der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover an die Raugrappen*, etc., p. viii.



CHÂTEAU DE VILLERS COTTERETS
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale



about in my shift," she wrote to Louise, "than to leave you to want; on this . . . you may count."¹ Madame's conduct, when we read her affectionate correspondence with her sisters, is disconcerting.

She vowed that much more should be done for the Raugraves. She was violent against her brother the Elector Carl, because he had contented himself, after much hesitation and regret, with pensioning them, very meagrely as one guesses, and because he put off paying the pensions as long as possible. Madame looked upon his avarice as inconceivable, and did not hesitate to tell him so. When he died (1685) and the Palatinate passed into the hands of distant relatives, the pensions were still less regularly paid. "It is a crying shame," declared Liselotte. Or else: "The Elector behaves abominably."² She reproached her Aunt Sophie, without whom the whole tribe would have been beggars, with not doing enough.³ In one word, she was a buzzing busybody.

As to doing anything herself for them, oh! no! Carl-Lutz had returned to Paris six years after his first visit. He was then a grown man. He looked well on horseback, had learned the art of war, and his ambition was to buy a French regiment. Monsieur presented him to the King who took some notice of him, Madame sang his praises, and that was the end of it. "Carl-Lutz," wrote

¹ October 28, 1688.

² To her sisters, November 5, 1705, and March 16, 1709.

³ Cf. the letter to Amélie, August 16, 1704.

Duchess Sophie, "has received nothing but incense, and no money!"¹ Carl-Ludwig, who was still living, grew impatient: "Carl-Lutz, so as not to be idle, is going to England, to see if he can get a sea-voyage on the fleet of that King. . . . For really Liselotte does as little for him as for me with His Very Christian Majesty."² . . . A third attempt was not more successful and Madame did not encourage a fourth: "I think," wrote she, "that Carl-Lutz would find no advantage in marrying a rich widow and in changing his religion, for here no one cares to see strangers change their creed, so that the subjects of the King are converted."³ And yet, Carl-Lutz was her favourite. She said to him, "I love you as much as one can love a brother, and from the bottom of my heart, I should like to have an occasion of proving this by more solid means than by simple words."⁴ There is a letter extant in which, in spite of her "poverty," she promises him 800 pistoles: "It is all that remains to me of the money the King gave me on New Year's day. Had I more, I should send it to you with all my heart."⁵ It is to be regretted that there is no proof that she kept her word. However that may be, Carl-Lutz at last understood that she preferred loving him from afar.

¹ Letter to Carl-Ludwig, November 9, 1679.

² To Duchess Sophie, January 10, 1680.

³ To Duchess Sophie, September 27, 1687.

⁴ From Madame, August 4, 1684.

⁵ From Madame, April 25, 1681. Jæglé, i., p. 25. This letter is not to be found in the German edition.

He went to fight the Turks and died miserably of fever at the siege of Negrepont (1688). Madame mourned him with many tears.

His younger brother, Carl-Eduard, also tried his luck in Paris; but Liselotte only scolded him, and she was terrible when roused. It is said that a German woman whom she violently rated in the Park of Versailles for having dared to say that they were related, died of fright. Carl-Eduard did not die, but he was petrified into speechlessness—and then she accused him of rudeness. He recrossed the Rhine at full speed, and was killed in the war.

The third Raugrave, Carl-Moritz, was ugly, misshapen, and a drunkard, but witty and learned. His aunt Sophie had hoped for him an advantageous conversion under the auspices of Liselotte. Madame thus answered the first suggestion:

[May 20, 1689.] Were I to have Carl-Moritz come to me that he might become a priest, he would obtain no benefice. They are becoming rare, and Mme. de Maintenon would never protect anyone belonging to me.

Carl-Moritz died of drunkenness, and the two younger brothers¹ troubled no one to further their fortunes: they were killed before they were twenty. Later, we shall see that Madame did no more for the girls than she had done for the boys. Her determination, this time, was self-evident. No

¹ Of Louise von Degenfeld's fourteen children, eight only had lived: five sons and three daughters.

money was forthcoming, and it was Madame who was to be pitied: she was so hard-up! She would so have loved to be generous!

Would to God that I might relieve my aunt the Duchess of the trouble she takes in providing for you! It would have been a joy to me. . . . Would to God I were in a position to help in your *ménage*! How happy I should be! It is a real sorrow to me that this should not be the case.¹

It would be easy to multiply the quotations. Never did she have a farthing for those poor girls, not even after the death of Monsieur, whom she accused of giving the household money to his favourites; not even after her son, become Regent, had royally filled her purse. In her old age, she would send Louise, from time to time, some trifle bought at the Fair of Saint-Germain² or at that of Saint-Cloud: "I send you your New-Year's present. . . . I send you something from the Fair. . . ." It was meagre.

There was also a firm intention of keeping them at a distance and of not being troubled with them. Two years after the death of their father, Duchess Sophie suggested to Madame that "Améliste" might be admitted among the maids of honour of the Dauphine. Madame wrote to Carl-Lutz:

That is not my opinion. I confess that it would be very disagreeable to me to see Améliste trotting behind Mlles.

¹ To Louise, December 22, 1691, and July 23, 1695.

² The Fair of Saint-Germain des Prés, in Paris. It opened February 3d.

de Rambures and de Jarnac, who would call her "my companion." You will surely be of my way of thinking.¹

Nearly at the same moment, a chance journey² took Liselotte not far from the eldest of the three Raugravines, Caroline, who had found a husband and had become Gräfin von Schomberg. A letter from Duchess Sophie to Caroline informs us of the result:

[July 5, 1683.] I am sorry that you should not have seen Madame. I doubt not that Their Highnesses would have done everything to be agreeable to you. I hope the illness on account of which she excused herself was the real motive.

There could be no mistake; Liselotte was firmly resolved not to allow herself to be imposed upon or even disturbed. Let us hasten to place her in a better light.

We have now reached one of the ugliest pages of French history. The burning of the Palatinate is for us so great a shame that it is real suffering to speak of it, and yet in a biography of Princess Liselotte, the innocent pretext and despairing witness of the barbarous ruin inflicted upon her country, it is impossible to avoid it. Her marriage contract was at the root of the abominations of 1689. It must be remembered that in it she gave up her rights of succession on "the sovereign

¹ July 18, 1683.

² The Court of France had started on the 26th of May for Bour-gogne, Franche-Comté, and Alsace. Madame had appointed a meeting with her mother. She saw her on July 4th near Bonque-non (*Gazette* of July 10, 1683).

and feudal possessions . . . reserving only her rights on the . . . freeholds of her House.”¹ Those last words opened the way to every sort of difficulty.

Carl-Ludwig had disposed of his succession in the will of which we have already spoken:

We order and will in the first place that our jewels, paintings, horses, artillery, munitions of war, and all other belongings that came to us from our dead ancestors or which we otherwise have acquired, by whatever name they be called, shall belong and remain, as far as we have not disposed of them or shall hereafter dispose otherwise, to our son and Electoral heir, and after his decease to his male heirs and in default of them to his daughters, and should there not be such, to his sister, our daughter Elisabeth Charlotte, and her heirs. Except however the library, artillery, munitions of war, which shall remain to the Electoral House.

This will gave also to Liselotte her dowry, her share of “furniture,” and half of a very uncertain debt. There was no mention of lands which ought

¹ A. N., K., 542, No. 9. See the complete text (chapter ii.) In what exactly did the “freeholds” consist? The question is a very difficult one; the word *Freehold* has several meanings, according to the countries and periods. In France and during the seventeenth century, the expression freehold generally designated *franc-alleux*, that is lands exempt from feudal rights. But it had also, earlier, designated the generality of possessions included in a succession, or those which the actual proprietor had received through succession, and Louis XIV. sought to profit by these two last meanings. (Cf. *Le recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs*, etc., published by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs: *Bavière, Palatinat, Deux-Ponts*, ed. by A. Lebon; pp. 395 and 401. Paris, 1889.) In Germany there existed certain forms of freeholds which we never had in France; hence arose infinite complications.

to have been comprised in the freeholds with regard to which her contract reserved her rights. Carl-Ludwig even called his son's attention to this, in the hope that Prince Carl would show his gratitude by some kindness toward the Raugraves. "We entertain paternal confidence . . . that in consideration of the fact that by the present disposition we have left him the greater part of our freeholds . . . he will consider himself more bound . . ." etc. As we have seen, Prince Carl did not consider himself in the slightest degree bound.

In his turn, he made a will¹ by which, having no children, he designated an "heir and successor." In it Madame was not even mentioned. Duchess Sophie foresaw that this would give even less satisfaction at Versailles than that of her brother Carl-Ludwig, where "Madame was given what by right should have belonged to her,"² and that is what did happen. France protested against Prince Carl's will and affirmed that "natural law" designated Madame as his heir, not only with regard to family portraits or plate, but also with regard to "all countries, cities, and places which her father and brother had peaceably enjoyed during their lives,"³ in other words with regard to the whole of the Palatinate. But, however just were the rights of his sister-in-law, King Louis XIV.

¹ September 12, 1684. A. N., K., 552, No. 10.

² To Carl-Lutz, November 5, 1685.

³ *Instructions données aux ambassadeurs*,—Bavière, etc., p. 401 and following.

consented, in the interest of general peace, and so as not to trouble Germany, then at war with the Turks, to claim nothing in Madame's name as to "lands and people" except such domains as were comprised within the freeholds.

In spite of this great moderation, that his agents were instructed to put into practice, fragments of the Palatinate—should his pretensions be admitted—would devolve upon our nation, and "the brother of the King of France would become Prince of the Empire, as Count Palatine of Simmern and Lautern."¹ The new Elector, Philip-Wilhelm,² and after him his son, struggled to the utmost. There was much discussion. Both parties appealed to the Diet, then to the Emperor, and finally to the Pope, taken as arbitrator. The conflict lasted nearly twenty years.

The succession of Carl-Ludwig had been complicated by that of Charlotte of Hesse, his legitimate wife and the mother of Madame. This poor agitated creature had at last found rest in death on March 16, 1686.

Her evil temper [wrote Duchess Sophie to Carl-Lutz], did not abandon her even in the grave. She ordered all the details of her funeral garments. It will have been the only time when her toilet was not diversified with the scolding and beating of her attendants.³

¹ Häusser, ii., 768.

² Philip-Wilhelm died in 1690; Johann-Wilhelm, his son and heir, in 1716.

³ April 12, 1686.

The Duchess on the other hand wrote to the Raugravine Louise, and her two letters were equally true:

I am sure you will regret her, for she was always good to you all. The soul and the body were never in harmony; the good toward which the one aspired was spoiled by the other, because Her Dilection could not control herself.¹

Charlotte had, in fact, been very good to them in their misfortune, but she was neurasthenic; she had suffered too much and in every way.

There is a pathetic document concerning her; it is the inventory,² after death, of her furniture and clothes. While the "old chairs much broken," the "crystal candelabra of twelve branches, two of which are broken," the "twenty-four well-worn chemises," and the "green velvet carpet much spoiled" proclaim the narrow life and pitiful poverty of this Princess whom no one wanted,³ her moral misery is, so to speak, spread before our eyes with the contents of two "large boxes" discovered in her garret. The Electress Charlotte had taken them from Heidelberg when Carl-Ludwig had forced her to yield her place to Louise von Degenfeld. That was three-and-twenty years earlier and no one had opened them since that time. The baby wardrobe of Liselotte and her brother was discovered: their swaddling clothes,

¹ March 22, 1686. To the Raugravine Louise.

² A. N., K., 552, No. 1.

³ Her son, Prince Carl, came to her assistance as soon as he succeeded to power. But he died before she did.

their little caps and bibs, a beautiful baptism robe, two cloaks, one of blue satin, the other of yellow satin, sashes, scarfs, hats of velvet or satin. There were also the first doublets of Prince Carl, and "a frock for a girl of six or seven years of age," of canary-coloured watered silk, which from her age must have been the gala frock of Liselotte at the time when she was taken from her mother and sent to Hanover to her Aunt Sophie. To what sentiment had Charlotte yielded when she cumbered herself with all this frippery? Was it the wish to have some memento of her children? or the desire that their child-clothes should not be given to the bastards of the triumphant mistress? Both, doubtless, and both inspire pity for the unhappy mother.

The French agents sent to Heidelberg to attend to Madame's affairs sold this bric-a-brac at auction. In all, it brought 2655 florins, and 756 florins besides for the coach and its six black horses.¹ The greater part of the furniture that had belonged to Carl-Ludwig and Prince Carl was also sold at auction, making altogether 24,016 florins. Their cellar produced 9075 florins 53 kreuzer, besides 216 florins for the brandy; the plate was sold for 32,383 florins and 39 kreuzer. These low figures seem rather astonishing: German sovereign princes were here in question, and not among the least. The truth is that the valuable objects had been put

¹ *Compte de la succession revenant à Madame*, etc. A. N., K., 552, No. 5.

aside. They were sent in chariots to Saint-Cloud, a first convoy in 1686, a second in 1688. The cost of transportation amounted to 2014 florins 46 kreuzer. The new Elector allowed these proceedings; he yielded on all that did not touch "lands and people."

Carl-Ludwig had also left some money. Altogether, Liselotte inherited more than 350,000 florins, without speaking of personal properties, outside of the freehold lands, on the subject of which there was plenty of quarrelling. But she did not see a farthing of the money and only received such objects as were despised by others. The florins served to embellish the country house of the Chevalier de Lorraine or his Saint-Cloud apartment—he had the finest in the palace—and it was the same with all that suited his taste in the boxes sent from Germany: "Madame" said her Aunt Sophie, "was obliged, with what patience she could summon, to see the carpets and the best Heidelberg pictures in the room of the Chevalier de Lorraine."¹ These are things that are particularly obnoxious to women and Madame did not see them with much "patience."

The irritation produced by these ignoble proceedings was soon lost in a frightful sorrow, to express which Liselotte found stirring accents. The pride and the exigences of Louis XIV. had borne their fruits and a formidable coalition was

¹ October 31, 1687, to Ferdinand von Degenfeld. He was a brother of Louise.

formed against France which is known as the League of Augsburg. The war broke out in the autumn of 1688 and the King on that occasion did not forget "the interests" of his sister-in-law: he sent his son to conquer the Palatinate. The monarchical rule required that Madame should be heart and soul with the armies of her adopted land, even against her own country; a barbarous rule at first sight, indispensable however, on reflection, to the security of kingdoms where foreign women are introduced into the reigning family. Infringements of this rule have never been, at any time, forgiven either by the people or by the sovereigns. Madame, in 1688, broke through it from the beginning of the campaign. She did not hide that she thought and felt like a German woman and not like a Frenchwoman. To the Grand Dauphin, who gave her details as to his future conquests and expected thanks, she answered coldly: "I can feel only sorrow and no joy whatever to see that my name will be used to ruin my poor country."¹ To M. de Montausier, who congratulated her because the Dauphin "was going to conquer her goods and lands,"² she replied still more drily: "Far from feeling joy at it, I am very sorry."

She faced what was going to happen with a mixture of anger and horror. It was already whispered "that conflagrations were being pre-

¹ To Duchess Sophie, September 26, 1688.

² To the same, November 10, 1688.

pared," and mostly in the Palatinate. On the other hand—for we should reveal everything—Liselotte knew that the French conquests—were they accomplished—would belong to France and not to her. No contract or will would have any influence, and she felt herself cheated, robbed, and, furious, she wrote: "If Monsieur . . . will not open his eyes so as to see how what belongs to us is being taken, I cannot prevent mine from seeing the truth." And she could find no reason why she should sympathise with our armies. This Louis XIV. knew and certainly it was the one thing in all their lives which he could least forgive her. And, on his side, he did not hide his feelings.

Events took their course. The Grand Dauphin had conquered the Palatinate and Louvois, without paying the slightest attention to Madame's feelings, had given orders that "all should be burned, and burned again," so as to protect our frontiers on the German side by a desert where the armies of the foe could not find subsistence. On the 18th of January 1689, a part of the castle of Heidelberg was blown up and the vineyards and orchards of the environs were destroyed. On the 28th, the villages on the left bank of the Neckar were methodically burned. The 29th, the 30th, and the 31st, and during the whole of February, the conflagration spread, leaping from town to town, from village to village; these were "burned and burned again," with the accompaniment of

massacres, outrages, of all the cruelties, of all the indignities of which soldiers intoxicated with crime, urged on by ferocious orders, are capable. On March 2d, Heidelberg was in flames, and if a part of the town escaped destruction, it was owing to the indignation of the French officers ordered to see to this execution. What remained of the castle was burned; its ruins are still there crying out loudly against us, and, even to-day, the little children of that region are taught to read in primers every picture of which puts under their eyes, at an age when one never forgets, one of the scenes of the Palatinate conflagration. Louvois obtained his desert, but it cost us dear in the esteem of the civilised world.

Madame was horror-struck. Her letters at that period do her honour. Liselotte no longer thinks of herself; it is outraged humanity which mourns in these pitiful pages:

[March 20, 1689.] Were I to lose my life, I could not refrain from bemoaning, from deploring that, so to speak, I should be the destroyer of my own country, and to see poor Mannheim . . . nothing but a heap of ruins. When I think of all that has been blown up, I am seized with such horror that, at night, if I sleep a little, I dream that I am at Heidelberg or at Mannheim and that I see all this desolation. I then wake with a start, and am more than two hours without being able to sleep again. I see in my mind's eye how it all looked in my day and what it now is; I consider in what a state I am myself, and it is impossible for me not to weep burning tears. And what is particularly painful to me is that the King should have waited, to reduce things

to the most dire misery, for the moment when I had implored him to have pity on Heidelberg and Mannheim. And my sorrow is looked upon with disfavour! I cannot help it.¹

And that sorrow was doubled by the thought that all the abominations were committed in her name:

[April 14, 1689.] What hurts most of all, is not even the frightful state to which the poor Palatinate has been reduced . . . it is that my name has been used to deceive the poor inhabitants; it is that these good people in their innocence and out of affection for the Elector our late father, thought they could not do better than voluntarily to submit, with the idea that they would belong to me and that they would be happier than with the present Elector, for I am of the blood of their legitimate masters. Not only have they been deceived in their hope and have seen their affection very ill rewarded, but they have fallen thereby into never-ending misfortune and misery. This I cannot swallow, it makes me too wretched.

She had but too good cause for weeping her eyes out. Madame had remained popular in the Palatinate. This, everybody knew: "She was extraordinarily beloved," noted the Marquis de Sourches (March 11, 1689), and he pitied her sufferings. The good people yonder counted upon Liselotte to protect them, and there happened to them what befell the little children whose affection Gilles de Retz, the prototype of Blue-Beard, was careful to win before he tortured them; an

¹ This letter and the following are addressed to Duchess Sophie.

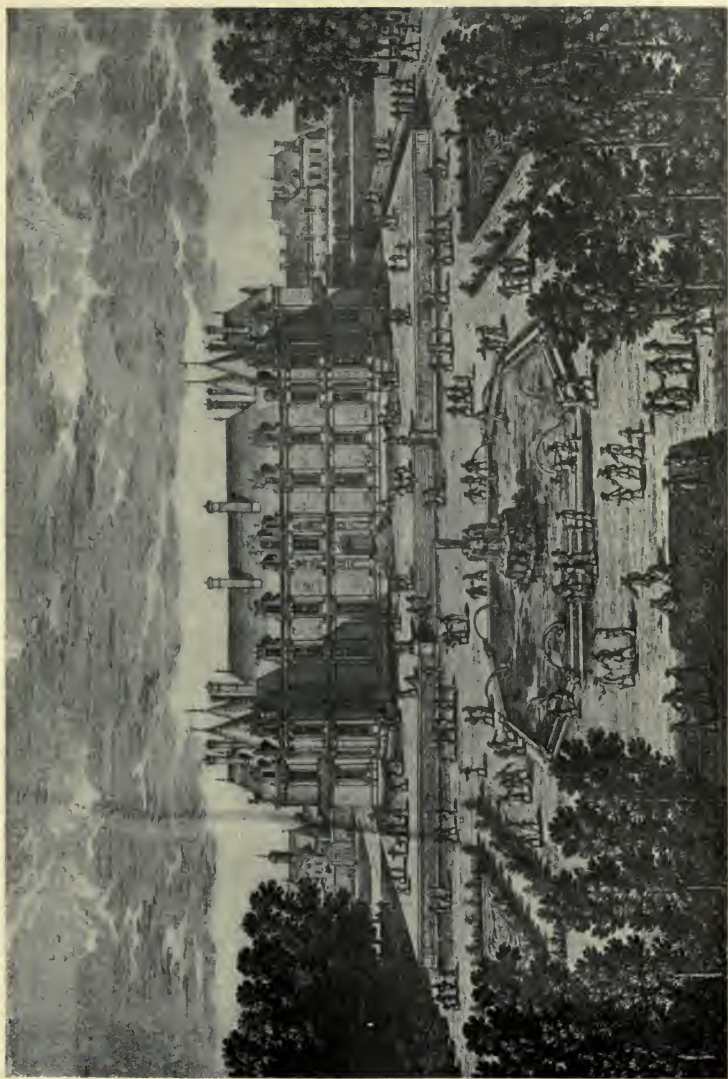
immense moral distress was added to the ills inflicted upon them by the pitiless tactics of Louvois.

[June 5, 1689.] Monsieur has told me something of which I was ignorant and which has broken my heart. In the Palatinate, the King levies all contributions in my name; so that the poor creatures fancy that I profit by their misfortune and that I am the cause of it all. This drives me to despair.

And she was only half mistaken. The people of the Palatinate wondered: why did not Princess Liselotte come to their rescue?

[October 30, 1689.] I was told yesterday a thing which deeply moved me and that I could not hear without weeping. . . . When a Frenchman goes to Heidelberg, the poor people surround him in crowds and ask him for news of me. They then speak of. . . His Grace my father and of my brother, and they shed bitter tears, for they do not love the present Elector.

Liselotte had received the baptism of deep sorrow, that which kills the weak and fortifies the strong. Liselotte came out of the trial fortified.



VIEW OF HEIDELBERG IN XVII. CENTURY
From a print in Bibliothèque Nationale



CHAPTER V

GERMANY AND RELIGION—MATERNITY—DEATH OF MONSIEUR—APPEASEMENT

WE left poor Liselotte crying her eyes out over the burning of the Palatinate. This was not the end of her woes. Others came, caused by no fault of hers, and others again for which she alone was answerable. In both cases, she showed the same violence occasioned by her devouring jealousy and by her mad hatred for Mme. de Maintenon. There was no idea, no thought but that of the King, which could restrain her when her passions were let loose. In those days, most of the women, in their sorrows, turned toward God, and there found consolation. Madame had no such resource. Religion helped her not a whit; her father and her aunt, the Electress, before her marriage had guarded against this. The thought of her children was not strong enough to stop her and to save her from imprudence. She loved them greatly and fought bravely to protect her son from evil influences; but it would have been useless to ask her for more: to smother her hatred and to remain quiet, in the interest of her children, was an impossibility.

On the other hand, the King's influence over Madame was immense. By whatever name one

might call the feeling which she entertained for him, it was undeniably very absorbing. It filled her life with the image of the King, the necessity of seeing the King, of being near him and hearing the sound of his voice. During the periods of disgrace, when Louis XIV. kept her aloof, Madame seemed like one dying for want of breath. A slight attention on the part of the sovereign, an amiable word, sufficed to bring back life and joy.

This is the intimate Liselotte, the Liselotte whom we should like to portray. For this purpose, we must retrace our steps, for it was in Germany, and from her very infancy, that she received the impress of free-thought.¹ Then, the letters and news which reached her from Germany, the equivocal rôle played by her family in the religious affairs of their country, particularly the famous attempt to re-unite the two Churches, confirmed and definitely settled her in her unbelief. Not but that, in France, she found plenty of sceptics; but French impiety displeased her: our free-thinkers were too witty. German impiety, less frivolous and more practical, was far more to her taste. In this respect, and after a most lively and curious fashion, the difference of race is felt.

I

Religious sentiment had always been absent in Liselotte. She was the first to say that she did not

¹ She was called a *libertine*, word used in Madame's day as synonymous with free-thinker.

understand mysticism¹ and none of those who guided her youth were willing or able to make her feel it. Her father and her Aunt Sophie were incapable of doing so, as they did not themselves understand it. Besides, could they have done so, they would have scrupled to awaken religion in her, for they looked upon it as a disease. "Religion has done more harm than good in this world" declared the Duchess; ". . . the stupidest nations care most for it."² And her sarcasms on the subject were inexhaustible. Carl-Ludwig understood better the social importance of Churches. He cared for the souls of his subjects with the same conscientiousness as for the levying of taxes or the keeping of fortresses in order, only with infinitely less sympathy; it was one of the drudgeries of his business as prince.

He was fond of indulging in impious talk, even in the presence of his children. "I must say," wrote Madame in 1709 to Etienne Polier, her former tutor, "that the jokes I used to hear [from] my father had greatly shaken my faith."³ Another letter to her sister Amélie contains a passage still more significant as to the paternal irreverence: "Our late Papa always . . . joked

¹ Or as she said, "*le mistique*."

² To Carl-Ludwig, August 3, 1663.

³ Letter of December 25th. Etienne Polier de Bottens, of a family originally from the Rouergue, and transplanted to Lausanne, had followed Liselotte to France and had settled in Paris, where he died at a very advanced age. Madame wrote to him in French.

about all religious: they were matters for fun and amusement."¹

The efforts of certain subaltern persons—such as Etienne Polier and Frau von Harling—to keep their pupil from “joking,” in her turn, about “all religions,” could avail but little. No one had any influence over Liselotte, with the exception of her father and her aunt, two Voltairians before Voltaire, and it was not the farce of her conversion to Catholicism, arranged and “staged” by Carl-Ludwig at the time of her marriage, that could have taught her to take spiritual matters seriously. In vain did worthy Polier, from Paris where he was settled, once more take up and redouble his pious exhortations. Madame assured him that she feared God, even though God, to her, remained incomprehensible; that she hoped to go to heaven, though she was not at all sure of its existence; and she begged of him not to require more of her, if he did not wish to drive her to a lunatic asylum, for her mind was “too weak” for theological subtleties.

On the other hand, she understood wonderfully well the religious politics of her father and her Uncle Ernst-Augustus and heartily approved of them, precisely because mysticism had nothing to do with them. They were practical politics; most of the German princes knew no others. Their object was to extract temporal good from the theological subtleties which made Liselotte's head ache. The

¹ November 26, 1705.

country was so weary, so bruised by its long religious quarrels, that many of the governing powers had come secretly to regret having left the quiet refuge of the Roman Church, and to desire a reconciliation; but they expected Rome to pay a good price for their submission. As was natural, those men who believed the least, who were guided by purely human motives, were also those who desired most to drive a good bargain; it is a matter of some surprise to find, among the promoters of the plan for reuniting the two Churches, Carl-Ludwig and his brother-in-law of Hanover. This plan dragged for many years in the German chancellors' offices and brought about the celebrated correspondence between Bossuet and Leibnitz. The history of this curious negotiation is still to be written; enough of it, however, is known to destroy all illusions as to the motives of the two princes who now interest us.

During the first months of 1677,¹ a person, travelling incognito, presented himself at the castle of Heidelberg, where he was received by Carl-Ludwig. He declared himself to be the Bishop of Tina,² and said that he was employed by the Emperor Leopold secretly to negotiate the reconciliation, on a dogmatic basis, of Catholics and Protestants. The Elector received him most

¹ Or at the end of 1676.

² Tina or Thina, in Croatia. The Bishop at that time was Christophe Rojas, count of Spinola. In 1686 he was given the bishopric of Wiener-Neustadt.

warmly, though he could not understand why there should be so much mystery about the affair and wondered whether the Bishop's veritable mission was not to "sow dissension among the Protestants."¹ In his state of uncertainty, he contented himself with discussing the subject in general with Duchess Sophie. Dogmas, said he, were an object of ridicule to all, Catholics as well as Protestants: "As, for example, the belief in transubstantiation: who cares about that?" But to give to a foreign prince, like the Pope, the right to exercise any sort of authority over one's subjects, "that is a different matter," and Carl-Ludwig was disposed to look well into it. Besides, he did not expect anything to come of this project. He was persuaded that the ministers would be opposed to it, not for conscience sake—that never struck him—but because they would never consent to "put themselves, of their own accord, under the rod of the Roman pedagogue." However, if one could agree about "the goods of the Church," perhaps one might obtain some sort of result, for no one would consent to fight "for the sake of maintaining or overturning the doctrine of purgatory."

To agree about "the goods of the Church,"—that was in reality the main question. This was also the opinion of Duchess Sophie. Would Rome consent to this extortion? At the outset, Duchess Sophie hardly dared to hope it: "I do not see"

¹ Letter to Duchess Sophie, March 3, 1677.

wrote she to her brother, "that in these days a very high price is offered for a soul."¹ That depended upon circumstances; there are souls and souls, as there are faggots and faggots.² To tell the truth, the soul of her spouse, Duke Ernst-Augustus, was held rather cheap at Rome: this the Archives of the Vatican³ testify. Ernst-Augustus had not yet inherited Hanover. He was then only Bishop of Osnabrück, a Protestant and a married bishop, and the Holy See looked down upon such prelates. This will surprise no one.

Still, the Bishop of Tina had included him in his visits to princes whom he wished to convert. Unfortunately, the letter in which Duchess Sophie related his visit has been lost. In another letter posterior to the interview she makes this rather discouraged reflection: "I think Catholics would care but little for our souls so long as we refuse to believe in purgatory, indulgences, and masses, which bring in money."⁴ Her visitor had not inspired her with much confidence, perhaps because he was not, at that period, authorised to make serious offers. The Bishop of Tina merely spoke in the Emperor's name: the Holy See, however incredible this may seem, was not kept posted, officially at least, as to what was being

¹ January 14, 1677.

² Quotation from the *Médecin malgré lui* of Molière.

³ Cf. the correspondence of Rome with the Viennese Nuncio: *Nunziatura di Germania*, vol. 198, *passim*. There is no pagination.

⁴ July 29, 1677.

attempted in Germany, as is proved by the Pope's correspondence for the year 1678, with his Nuncio at Vienna, Francesco Buonvisi, Archbishop of Thessalonica.¹

On February 12th, there is a severe dispatch from Cardinal Alderano Cibo, Secretary of State of the Holy See, to the Vienna Nuncio. Rome is astonished that the Nuncio, who, however, never neglects to mention all that is worthy of notice, should have failed to write about the affair of the Bishop of Tina, "which is of extreme importance." "Order the Nuncio," pursues the Cardinal, "to execute with the sagacity which characterises him that which I write to him in confidence (*in piano*) on this matter." An "instruction" which till now has not been discovered, accompanied the dispatch.

On March 6th, there was a confused answer from the Nuncio. He excused himself as best he could.

Your Eminence is justly astonished that I should not have mentioned the affair of the Bishop of Tina . . . but, since I must confess my sin to Your Eminence, I always shrank with horror from mixing up the master in things which I deemed chimerical. I have an eight years' experience of the artifices of heretics. They promise much . . .

They promise and do not keep their promises. The Nuncio had not wished to involve the Holy Father in a negotiation which he did not consider as serious.

¹ Archives of the Vatican: *Nunziatura di Germania*, vol. 198.

On April 23d, Mgr. Buonvisi is informed from the office of the State Secretary that the Bishop of Tina had received the "briefs of credence" which he had solicited. The dispatch reveals a certain mistrust of this too enterprising prelate; Rome feared that he might have "some interested views."

On May 7th, news was given in Vienna of the arrival in Rome of Father Pekhenius, a Jesuit, who had "represented" to His Holiness that "the Duke [Ernst-Augustus,] pseudo-Bishop of Osnabrück, intended to be converted to Catholicism with his wife and all his children,"—"should he be granted a just share of Church goods, favours, and privileges of which the Papacy had kept the disposal." The enumeration of said spoils and graces followed. The Nuncio was given to understand that these demands were exorbitant, and that it would be well to "excite the Prince to think of nothing but his eternal salvation." At the same time, His Holiness could easily foresee that the Prince would persevere in his great desire for the goods of this world, and the Nuncio was warned that it might be well to humour him. The example of his conversion said the dispatch, "might determine others," whereas, "if he is dissatisfied," he "might disturb the whole combination."

While Father Pekhenius was discussing with Ernst-Augustus and Duchess Sophie, the Bishop of Tina went on his travels. Several small German courts, among them those of Osnabrück and Celle,

had put him in communication with Protestant theologians, and out of these conferences had sprung learned dissertations intended to be shown; but the veritable business was conducted in conversations that were not written down: "In talk," reports Duchess Sophie, "they have adjusted many points. The Bishop says the Pope would recognise in them true pastors. . . . The goods of the Church would be very useful to our younger children."¹ The Duchess had many children to provide for. One day, when she had seen the Bishop of Tina struggling with dogmatic difficulties, she wrote to her brother, quite certain that he would understand her:

These are not the points that trouble our hearts, thought I within myself; what is needed are good benefits for our children, which would be more useful than speculations which no one understands. If we are to re-enter the Roman Church, we must be rewarded for it, for we are convinced that we can be saved just as well as we are, and that people can also be saved in the other way; why should we change without profit?²

She came back to it unceasingly. "Not to give back Church possessions, but, on the contrary, to be able to acquire more."³ For certain people, the reunion of the two Churches was contained entirely in this nutshell.

Rome was resigned to pay. Yet, she would not accept a dupe's bargain, and the Nuncio at Vienna

¹ To Carl-Ludwig, December 8, 1678.

² January 26, 1679.

³ February 7, 1679.

constantly warned her to beware. He judged the enterprise to be impracticable. Carl-Ludwig had, on his side, come to consider it as "chimerical."¹ Both knew what formidable opposition they would encounter outside of princely castles. Duchess Sophie herself was forced to acknowledge this truth. "To my great astonishment, the members of our religion are the stupidest in this affair."² And even in the castles, the most greedy were checked by an idea independent of the "articles of faith." The Protestant Princes, headed by Carl-Ludwig, feared that the union of the two Churches might bring conflicts of authority with Rome. Since the Reformation, each man was master in his own house, and would have resented any interference of the Pope in his affairs.

A Protestant theologian, Abbé Molanus, to whom Bossuet often alludes, had found an excellent expedient by means of which to reassure the princes. He had confided to Duchess Sophie, in the course of a conversation about the "points" to be settled, that he hoped to obtain from the Bishop of Tina, for the States accepting a reconciliation with Rome, an ecclesiastical regimen analogous to that of France: "One [of the points], the Abbé had said, will be the sovereignty of the princes over their Church, such as the King of France enjoys."³ In other words, Abbé Molanus

¹ Letter of February 8, 1679.

² Letter of December 8, 1678, to Carl-Ludwig.

³ February 7, 1679, to Carl-Ludwig.

claimed for Germany our gallican liberties, an idea which had but small chance of being favourably viewed by the Holy Father. It required a singular ignorance of French affairs to imagine that Pope Innocent XI. would consent to extend to other countries a regimen which chafed him in ours, and well-nigh brought about a rupture with Louis XIV.

Unfortunately, we do not possess the remaining conversations of Duchess Sophie with the Bishop of Tina and Abbé Molanus; the death of Carl-Ludwig (1680) deprived history of them. We only know that the Catholic zeal of Ernst-Augustus and of the Duchess his wife grew cooler in proportion with the unexpected strokes of fortune which provided for their children. The day when Duchess Sophie could say to herself that her later-born would not be "beggars," this practical couple was definitely secured to the Reformation, which had no reason to be particularly proud of it.

As to the project of the union of the two Churches, it dragged out lengthily. It had naturally attracted universal attention. Outside of Germany, Louis XIV. followed it with great care and interest, and, doubtless, religious reasons were here of some moment, were it only on account of the disturbance that such a great event would have caused in the system of alliances of France. For similar considerations, the question was also one of vital importance to Protestant States such as Holland and England. Add to this the

correspondence in which Bossuet and Leibnitz discussed the possibility of the union, commenced in 1691, and that the two great names gave to the enterprise a weight that had been wanting to the Bishop of Tina. All this might have influenced the public mind; yet the project disappeared in smoke, at a date and for reasons which have not yet been elucidated; as I have already observed, the history of this project has yet to be written. Doubtless the last details of these negotiations might be found in the Vatican archives.

Madame never seems to have understood their importance. She had become interested in the Church properties on account of her aunt; the rest was indifferent to her. For herself, as for those belonging to her, reasonable conversions were always bargains. To become a Catholic for the sake of a good bishopric, "that would be worth while,"¹ as she wrote to Duchess Sophie. Why be converted if it brought in nothing? There was a simpler way than the uniting of the two Churches, to secure religious peace; it would be not to trouble one's self "with what people believed and to allow them to go unmolested to whatever church they pleased. . . ."² An admirable means, in very truth, whose only defect was that it was impracticable. Allow "each one to believe in peace what he chose,"³—that had never

¹ Letter of December 6, 1687.

² To Raugravine Louise, January 22, 1697.

³ To Duchess Sophie, December 21, 1698.

been seen, either in religion, or in politics, or in anything—and never will be seen.

There was another motive not to worry over this grand scheme: Madame was convinced that it would fail. "I do not imagine," declared she in 1695, "that the worthy [Molanus] will soon succeed in uniting all religions; where self-interest is at stake, it is rare that one yields."¹ She added, certainly unaware of the crudity of her insinuation, for she greatly liked Bossuet, whom she found "amusing": "I do not believe that M. de Meaux² himself wishes for it; did everybody belong to the same religion, bishops and priests would have nothing left to say."

Naturally, she took even less to heart the religious affairs of our country than those of Germany. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed October 18, 1685. The following day "The Chancellor affixed the seals to . . . the annulment,"³ which at once became public and was the great event of the day. But, not for Liselotte. On November 1st, she writes to her aunt, speaks of her affairs of inheritance, of her enemies; of the Revocation there is not a word. The correspondence continues: and so does the silence. It is not, however, that Madame approved of what was going on. It would have been impossible to be more truly and broadly tolerant than she. Persecution was hateful to

¹ To Duchess Sophie, April 7, 1695.

² Bossuet.

³ *Journal of Dangeau*, Oct. 19, 1685.



MARRIAGE OF THE DUC DE BOURGOGNE AND MARIE DE SAVOIE

From the painting by Gérard in the Château of Versailles

Photo. Neurdein



her, and she never grew accustomed to it. She wrote in 1696: "I confess that I grow very impatient when I hear the great man praised from the pulpit for persecuting the reformed churches."¹ But we must take her as she was. Liselotte was not capable of serious thought. Religious questions "bored" her, worship "bored" her, and so did petty devotions, and all that she called "grimaces."

She found the Gregorian chant insupportable: "A-a-a-i-i-i"; so that, in Madame's eyes, the first virtue of a chaplain consisted in speed. This every one understood: "I have a chaplain who dispatches mass in a quarter of an hour; that is quite to my taste."² Sermons put her to sleep: "It is quite impossible for me to listen to one without napping; to me, it is like opium." One day, when she had been three nights without "closing her eyes" on account of unceasing coughing, she determined to go to a convent where there was to be preaching: "I slept straight through the three hours of the ceremonies, and left completely cured."³ This was a family trait: "I enjoy, like Your Dilection, and like His Grace, my late father, the blessing of sleeping in church." As she grew older, she used to snore loudly. The King, who till then had allowed her to sleep in peace, now woke her by nudging her with his

¹ To Duchess Sophie, May 20th.

² To the same, July 7, 1695.

³ March 19, 1693.

elbow. Madame went to snore in a tribune, where no one dared to disturb her.

She liked to repeat that she believed in no dogma; that God only required of man good works and a pure life; that true religion is in the heart; and that "all the rest is but priestly babble."¹ She ended thus: "I serve my God as I can and according to my understanding."² Her way of serving God was to read her German Bible; to say her prayers every day, though she was convinced that this was absolutely useless; and vigorously to detest devotees, of all human beings the most hateful and the most filled with malice. What more could God require? What could be the use of hearing three masses, one after the other, as did the King at the great feasts? In religion, the King was "a fool." Madame hastened to add that for all the rest he was none, but that, as to religion, he was, and to an extraordinary extent. This he had always been, but had become much more so, since he had been under the thumb of Mme. de Maintenon.

Why, for instance, attach any sort of importance to the fact of being a Catholic rather than a Lutheran or a Calvinist? It was pure folly. Madame, on this subject, related her famous anecdote about the Englishman:

He was called Fielding. One day Wendt³ asked him:—

¹ To the Raugravine Louise, December 13, 1701.

² To the same, May 12, 1702.

³ To Duchess Sophie, Sept. 13, 1690. Wendt was great master

"Êtes-vous huguenot, monsieur?" ¹—"Non" dit-il.—"Vous êtes donc catholique?"—"Encore moins."—"Ah!" dit Wendt, "c'est que vous êtes luthérien!"—"Point du tout."—"Et qu'êtes-vous donc?"—"Je m'en vais vous le dire," repartit l'Anglais; "j'ai 'un petit' religion à part moi." ["Are you a Huguenot, sir?"—"No," said he.—"Then you are a Catholic?"—"Still less."—"Ah!" said Wendt, "it must be that you are a Lutheran!"—"Not at all."—"Then, what are you?"—"I will tell you," replied the Englishman, "I have a little religion of my own."] "I think," added Madame, "that I shall soon have 'un petit' religion à part moi."

This was already an accomplished fact, if the nebulous deism of Madame could be called *un petit religion*, and this, the court of France well knew. In her letters to her sisters, whom she scandalised by her impiety, Madame would sometimes try, in order to console and reassure them, to make use, on her side, of the jargon of Canaan and to reason about grace and sin; but with the French, she made no pretence of pious formulas; with us, therefore, she was accounted a frank free-thinker (*libertine*). One day when she had indulged publicly in a violent tirade against the "prigs"² of the high clergy, Mme. de Maintenon, who had become a mother of the Church, wrote to the Maréchal de Noailles:

I was told of Madame's violence with regard to the devout of Madame's household. He had been her page at Heidelberg.

¹ The italicised words are in French in the original.

² The French word *calotin*, feebly rendered by prig, comes from *calotte*, skull-cap; it is a term of contempt applied to priests.

bishops, and really, it is a great abuse to put in such places men who really believe in God. But, my dear Duke, we have fallen into that mistake, and we must possess our souls in patience.¹

In one word, religion was for Madame neither a discipline nor a help, but merely a mechanical rite, inherited from ancestors, and this state of mind she derived from her German family. Others in her place, finding heaven empty, would have sought refuge in maternity. To this, her instinct did not lead her. Here, however, she had not, as in religion, found mere bankruptcy. Though she did not belong to the class of women to whom children can take the place of everything else, Liselotte showed herself to be an excellent mother and that is a virtue which brings its own reward.

II

The children of the great during the seventeenth century usually felt their parents to be aloof. They rarely saw them, and only ceremoniously; parents and children had no joy in each other. Liselotte had sense enough to care for her young ones like any lowly mother. She played with her babies; that is evident from the way in which she sprinkles her letters to her Aunt Sophie or to Frau von Harling with details about her two children, their first teeth, their tottering steps, their ail-

¹ September 12, 1695. *Correspondance générale de Mme. de Maintenon*, iv., 20.

ments, the first breeches of the future Regent, in which he was "such a dear."

Thanks to her, we never lose sight of them. The daughter, Elisabeth-Charlotte,¹ was very plain, but had a good figure. In behaviour, she was a very tom-boy: "It is the fault of the name," declared Madame. She recognised herself in that noisy and ungovernable hoyden, who was "tricksy" and "very funny." The boy, little Duc de Chartres, was "much better-looking" and "a little more serious than his sister. . . . He is a good child" added the mother, "*docile*, doing all one wishes."² At twelve years of age, his education as a prince destined to figure in monarchical ceremonies had made of him a little fellow who looked upon bowing and scraping as very serious functions: "In that," said Madame "he does not take after me . . . Some one, the other day, asked him if he liked ceremonies and dress; he answered: '*Je ne les hais pas tant que Madame, mais je ne les aime pas tout à fait autant que Monsieur*'"³ ("I do not hate them as much as Madame, but, on the other hand, I do not love them quite as much as Monsieur"). Madame adored him, and, for very love, spanked him unmercifully: "We owe severity to children," said she. Of this, her own were quite aware: "When my son

¹ Born September 13, 1676.

² September 29, 1683, to Duchess Sophie. The word in italics is in French in the original.

³ To the same, July 4, 1686.

was little," wrote she in 1710, "I never gave him a box on the ear, but I whipped him so vigorously with the rod that he still remembers it. Hitting the head is dangerous and may bring on disorders."

Daughter and son feared and loved her. They rewarded her by their affection for the indomitable energy with which she defended them from Monsieur's minions, who did all they could to obtain influence over the children of the house. To save these innocents from pernicious contact, to make honest folk of them if possible, nothing daunted their mother, neither menaces, nor dangers. This is the beautiful chapter in the life of Madame. Her son was most particularly in peril; she defended him like a lioness whose young are tracked. It is not Liselotte's fault if the Regent had no better morality, the Regency, no better reputation in history.

The assault of 1689 was the most terrible of all. The Marquis de Sillery, governor of the Duc de Chartres, gave in his resignation. The Chevalier de Lorraine caught the ball at the rebound. He attempted to have his place given to d'Effiat¹ and but for Madame, the thing would have been settled. Monsieur had given his word. The King had allowed it; at least, it was said that he had, and Dangeau believed it.² Madame rushed to the rescue: "I, with the whole of France, know that

¹ Antoine Coiffier, Marquis d'Effiat (1638-1719), first equerry to Monsieur.

² See his *Journal*, August 5 and September 25, 1689.

the man . . . is one of the most abject and debauched wretches in the world.”¹ To give up her son into such hands, would have been to send him to his ruin. She vowed that she would never give her consent, and in spite of all, despite anger and menaces, Monsieur was no more advanced after six months than he had been the first day. At last, Madame ended by what she should have done at first: “I have spoken to the King. His Majesty told me that it was a lie to say that he wished to make d’Effiat governor to his nephew; that, on the contrary, he had for a year past tried to dissuade Monsieur from it.”² He promised his sister-in-law to choose, himself, an “honest man” for her son, and he kept his word; the post was given to the Marquis d’Arcy.

There is to-day diversity of opinion as to another choice in which Madame for once agreed with d’Effiat and the Chevalier de Lorraine. The famous Abbé Dubois, then a very modest personage, was under-tutor to the Duc de Chartres. He helped him with his compositions, looked for the words in the dictionary, and was altogether of small account: “I have seen him a thousand times in the beginning,” notes Saint-Simon, “when I used to play with M. de Chartres.”³ Little by little, the Abbé became more important. He

¹ To Duchess Sophie, August 26, 1689. The Stuttgart edition has suppressed several pages of this letter.

² To Duchess Sophie, September 21, 1689.

³ *Mémoires*, gr. edition in 8°, i., 64. Abbé Dubois had been made under-tutor June 15, 1683.

gave lessons, and gave them "very well," being extremely intelligent and very learned. As to morality, he had none, if one can believe Saint-Simon, who could never endure him; or Torcy, who declared that he was "without a shadow of honesty, . . . without morals, known to be such by Frenchmen and strangers"¹; or again d'Argenson, the most violent of the three; he believed Abbé Dubois to have been capable of every crime and to have committed several.

These are terrible accusers: but Dubois also had his defenders. Without speaking of two recent historians² who, in his evil reputation, have seen an injustice to set right, he had succeeded in gaining the esteem of many honest persons at the court of Louis XIV., whether he really deserved it, or whether he deceived people. Saurches said of him that he was "a man of wit, learning, and good morals."³ Fénelon had become intimate with him; we read in one of his letters, October 14, 1711: "Abbé Dubois . . . has been my friend for many years."⁴ These quotations are sufficient to explain how the humble under-tutor, protected by the Chevalier de Lorraine, was named tutor by the King, in 1687, without any opposition

¹ Letter of March 4, 1720, to Cardinal Gualterio. Cf. Wiesener, *Le Régent, l'Abbé Dubois, et les Anglais*, i., 262, 263.

² Wiesener, *loc. cit.*, and the Comte de Seilhac, *L'Abbé Dubois, premier ministre de Louis XV.*, Paris, 1862, 2 vol. in 8°.

³ *Mémoires*, December 24, 1690.

⁴ Letter to Mme. Roujaut, wife of the Intendant of Maubeuge. Cf. Seilhac, i., 126, note.



GUILLAUME CARDINAL DUBOIS
Archevesque Duc de Cambray
Prince du S.^t Empire premier Ministre

CARDINAL DUBOIS

From an engraving after the portrait by Rigaud



from Madame, so attentive to the welfare of her children.

Far from distrusting him, she fully confided in him. Her letters to Dubois¹ are all to the honour of the latter. Madame shows herself full of gratitude toward the good and loyal servant who devoted himself, so at least she believed, to maintain her son in the right path:

I wish I could find an opportunity to be of use to you [she wrote to him August 21, 1691] . . . I should do it with all my heart, so as to show you my esteem, the justice I render you, and the gratitude I feel toward you for what you are doing for my son which forces me also to be your friend. [In the same letter:] With the virtue and good sense which you possess. . . .

These lines give the key-note of the correspondence. The tutor there plays the part of confidant to an anxious mother, who consults him with regard to the direction of her son. Then came the forced marriage of the Duc de Chartres with one of the King's bastards. Abbé Dubois played an active part in this, but Madame only found it out many years later.

Every one knows what passion, what stubbornness Louis XIV. employed to "better" inordinately the situation of his illegitimate children. It was a question of pride, a way of proving that he was

¹ They are kept at the archives of Chantilly. M. de Seilhac published them *loc. cit.* There are forty-three of them, of which forty-two are from March 19, 1691, to October 25, 1706; there are, besides, five letters from Madame to her son.

above law and rules. Mme. de Maintenon encouraged him, because of the bastards she had brought up and whom she loved, and these two illustrious devotees remained convinced that God, on the Day of Judgment, would understand the difference, from a moral point of view, between a great monarch and any other mortal, duke and peer, or simple peasant. It was conferring too much honour upon God. In this happy conviction, and with perfect disregard of public opinion, which was showing itself hostile, the King had married two of these children¹ to two princes of the blood, and he destined the third, Mlle. de Blois,² fruit, like the other two, of a double adultery, to his nephew the Duc de Chartres, the greatest match in France, after himself and the Dauphin. He knew full well all the difficulties which he would have to overcome: "Monsieur," relates Saint-Simon, "is infinitely attached to all that touches his greatness, and . . . Madame belongs to a house where bastardy and ill-assorted marriages are abhorred, and is of a character which would make one despair of ever forcing her to look favourably upon such a marriage."³ But Louis

¹ Marie-Anne de Bourbon, called Mlle. de Blois (1666-1739) and daughter of Mlle. de la Vallière, married, January 16, 1680, Louis-Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti. Widowed in 1685.— Louise-Françoise de Bourbon, called Mlle. de Nantes (1673-1743) and daughter of Mme. de Montespan, married July 24, 1685, Louis III., Duc de Bourbon-Condé.

² Françoise-Marie de Bourbon, also called Mlle. de Blois, born May 4, 1677, and daughter of Mme. de Montespan.

³ *Mémoires*, ed. in 8°, i., 60.

XIV. was a crafty prince; he took his precautions a long time beforehand.

During the first months of 1688,—the Duc de Chartres was thirteen years old, Mlle. de Blois eleven,—the King entered into negotiations with the Chevalier de Lorraine. He promised this ignoble personage and his brother, M. le Grand, the Order of the Holy Ghost. In exchange, the Chevalier de Lorraine “took it upon himself to obtain Monsieur’s consent to the marriage and to find means of persuading Madame and the Duc de Chartres.”¹ The King paid in advance; the promotion to the Order took place on December 31st of the same year. For the wedding, one had but to wait till the children had grown up.

Madame got wind of the affair. She seized a sure opportunity to open her heart to her Aunt Sophie:

[Saint-Cloud, April 14, 1688.] . . . I have been told in secret the real reason for which the King is so favourable to the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d’Effiat; it is that they have promised him to bring Monsieur humbly to solicit the King to marry the children of the Montespan with mine, that is, my daughter with that limping Duc du Maine, and my son with Mlle. de Blois. The Maintenon, on this occasion, is entirely for Mme. de Montespan, for it is she who brought up those bastards, and she loves that ugly little cripple as though he were her child.

Everything in this plan deeply wounded Madame; everything in it was odious to her:

¹ Saint-Simon, *loc. cit.*, p. 61.

Even were the Duc du Maine not the child of a double adultery, were he a legitimate prince, I should not wish to have him as a son-in-law, any more than his sister as daughter-in-law, for he is horribly ugly and limping, and has yet other defects; he is devilishly avaricious and is ill-natured. As to his sister, she is good-tempered, but she is frightfully unhealthy, and her sight is so weak that I think she will end by being blind. Add to this that they were born of a double adultery, as I have already told you, and of the most wicked and ill-natured woman on earth. I leave Your Dilection to think how much I must desire this marriage. . . . Each time I catch a glimpse of these bastards, it makes my blood boil. I leave my beloved aunt to guess what I suffer when I see my only son and my only daughter falling victims to my most cruel enemies. . . .

Madame, with regard to the young princess, was alarmed without cause. M. le Prince had fixed upon the Duc du Maine for one of his own daughters; but she was only too right with regard to her son.

Toward New-Year's day, 1692, the King and Mme. de Maintenon, who had never lost sight of their plan, considered that the time had come to put it into execution. The Chevalier de Lorraine could turn Monsieur round his little finger. No one took much heed of Madame and her anger. There remained the Duc de Chartres, who had sworn to his mother never to give his consent. Mme. de Maintenon secretly summoned Abbé Dubois, and advised him to curry favour with the King by persuading his pupil:

Abbé Dubois is very much mistaken [wrote Madame in

her old age,¹] when he thinks that I believe he did not contribute to the marriage of my son. I am persuaded that he alone is responsible for it. It is true that in the beginning he was for me, but after the old woman had called him to her three or four times he quickly changed. . . . Monsieur was as averse to the thing as I; but the King and his old hussy had him threatened with the loss of his minions; that made him consent to anything.

In another letter: "I know how many times [Abbé Dubois] went to her at night, to sell and betray his master."²

At first, he had hesitated:³ "The Abbé, much puzzled, consulted Father La Chaise, and Fénelon, tutor to the Duc de Bourgogne. Their answer was that the King's will was clear; and that, as sovereign, he had the right to dispose of his family's alliances." Dubois no longer resisted. He frightened his pupil, threatening him with the King's displeasure, and Duchess Sophie received the following cry of despair:

[January 10, 1692.] Though my eyes are so big and swollen that I can hardly see, for I was foolish enough to cry all night, I cannot let this post go without telling Your Dilection about my sorrow of yesterday, when I least expected it. Monsieur came to me at about half past three and said: "Madame, I have a message for you from the King, which will scarcely be agreeable to you, and you will have to give him your answer this very evening; it is that the King bids you know that he, and I and my son, being agreed as

¹ Letter to the Raugravine Louise, November 2, 1717. Translated by Brunet.

² November 7, 1719. *Fragments de lettres originales*, ii., 267.

³ Wiesener, *loc. cit.*, i., 243-244.

to the marriage of Mlle. de Blois with my son, you would be alone in your opposition." I leave Your Dilection to imagine my consternation and my sorrow.

She added briefly that she had seen the King and that, remembering her aunt's advice, she had restrained herself in his presence: "I said: '*Quand Votre Majesté et Monsieur me parlerez en maîtres, comme vous faites, je ne puis qu'obéir.*'"¹ ['When Your Majesty and Monsieur speak as masters to me, as you are doing, I can but obey.'] My head aches so badly that I can write no more." We know the rest through Saint-Simon; the marriage of the young prince with whom he had been "almost brought up"² is told in the opening chapters of his *Mémoires*.

The Duc de Chartres had not dared to say *no* to the King, and Madame had returned home, wild with anger:

Her son soon followed her, whom, without allowing him a moment to explain how the thing had occurred, she soundly rated him, with a torrent of tears, and bade him begone. A little later, Monsieur, who had just come from the King, went to her, and, except that she did not send him away, she treated him no better so that he left her, much crest-fallen, without having been able to utter a single word.³

The morning of the same day, January 9th, the King announced the marriage to his family, at Mme. de Maintenon's, and in the presence of the

¹ The italicised passage is in French in the original.

² *Mémoires*, ed. in 8°, i., 28.

³ For all this part see *Mémoires*, i., p. 68 and following.



LOUIS XV. AS A CHILD

From the portrait by Rigaud in the Château of Versailles

Photo. Neurdein



two young people. The news quickly flew through the reception rooms. Groups were formed; people looked at each other; all watched for the arrival of the engaged pair and their relatives. These august persons at last appeared, Monsieur was abashed and shamefaced, the future bridegroom most disconsolate, the future bride "greatly embarrassed and extremely sad"; she was fifteen; half an hour before, she knew nothing about the affair and felt the weight of public disapproval. As to Madame:

Madame walked in the gallery with Châteautiers, her favourite¹ . . . ; she took great strides, her handkerchief in her hand, weeping unrestrainedly, talking pretty loud, gesticulating, and seeming a very Ceres after the rape of her daughter Proserpine, seeking her with fury and demanding of Jupiter that she should be given back to her. All, out of respect, kept out of her way, and merely passed on. None was bold enough to speak to her of the marriage.²

She was forced to sup with the King: "Madame's eyes were full of tears which fell now and again, and which she wiped. . . . Her son also had very red eyes, and neither could manage to eat much." The King, in vain, showed himself amiable and full of attentions; for once, he failed to please; Liselotte remained bristling, unapproachable; Liselotte snubbed him and answered roughly. He was not discouraged, and bowed very low when

¹ Anne, daughter of Roland de Foudras, Comte de Châteautiers.

² This last line is taken from an *Addition* to Dangeau, for January 10, 1692.

they parted for the night; as he lifted his head, he only saw a fast retreating back. Such was Madame on the days when, in obedience to her aunt, she controlled herself.

The following day, January 10th, the court awaited the King in the gallery as he passed on to mass:

Madame was present: her son approached, as he did every day, to kiss her hand; at that moment Madame gave him so formidable a box on the ear that it was heard several paces away and which, in the presence of all the court, covered the poor prince with confusion, and filled the numerous spectators, of whom I was one, with prodigious astonishment.¹

On the 11th, the marriage became official, and the Marquis de Sourches notes in his *Mémoires*: "One cannot picture Madame's despair; it was so great that she did not even seek to hide it, some people said that it even induced her to ill-treat her son."

The future Duchess, having overcome her embarrassment, took the thing very well. One day as Mme. de Caylus joked her about her *fiancé*, this little girl of fifteen answered carelessly: "I am quite indifferent about his love; all I ask is that he should marry me."² A saying which contains all the philosophy of princely political marriages.

Mme. de Maintenon showed how little she feared

¹ Saint-Simon, ed. in 8°, i., 74.

² *Souvenirs et correspondance* of Mme. de Caylus, éd. Émile Raulier, p. 172.

Madame by priding herself, in a letter to Mme. de Ventadour,¹ on having brought about "this affair" together with Mme. de Bracciano, the future Princesse des Ursins²: "Mme. de *Braquiane* worked for the marriage of the Duc de Chartres so as to be lady of honour; it is an intrigue which she began with me . . . and to-day we see that she declines to be lady of honour."³ Then follow some obscure allusions as to the "good spirit" of Madame, and she continues:

You know that my hobby is to make people listen to reason; and I assure you that I especially desire this for Madame whom you have so praised to me and who possesses qualities which should make her happier. Is it possible that, powerless to prevent this marriage, she should not yield with a good grace, that she should not confer with the King about it, that she should not come to a good understanding with him, and that she should prefer remaining as she is?

Thus, Mme. de Maintenon had urged upon the King an absolutely unpopular act, absolutely impolitic from the monarchical point of view, for the pleasure of procuring a position of 8000 francs to a friend, who would none of it! This showed a mediocre mind, that saw the small side of things. On the other hand, the friendly tone of the letter, with regard to a person who never ceased to vilify her, shows a kindly nature: "the old horror" was not vindictive.

¹ Lady of honour to Madame.

² She took this title after her widowhood in 1698.

³ *Correspondance générale*, iii., 323.

Duchess Sophie scolded Liselotte, who, once more, denied everything in a most barefaced manner: "Your Dilection has been ill-informed as to my childish conduct with regard to the marriage. Unfortunately, I am no longer of an age to play the child."¹ There are people who forget what they did or said in anger; was Madame one of these?

The wedding took place February 18th, and left after it much heartburn: "Were there but the marriage" wrote Madame "I might have become resigned; but every day so many disagreeable things happen to me, and I have so little consolation, that it is impossible not to be sad."² She was particularly irritated against her daughter-in-law, who did not, as she should have done, appreciate the honour of being Duchesse de Chartres, and allowed herself to treat her new family disdainfully: "When one thinks," said Madame, "that she is but a mouse's filth!"³ Another day, she drew this spirited portrait, worthy of a mother-in-law's skill:

My son's wife is a disagreeable and wicked creature, who cares not a straw for my son and despises Monsieur, as though she were an important personage. She attempts nothing against me, but displays toward me a horrible indifference, never speaks of her doings in my presence, and is often fifteen days without putting her nose inside

¹ February 21, 1692.

² Letter of February 21, 1692, to Frau von Harling.

³ To Duchess Sophie, August 7, 1692.

my door. I let her go her way, and take no notice of anything, but her pride and ill-temper are insupportable, and her face most displeasing she is more like a full moon than anything else.¹ With that, she is all awry; she has a dreadful pronunciation as though her mouth were full of mush, and her head is forever in motion. Such is the fine present made us by the old horror, . . . but birth compensates for all things. . . . She greatly torments her husband.²

The Duc de Chartres was angry with the King, the King was angry with Madame, Monsieur was angry both with the King and with Madame, and out of all these ill-feelings sprang much sulking and many annoyances. On May 10th, Louis XIV. started to besiege Namur.³ He took with him all the ladies with the exception of his sister-in-law, so as to mark his displeasure. Madame pretended to be indifferent, but she could not endure not to see him, and she was foolishly unhappy during the absence of the court, instead of enjoying her two months of peace and liberty at her dear Saint-Cloud. Her son showed no greater wisdom. He went through the campaign guarded, like a little boy, by his governor and his tutor, and fought brilliantly: "From the King down to the fish-wives, every one speaks of you," his mother wrote

¹ The French text is as follows: *Elle ressemble comme deux gouttes d'eau à un derrière, sauf votre respect.*

² October 10, 1693.

³ The siege of Namur lasted from May 26th, to June 30th. The year 1692 was the fourth of the war against the League of Augsburg, which ended in 1697 by the Treaty of Ryswick.

to him¹ after the battle of Steenkerke, where he had been wounded at an assault. On the same evening: "Continue, my dear child, I beg of you and become a perfect prince and if fortune has not made you one of the world's masters, put fortune in the wrong, by showing the whole universe that you were worthy of such a fate, and reign over hearts, which is the greatest and most beautiful dominion of the world, and which all honest men should most desire." The Duc de Chartres, so long as he was fighting was a "perfect prince"; outside of the field he committed nothing but follies: "His way of protesting [as an unwilling husband]" says a recent historian, "was to humble his wife and defy the King by most scandalous dissipation."² To defy Louis XIV. was apt to bring trouble; the Duc de Chartres was to realize this. He had to endure much which he richly deserved, and still more that he did not deserve. In both cases, his mother, faithful and valiant friend, received the counter-shocks of all these blows. Madame always affirmed that her children had caused her more sorrow than joy. Thus, maternity did not bring her that perfect happiness which consoles for all woes.

III

We know through a German source³ that the

¹ August 10, 1692. The battle of Steenkerke took place on August 4th.

² Wiesener, *loc. cit.*, p. 244.

³ Ezechiel Spanheim (1629-1710) had long been in the service of Madame's father. He represented Brandenburg in Paris from 1680 to 1689, and from 1698 to 1701. His *Relation de la cour de*

disgrace of Madame seemed irremediable, even before her son's forced marriage. The author of the memoir in question, Ezechiel Spanheim, envoy from Brandenburg to Paris, shows himself to be very well informed as to the intrigues and dissensions which had deprived Liselotte of the "confidence and affection of Monsieur" and of the "particular consideration which the King had so long entertained for her." He concluded from this that the future of "that good princess" as he calls her, was in peril. Since the same causes existed, the Chevalier de Lorraine being still all-powerful and Madame still incapable of "controlling herself . . . in their conflicts"; since she showed herself more and more anti-French, Spanheim, who loved and pitied her, saw "no prospect that her condition might be alleviated with time."

This was the general impression. Foreign ambassadors, trained to be observing, were all struck by this princess whom they felt to be isolated, who lived solitary in the greatest crowd in the world, and "who never seemed to be at home anywhere."¹ For political men, the lesson was a serious one. From the time when sorrow had awakened her sensibilities, Madame seemed the living symbol of the incompatibility of "that time"—and of all

France is dated 1690. Published by the *Société de l'histoire de France*, Renouard (Paris, 1882, 1 vol. in 8°).

¹ *Französische Geschichte*, by Leopold Ranke, vol. vi., Preface, p. iii.

times—"between German and French natures." ¹ The impossibility of understanding each other was so eminently shown in her person and words, that one cannot see how things could have turned otherwise for her had Mme. de Maintenon, in whom she saw the cause of all her sorrows, not existed. The reasons which have rendered Princess Liselotte justly popular in her own country, where all are grateful to her for having passionately loved Germany, and Germany alone, could but irritate the King of France against the bad friend, the disloyal sister-in-law, who hastened, in the dark hours of the reign, to trumpet forth to the outside world that the treasury was empty and the country exhausted. This, Madame never understood—which is her only excuse,—so that her hatred for Mme. de Maintenon waxed furiously from year to year. Her personal wrongs were aggravated by the disgust which she felt for the newly sanctified court of France, work of the favourite.

This lady dreamed of bringing back French society, with the help and example of the King, to solid and active piety. The spiritual directors of Mme. de Maintenon encouraged her in the thought that God had chosen her to be the instrument of the salvation of a great prince, and to awake his interest in the souls of his subjects. A devout coterie approved her designs. The others comprising many people who looked upon themselves as good Catholics, were restive under the

¹ *Französische Geschichte*, by Leopold Ranke.

yoke of the ex-governess; but none dared to show it.

Mme. de Maintenon had begun her work at the death of Marie Thérèse (July 30, 1683), and her first successes had outstripped her hopes. Two months had not gone by when she triumphantly wrote to her scatterbrain of a brother, Charles d'Aubigny: "I think the Queen must have asked God for the conversion of the whole court; that of the King is admirable, and ladies who seemed farthest from it haunt the churches."¹ Henceforth, at the time of the great feasts, the *Journal* of Dangeau contains notes of this kind: "The King remained in the chapel nearly all day." At Christmas, in 1686, he was recovering from illness; he had submitted to the "great operation"; he had suffered terribly and did not yet go out. In spite of this, he "assisted at the three midnight masses," and "to a part of matines"; during the day, at three other masses, at the sermon, vespers, and benediction."² All that was a good deal for a man who was not a monk. Madame found that it was a great deal too much; that princes have a better occupation than to pray during "four or five hours"; and she was furious because etiquette required the royal family to follow the head of that family to service on Sundays and holidays.

¹ *Correspondance générale*, ii., 324. Letter of September 28, 1683.

² Cf. Dangeau and *Correspondance générale*, iii., 54. Letter of Mme. de Maintenon to Mme. de Brinon.

The assiduity at church was but a first step on the road of devotion. The second was taken March 7, 1685, not without exciting murmurs from the courtiers. Here is the account given of it by the Marquis de Sourches:

At the beginning of Lent, the King one morning summoned the grand provost¹ and told him that he reiterated the orders given on the preceding years, so as to prevent the eating of meat at court; that he desired them to be more strictly observed than they had been in the past; that he ordered him to denounce those who ate of it or gave it to others, no matter of what rank they might be, and that he should be answerable for it. The grand provost answered that His Majesty was giving him a most onerous task, and that all the courtiers would become his enemies; but the King answered that such was his absolute will. And the conversation, which took place at the King's levee, in presence of the greater part of the court, ended only when the grand provost assured the King that he should be punctually obeyed.

People already knew that they were watched day and night in the stairways and corridors of Versailles by a secret police which gave an account of everything to the King. They now understood that their kitchens would be spied into. This was a bitter pill.

Two months later, the King attacked the use of coarse words and of licentious jokes which were much in vogue at his court²; then came other

¹ The grand provost was none other than the Marquis de Sourches himself.

² See page 222. 220

reforms, now good, now bad, but which had one trait in common: they were all surface reforms, attitudes, powerless to touch the heart or affect morals. Madame declared bluntly that the court was turning to hypocrisy; that, under its devout grimaces, it hid more perfidy and wickedness than ever; that women were more surely lost; that such as played at piety at Versailles professed atheism in Paris. She told of the crushing *ennui* of a world where "men and women no longer dared to speak frankly to each other"¹ for fear of scandal; the coarseness of young "cavaliers" weaned from feminine conversations; the danger of cutting off honest pleasures from people condemned to idleness; and she refused to admire the new austerity of the King, who, however, greatly admired himself:

We were threatened with having no more comedies [she wrote to her aunt, December 23, 1694]. The Sorbonne, to please the King, wanted to suppress them, but it seems that the Archbishop of Paris and Father La Chaise told him that it would be too dangerous *de bannir les divertissements honnêtes*² ["to suppress innocent amusements"]: that it would precipitate youth into abominable vice. So, thank God, we still have the theatre. It is said that the great man's withered old hag will be terribly put out, for it was at her instigation that it was to have been suppressed. . . . So long as the theatre exists, I shall go to it, in spite of all anathema hurled against it from the pulpit.

Fifteen days ago, sermons were preached against it; it

¹ To Duchess Sophie, February 13, 1695.

² The italicised words are in French in the original.

was said that it *animait les passions* ["excited passions"]. The King turned toward me and said: "*Il ne prêche pas contre moi, qui ne va plus à la comédie, mais contre vous autres, qui l'aimez et y allez.*" ["He does not preach against me, since I no longer go to the theatre, but against you all who love it and go to it."] I answered: "*Quoique j'aime la comédie et que j'y aille, M. d'Agen¹ ne prêche pas contre moi car il ne parle que contre ceux qui se laissent exciter les passions aux comédies, et ce n'est pas moi; elle ne me fait autre effet que de me divertir, et à cela il n'y a nul mal.*" ["Though I love the theatre and frequent it, M. d'Agen does not preach against me, for he only speaks against those who allow their passions to be excited by plays, and that is not my case; it produces on me no other effect than to divert me, and there is no harm in that." The King answered never a word.

The following year, the Archbishop of Paris,² then on the best of terms with Mme. de Maintenon, formed the project "to suppress the Saint-Germain fair during Lent,"³ on account of the pleasure resorts where the court and the town went in crowds, and at the same time to close the Paris theatres. The King found this too severe, and Mme. de Maintenon warned the prelate, who abandoned his project. The Archbishop took his revenge in 1696, on the occasion of a fourteen-day jubilee which began on Carnival Monday (March 5th), and during which plays, dances, masquerades, and "other pleasures,"⁴ were prohibited. The

¹ Mascaron, a popular preacher.

² Louis-Antoine de Noailles, named Archbishop of Paris, August 19, 1695; he was much stricter than his predecessor.

³ Mme. de Maintenon to the Archbishop of Paris, letters of the 21st and 27th of December, 1695. *Correspondance générale*, iv.

⁴ Souches, March 4, 1696.

"merchants of the Saint-Germain fair are forbidden to allow gaming,"¹ or to sell food or drink. Monsieur having dared to complain to the King, the Archbishop was immediately informed of it by Mme. de Maintenon: "'Monsieur seems to be most of all afflicted at piety,' he said to the King, the other day."² Then followed Monsieur's words. Mme. de Maintenon, in good faith, believed that she was working for religion and morality, but it was Madame who was in the right; piety cannot be forced on people by police regulations, and the court was filling with "Tartuffes"³ of both sexes.

By degrees, as the atmosphere was modified, Liselotte felt that the King was more and more completely slipping from her, and she was half out of her mind with jealousy. To Duchess Sophie, June 30, 1691: "As long as the old nuisance lives, I shall be out of favour at court, for her hatred of me is boundless; the more polite I am with her, the worse do things go." To the same, May 31, 1692: "If a devil would only carry off our old swipe, I should look upon him as a man of honour, and I should willingly pray that he might be ennobled." To the same, who had become Electress of Hanover in consequence of the erection of Hanover into an Electorate⁴:

¹ Dangeau, March 5th.

² Letter of March 11, 1696, to the Archbishop of Paris.

³ Allusion to Molière's comedy.

⁴ December 2, 1692.

"[October 10, 1693.] The Duchess of Hanover¹ can tell Your Dilection what a wicked devil, and how false, is the old nuisance, and that it is not my fault if she hates me fiercely, for I have done all I could to be on good terms with her." Her Dilection knew full well what kind of amiabilities Liselotte showered upon Mme. de Maintenon: "[February 27, 1695.] Monsieur yesterday gave me a piece of news which would be excellent if it be true, but I fear it is not. The old horror has, it seems, an interior cancer.² That would be a rare bit of luck but I can hardly believe it to be true." And, in fact, it proved to be a false joy: "[March 16th.] The news is unfortunately not true. Yesterday I saw the old nuisance eat with us; her complexion was fresh and she was in good health."

This is ferocious. Let us not judge Madame too severely. The best of women when possessed by jealousy can become monsters; Hermione³ may have been gentle and kind before she loved Pyrrhus. Let us pity this tormented Liselotte who came to blaspheme happy memories, and who attempted to wipe out all remembrance of the ten years of happiness which she had enjoyed in France:

[May 2, 1697.] I pity Your Dilection for finding no better pastime than the reading over of my old letters. As long as Papa lived, you will find them full of content with regard

¹ Benedicte, wife of Johann-Friedrich, brother and predecessor of Ernst-Augustus. She lived in France after her widowhood (1679) and returned to Germany only as a traveller.

² The text reads *un cancer à la matrice*.

³ Personage in *Andromaque* of Racine.

to Monsieur, for I did not wish His Grace to learn the true state of things here; I never spoke of that in any letter. When Your Dilection came here, I hid nothing from you, but I hid everything from His Grace. . . . It would have troubled and saddened him.

It is a pity that we do not possess the answer of the Electress Sophie, who had a good head and a sharp tongue.

We should not overlook certain events of this period of moral distress. In July, 1693, Madame had the small-pox. She was in great danger, but kept her presence of mind, and fought against the doctors with her usual energy: "This princess," relates Sourches on July 7th, "according to her usual fancy, only employed sweat-producing powders, and continued to eat almost in the same way as though she had not been ill." On the 9th, Dangeau in his turn writes: "Madame has always taken iced drinks; keeps her windows open, and changes her linen four times a day; she refuses to be bled and will see no other physician than her own." She had scarcely recovered when she grew to be enormous, and her letters are full of descriptions of the prodigious ugliness of her whole person:

My fat is ill-placed, so that it is most unbecoming. My stomach is huge, so are my hips and shoulders, whereas the neck and bust are flat; not to put too fine a point upon it, I am hideous, but it is my good-fortune not to care a whit.¹ [So much for the figure; this for the face:] I have always been

¹ To the Electress Sophie, October 10, 1699.

more than plain and have become still more so since the small-pox. My waist is *monstreuse*¹ [monstrous] in size; I am as square as a playing dice. My skin is red, speckled with yellow; my hair is turning grey; it is pepper and salt; my forehead and my eyelids are all wrinkled, my nose is as crooked as ever, and, with it all *brodé* [embroidered] by the small-pox, as well as my two flat cheeks. I have a double chin, decayed teeth, the mouth spoiled, bigger and more wrinkled than ever; judge of my beautiful countenance.²

She now puffed as she walked. Yet, she remained the best horsewoman at the court of France. On April 15, 1696, she wrote to Frau von Harling:

In spite of my fat, I still hunt; the one difficulty is to find horses big enough to carry me. I am now, thank God, in perfect health; last Thursday, I hunted the wolf during six hours . . . after which I felt perfectly well. It is certain that nothing is better for the health.

The Dauphin was always willing to take her out hunting.

On December 7, 1697, the Duc de Bourgogne married Marie-Adélaïde of Savoy, daughter of Victor-Amédée II., and of Anne-Marie d'Orléans, second daughter of Monsieur and of his first wife.³ This marriage was a disappointment to Madame who wanted the Duc de Bourgogne for her daugh-

¹ The italicised words are in French in the original.

² To the Raugravine Louise, August 22, 1698.

³ Anne-Marie, called Mademoiselle, had married the Duke of Savoy in 1684. The Duchesse de Bourgogne was born December 6, 1685.

ter, but it was not disadvantageous to the House of Orleans, since Monsieur thus found himself grandfather to the future Queen of France. The little Duchesse de Bourgogne, though a mere child, —she was not eleven when she reached France, unfortunately guessed that Madame did not count and neglected her for those who did: "She is frightfully politic," wrote Madame,¹ "pays but little attention to her grandfather, scarcely looks at my son and at me, but, as soon as she sees Mme. de Maintenon, she smiles and runs to her with outstretched arms." That charming Duchesse de Bourgogne became still another thorn in the side of Liselotte.

The death of her uncle of Hanover, which happened on January 24, 1698, afflicted Madame on account of the Electress Sophie, but she was promptly consoled by the great affair of her daughter's marriage. Elisabeth Charlotte was verging upon old-maidenhood when the King accepted for her Léopold, Duc de Lorraine. In her mother's eyes this was merely a business transaction; Madame said of her son-in-law that he had not much sense, and not much money, but that at least his children could enter a chapter of Germany, which was more than those of the Duc de Chartres could do. Mademoiselle showed perfect content; she did not ask for much, and "was delighted to be freed from her mother's

¹ To Electress Sophie, November 8, 1696. The Duchesse de Bourgogne had arrived in France, October 16, 1696.

hard rule."¹ The ceremony took place by proxy on October 13, 1698, at Fontainebleau, in the presence of a crowd come to pay its respects, to the satisfaction of Madame:

Every body wept [wrote the latter to her Aunt Sophie]; the King, the King and Queen of England, all the princesses, all the members of the clergy, all the courtiers, even to the guards and the Swiss, all the ambassadors, all the people, in one word, every one shed bitter tears, with the exception of the Dauphin, who did not shed a single one, and looked upon everything as though he had been at the theatre.²

Mademoiselle left no regrets behind her: her mother had kept her so strictly that she was scarcely known; but the fashion in this respect was universal, and the Dauphin's dry eyes offended Madame: "If it had been out of common sense that he had not wept," said she "I should have approved . . . but it is because he has no heart and likes to see people sad and afflicted."³ It is curious that we always hear of the sensibility and torrents of tears of the Eighteenth century, and never of the Seventeenth.

At about this time, a change came to Monsieur which was full of consequences for Madame. This prince's health was giving way, and his confessor, rough Père du Trévou, did not miss an opportunity of repeating to him "that he should have a care, that he was old, worn out by debauchery, fat,

¹ Saint-Simon, ed. in 8°, vi., 5.

² October 15th.

³ To Electress Sophie, November 5, 1698.

short of neck, and that, according to every appearance, he would die of apoplexy—and that before long.”¹ Monsieur took to trembling violently at the thought of the devil, became pious, and dismissed his favourites. On the other hand, there was much coldness between him and the King. Louis XIV. had made him very fine promises for his son, at the time of the marriage, and had not kept them, fearing, that if he employed the Duc de Chartres in his campaigns, that brilliant soldier might put his bastards in the shade. Monsieur’s irritation brought about a better understanding with his wife, who had foretold what would happen. As he had need of her, he made advances, and peace re-entered that troubled household. This was a most important event for Liselotte. It is quite inexplicable that she made a mystery of this to her aunt and continued her complaints: “Monsieur is the same as ever. . . . He speaks softly to me; in appearance lives in peace with me; the truth is he cannot endure me, and does me as much harm with the King as does the scarecrow.”²

Such was the situation during the spring of 1701, when an unexpected accident threw Madame once more into difficulties. The War of the Spanish Succession was in preparation. The Duc de Chartres had not been able to obtain any employment and, discouraged, grew more and more dissipated. The King, who no longer understood

¹ Saint-Simon, ed. in 8°, viii., 313.

² To the Electress Sophie, April 19, 1701.

that a husband could be unfaithful reproached Monsieur with his son's follies. These reproaches were ill-received, but the King renewed them and found in his brother a timid man goaded to fury, beside himself, who, in a loud voice, with open doors, in a small room at Marly, said highly disagreeable things. The King, indignant, lost his temper and they quarrelled violently in the hearing of hundreds of attentive ears. Monsieur becoming more and more excited, the King resorted to menace. The announcement of dinner put an end to the scene. At table, it was noticed that Monsieur was very red in the face. This happened on June 8th.

On his return to Saint-Cloud, Monsieur found Madame scarcely recovered from a fever fit, and went to supper without her. In the midst of the meal, the prediction of Père du Trévou was accomplished: Monsieur was struck with apoplexy. He fell on his neighbour. He was carried off, and remedies used; all in vain. He did not recognise the King who, during the night, had hastened from Marly, and all the members of his family were obliged to leave the room, on account of the rule which forbids princes to look upon death. They were dispersed in the château, and Saint-Simon gives the impression of the public as to what Madame endured during the cruel waiting for the end: "Madame, however, was in her boudoir; she had never felt much affection or much respect for Monsieur, but she felt his loss and her own

downfall; she cried out in her sorrow: 'No convent! do not speak to me of a convent! I will have no convent.'"¹ And precisely, it was a convent that, on the King's part, was offered to her. She defended herself, discussed, negotiated, and finally obtained permission to remain at Versailles. But the future was menacing.

At about seven o'clock in the morning, with a trembling hand, she wrote this note to her Aunt Sophie: "It is the most unhappy of creatures who writes to Your Dilection. Monsieur had a stroke of apoplexy last evening at ten o'clock. He has entered into agony, and I am plunged in the greatest misfortune in the world." Between eight and nine, the King started back to Marly. At twelve, Monsieur expired, and Madame at once got into her coach. She took the road to Versailles in a very troubled state of mind. Monsieur, even when they quarrelled, was a protection against Mme. de Maintenon, whom he could not endure: "It was not the favour she enjoyed which wounded him," explained Saint-Simon; "but the fact that the widow Scarron had become his sister-in-law; that thought was insupportable to him."² Monsieur gone, who would protect Madame? What was to become of her?

IV

Help came to Madame from the most unexpected quarter: "Mme. de Maintenon caused my

¹ Ed. in 8°, viii., 327.

² Ed. in 8°, viii., 346.

son to tell me that this would be a favourable moment for me to be reconciled to the King.”¹ Louis XIV. was moved; she must hasten to profit by it. “Thereupon,” pursued Madame, “I fell to thinking and remembered how often Your Dilection had advised me to be reconciled with this lady. I therefore begged the Duc de Noailles to tell her from me that I was touched by the friendship she had shown me in my misfortune, that I begged her to come and see me, since I could not go out. Which she did yesterday at six o’clock.” Mme. de Ventadour was present at the interview.

According to Saint-Simon, who pretends having it from first sources, Mme. de Maintenon presented herself in an official character, as sent by the King to communicate to a subject in disgrace the “real reasons” of the royal displeasure:

Beside the quarrel between the King and Monsieur in which Madame had her common share, there was another and a more serious one concerning her and the King, who had seen her letters to Germany, in which she spoke very ill of him. He was all the more outraged that Mme. de Maintenon was mixed in it and one saw *combien cette princesse était Allemande et peu Française*² [“how entirely this princess was German and not French”].

The indiscretions of Madame, not to use a stronger word, were the principal theme of the conversation. As she endeavoured to deny the accusations,

¹ To the Electress Sophie, June 12, 1701.

² Addition by Dangeau for June 12, 1701. Saint-Simon made a mistake in placing the interview on the 12th; it took place on the 11th.

Mme. de Maintenon drew from her pocket a letter stopped at the post-office, and she was forced to give in: this letter announced the irremediable ruin of France. The mortification was a bitter one. With burning tears she was forced to implore her pardon through the channel of an abhorred enemy, who took advantage of the opportunity politely to complain of Madame's insults. Finally the two women embraced, and Mme. de Maintenon promised a reconciliation with the King, who, in fact, consented to blot out the past.¹ This narrative agrees with all that is known outside of it. It will be well to compare it with Madame's own version.

The day after the interview, she wrote to her aunt how haughtily she had treated that little weed of a Mme. de Maintenon: "I . . . requested her friendship. I acknowledged . . . that I had been angry with her, for I fancied she hated me and had deprived me of the King's good graces . . . but that I was willing to forget the past, on condition that she became my friend."² The tables are turned; here, it is Mme. de Maintenon who has to be pardoned. The rest is on the same pattern; the affair of the letters turns to the honour of Liselotte, whom Louis XIV. finally "begged to forget the past." The whole account is full of crying improbabilities. The natural desire to play the fine rôle in the eyes of Germany induced Madame to

¹ Cf. the *Mémoires* of Saint-Simon, ed. in 8°, viii., 349 and following.

² June 12, 1701.

write a romance, and no one will greatly blame her; but it should no longer be forgotten, in reading her correspondence, that with her certain considerations take precedence of truth.

In another of Madame's letters, we go back to real life, which is much less flattering to Palatinate pride. The King, after the death of his father, showered graces and pensions upon the Duc de Chartres. He was his son-in-law, and then, the King was not without remorse; he was not sure that he had not been instrumental in bringing on the apoplexy of Monsieur by their violent outbreak at Marly. Madame wrote to Mme. de Maintenon:

Had I not had some fever and serious vapors, . . . you would have sooner had news of me; but I cannot refrain from telling you how touched I am at the graces granted yesterday to my son by the King, and by his behaviour toward him and toward me. As this is the consequence of your good advice, Madame, allow me to assure you how sensible I am of it, and that I shall inviolably hold to the friendship which I promised you. I beg you to continue giving me advice and counsels and never to doubt my gratitude, which can end only with my life.¹

This letter is in harmony with Saint-Simon's version.

In the midst of all these emotions, mourning had to be adopted, a serious affair in those days, and especially trying during the heat. Madame has described her widow's weeds:

¹ June 15, 1701. In French in the original, *Correspondance générale de Mme. de Maintenon*, iv., 436.

[June 26, 1701.] Yesterday, I had to receive the King and Queen of England in ceremony and in an absurd costume. I had a white band over the forehead; over the band a cap, tied under the chin; over the cap a *cornette*¹ [a head-dress], above that a linen veil, pinned to the shoulders, and forming a train seven ells long; on my body, a long gown of black cloth with sleeves falling on the wrists and trimmed with *hermine*, two hands wide; another band of *hermine*, of the same width, going from the collar to the bottom of the skirt; a sash of black crepon falling in front to the floor, and an ermine train seven ells in length. In this apparel, I was stretched on a black bed, in a black room where the floor was covered with black and the windows draped with black, my train well spread out with the *hermine* on the top. In the room, were a great candelabra with twelve lighted candles, ten or twelve more candles on the mantelpiece.

Saint-Simon reproaches Madame with having taken etiquette too lightly, having shown herself "everywhere without a cloak, without a band, which, according to her gave her a headache."² Saint-Simon speaks of what he knows nothing; during the month of August, and covered with furs, the temptation to lighten the burden must have been irresistible.

While these incidents took place at Versailles, the German family discreetly rejoiced at the apoplexy which had liberated Princess Liselotte from a hostile husband and insupportable slavery. From Electress Sophie to Raugravine Louise:

[July 10, 1701.] Madame's good heart causes her to grieve,

¹ The italicised words are in French in the original.

² *Mémoires*, ed. in 8°, viii., 362.

for, when the heart is good one always feels *sympathie*¹ for a man who is the father of one's children. On the other hand, it would not seem that the late Monsieur felt much *amitié* [friendship] for Madame, since he did not mention her in his will.²

This was true. On June 12th, the King had gone to Madame so as to open Monsieur's will. This prince made his son residuary legatee. He left some legacies to his daughters and to his granddaughter, the Duchesse de Bourgogne; Madame was not mentioned. The will was dated 1699.

On July 31st, there was a new letter from the Electress to Louise:

. . . As to what concerns Madame, I, like you, hope that Her Dilection may be happier than heretofore, for the King and Mme. de Maintenon, who according to me are one and the same, are very good to her, and it is said that Monsieur rendered her many ill offices at the *instigation* of his *petits-mâîtres*, for at bottom he was an excellent man. Madame's kindly nature induces her to think only of his good *qualités* [good traits].

Here, again, the Electress shows herself to be well-informed. However the interview with Mme. de Maintenon may have come about, the reconciliation between Liselotte and the King had been sincere. Madame's testimony is explicit:

[June 19.] The King did me the grace to visit me again

¹ The italicised words are in French in the original.

² *Publicationen aus den K. Preussischen Staatsarchiven: Briefe der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover an die Raugrafinnen*, etc. (Leipzig, 1888.)

and was most kind; Mme. de Maintenon had arrived before him and was also very friendly. . . . [July 14.] I receive the greatest consolations from the King. . . . [July 21.] Mme. de Maintenon continues most gracious, and I am well pleased with her; if she continues, I shall certainly remain her friend. I am puzzled to understand the cause of this change.

To Louise, July 29th: "My greatest consolation is the King's favour, which continues. His Majesty . . . took me out driving with him."

Madame, very feminine in this, had found the solitude of her home insupportable, from the day when the rules of mourning, and not her fancy, condemned her to live a "hermit's life." Gallantly Louis XIV. came to her rescue. "He wishes," notes Dangeau, July 27th "that Madame should share in all the court's doings; he says that here she is with her family, and so must live as do the others, and not be a recluse." It was the King who forced her to assist at a hunt, alone with him, in a light carriage drawn by four little swift horses that he himself drove: Mme. de Maintenon followed in another carriage. We can imagine Liselotte's intense joy, as she drove under the green arcade of trees, as in the radiant days of her youth, with the prince who still occupied so large a place in her thoughts. It was again the King who, knowing how greatly she missed the theatre, caused her to be invited by Mme. de Maintenon to see in that lady's apartments, a "holy tragedy" played by amateurs, where Madame had the pleasure of

"weeping like a mad thing"¹ and of admiring her son as King David.

Electress Sophie and the Raugravines wondered that she should still be at the court of France. They had fancied, with her letters under their eyes, that Liselotte, now free, would have had but one thought: fly from that odious world; and her conduct puzzled them. Why had she made a mystery of her reconciliation with Monsieur? Why had she continued to complain of him and his minions? A month after her widowhood, without any preparation or explanation, she wrote to her Aunt Sophie: ["July 7th.] Had Monsieur lived, I might have led a peaceful life; I had succeeded in making myself feared by his favourites, the poor man was turning to piety; he had reformed and did me no more harm."² She repeated this same information, with slight variations, to several correspondents. For example: "During that last three years, he had come back to me so entirely that his favourites could no longer harm me, and to please him I had become entirely reconciled with them."³ Or again, long afterwards: "Three or four years before the death of Monsieur, my husband, to please him, I became reconciled with the Chevalier de Lorraine. Since then, the Chevalier gave me

¹ Letter of February 5, 1702 to Philip V., King of Spain. The play was called *Absalon, tragédie sainte* by Duché de Vancy. It was represented on January 14th.

² Jæglé, i., 242. Suppressed in the German version.

³ Letter written in French, undated, to Duke Antoine-Ulrich of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel (ed. of Stuttgart, vii., 583).

no cause of complaint.”¹ And so forth. Why not have said so at the time?

The reconciliation with Monsieur did not prevent the court of France from being peopled with wicked and perverse persons who made of it an intolerable place for an honest German. What kept Madame from flying from it? The Raugravine “Amelisse” ventured a question which was ill received: “[July 15, 1701.] I have certainly never contemplated” replied Madame rather drily, “going to a convent. Convent life is not to my taste.” She had a better solution, had she chosen to leave Versailles. Her marriage contract conferred upon her, in the case of her widowhood “the château of Montargis, furnished as became her station, as habitation during her life.”² A lordly residence within fifteen leagues of Fontainebleau, a well-wooded country, full of big game, perfect liberty, an uncontested superiority, the pleasure of forming a centre, like the Grande Mademoiselle at the time of her exile at Saint-Fargeau, and lastly, crowning it all, the joy of cutting down her expenses and of living at her ease: it was the very thing for Liselotte and henceforth she could no longer incriminate the court of France without being answered from Germany that she had better go to Montargis.

She always had some reason at hand for not going there. In 1704, on April 21, she wrote to her aunt:

¹ March 31, 1716. *Fragments de lettres originales*, ii., 129.

² A. N., K., 552.

I possess no other house than that of my dowry, the old château of Montargis; but it is a three or four days' journey from here. Were I to live there, I should be left in my corner, I should lead the wearisome life of a country lady, and enjoy no *considération*. That would not suit me and I prefer to drag out my days here, though I am not among the elect and am not admitted into the holy of holies.

She called the "holy of holies" the closet of Louis XIV., where this prince, since his conversion, virtuously ended his evenings with his family. Madame did not know that she had been banished from it at the instance of the Duchesse de Bourgogne and of the other young princesses, whom she terrified by her mania for telling them home truths in public, and she made Mme. de Maintenon responsible for it. This indeed was one of her great causes of complaint against this lady, for nothing touched her more to the quick, not even her exclusion from the royal hunts.

In Germany, one was also surprised to hear that Liselotte was poorer than ever. She had so often repeated that she was badly off through the fault of Monsieur, who refused to give her chemises so as to squander all the household money on his favourites, that it was expected she would be a rich widow. "Amelisse" had even, on that subject, repeated some gossip which displeased Madame; it was necessary, for her peace, that she should be looked upon as penniless, and she wrote to Louise:

[July 15, 1701.] Amelisse has been very ill-informed to

think that I am well provided for. As I have no taste for lamentations, I hold my peace; I content myself with adding that this year 80,000 francs will be lacking for the joining of the two ends; my household is deficient in many necessary things, without speaking of what will be left over for my ease and pleasures.

The Raugravines had experienced a false joy; widowhood had not made Liselotte fonder of giving.

The truth was that Madame, once her affairs were straightened out, found herself very rich. This, her son had attended to. She had her dowry rights to exercise; the Duc d'Orléans showed himself most generous, so that what with her dowry, her income of 40,000 livres, the money she had inherited from her father or her brother, and the "donations of the King," Liselotte would have had ill grace to grumble. All Versailles knew the exact amount of her revenues on January 2, 1702, by one of those officious communications, come one knew not whence, and which was one of the characteristics of the court of Louis XIV. Dangeau notes in his *Journal*:

The affairs of Madame and the Duc d'Orléans are entirely settled. This prince has proved most generous; he gives Madame more than she could have claimed. She is to have 200,000 livres a year, and the King gives her, as during the lifetime of Monsieur, 250,000 livres, and, besides, important New-Year's gifts. Thus Madame will enjoy a revenue of 450,000 livres.

The mother and son were to divide what was to come from the Palatinate, out of the famous

affair of the freeholds,¹ still pending in Rome; but, that which might have been a goodly morsel, was dissipated in smoke. It will be remembered that the Pope had been chosen as umpire, and that there was to have been a division made between what was to go to Madame out of the succession of her father the Elector Carl-Ludwig, and that which was to go with the Palatinate to the Electors of the new branch. The suit was adjudicated on February 18, 1702, and Madame lost it. She claimed lands which would have made her a sort of sovereign; the sentence of Clement XI. "reduced her pretensions to the receiving from the Elector of the Palatinate 300,000 Roman crowns deducting from that sum what she had already received from that prince,"² and said deduction ended everything: she had already received more than the Pope allowed her. "Nothing will come to me," she concluded in one of her letters to her sisters and she improved the occasion by bemoaning her poverty: "Had I gained, that would have put me in a good situation, whereas now I have barely enough to hold my rank. . . . Had I had large revenues, I should have been highly considered."³ The poor Raugravines, eternally unlucky, eternally in want, understood, and asked for nothing.

¹ See 236.

² Saint-Simon, ed. in 8°, x., 127. Dangeau says the same things, almost in the same words.

³ Letters to the Raugravines of the 8th, and 22d of April, 1702.

At this moment, when we take leave of her, Princess Liselotte held her fate in her own hands. The little court of Monsieur, so hateful and so dangerous, had disappeared with him; there were no more wicked tricks or treacheries. The King had renewed his friendship toward his sister-in-law, who, appeased and happy, deeply enjoyed their newly found intimacy. From Mme. de Maintenon she had received services which had silenced her, and she was determined not to compromise her peace by imprudence: "[July 7, 1701.] Your Dilection," wrote she to Electress Sophie, "can well understand that I shall do my best to preserve the favour of the King, and the friendship of Mme. de Maintenon." Will Madame really do her best, and for how long a time? Will she impose silence to her jealousy and resign herself not to occupy the first place in the King's affections? This is what we shall soon find out.

CHAPTER VI¹

EPILOGUE: LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS
XIV.—SOLITUDE AND WEARINESS—THE REGENCY
—ISOLATION—SADNESS—DEATH

AFTER their reconciliation, Madame abstained during five months and sixteen days, from attacking Madame de Maintenon. By November 27, 1701, she could stand it no longer. She wrote to the Electress Sophie: "In a general way I am well treated; in reality, I am nowhere welcome." Madame had called upon Mme. de Maintenon and had not been admitted; other and repeated experiences of the same kind showed her that her society was not greatly desired. The King remained very kind, but sought her less and less; when she desired to speak with him, he, before every one, would soon send her away, while others, more favoured, never wearied him. In 1703, March 27th, Dangeau notes in his *Journal*: "The King, after mass, went stag-hunting; the Duchesse de Bourgogne was with him in the light carriage and Madame alone in a coach." The same remark is repeated several times, and on August 9th Dangeau states with greater precision that: "The King hunted the

¹ This chapter has been composed with the help of notes and documents left by Madame Arvède Barine.—L. B.

stag after dinner; Madame who was wont to take part in these hunts was in a little open carriage different from that of the King and she always follows him." Madame, in a state of irritation, wrote:

My presence must have been rendered odious to the King, for he is prevented from being alone with me a single instant. At Marly, His Majesty allows me to follow him out hunting, for there, each one has a private carriage; but here [at Versailles] twice the King went without me because he would have been forced to take me in his carriage. I confess that this contempt hurt me a little at first, but I have made up my mind to it.

The truth was that she had not easily resigned herself. Whence came this estrangement? Did she weary the King? That was possible. The King had become very hard to amuse and on her side Madame was becoming an old lady full of whims, with a fancy for dogs, birds—and perfumes. In reality, the lack of sympathy on Mme. de Maintenon's part kept up around the two women an atmosphere of latent hostility or at any rate of crabbed coldness. Outwardly, they seemed to be on pretty good terms: "I am treated neither well nor ill" wrote Madame, February 28, 1703. "But no one wants me. I live apart. I have done my best to behave toward the King and Mme. de Maintenon like all the rest of the royal family. Since this is not acceptable, I must be resigned." Ought she to pay court to this "creature"? She was not enough of a "flatterer"

for that. "It is too difficult an art for me," she declared, "and one which could not be learned on the heights of Heidelberg; for that, one should be born in France or Italy."

Only, by degrees, this coldness turned to bitterness: "It is evident that my society has been represented as a bugbear," wrote she, and from February 28, 1703, she adopted once more her old expression of "Maintenon" instead of Mme. de Maintenon: this was the first time since the reconciliation; old habits reappeared and became more marked every day. This woman "hates me" said she to the Raugravines in 1707, "she hates me frightfully; it is an implacable aversion toward me and my son"; and she accused "Maintenon" of caring only for those "who gave her money"; if Mme. de Maintenon was angry with her it was because she had tried to dissuade the King "from committing the folly of making her Queen." Little by little the abusive expressions reappeared: the "old woman; our greatest enemy," the "nuisance," the "old swipe."

Evidently that which, in the eyes of Madame, most contributed to render a reconciliation impossible, was the affection of Mme. de Maintenon for the Duchesse de Bourgogne. The Duchesse de Bourgogne had taken near Louis XIV. the place of Liselotte, who had been pushed aside. It was she who now jumped into the carriage drawn by the little black horses; she who was admitted into the "Holy of Holies" and who

filled Mme. de Maintenon's small apartment with her sallies and laughter to which her graceful youth gave so much charm. Madame, soured and irritated, was convinced that both of these women who had taken possession of the King's heart feared that any return of favour to herself would injure the little Duchesse in the King's eyes. She wrote: "Maintenon fears that I may supplant the Duchesse de Bourgogne; that is why she keeps me away by all means in her power." Mme. de Maintenon, reserved and prudent by nature, knew how to hide her machinations, but the giddy little Duchesse showed all that she felt, and thus left but little doubt as to the real motives of both women. The Duchesse de Bourgogne was cold and distant toward Madame; she would remain fifteen days without speaking to her; contenting herself with bowing ceremoniously. On other occasions, she indulged in more open hostilities: "Every day she treats me rudely," wrote Madame, "at the King's table, she causes my favourite dishes to be whisked away from under my nose; when I go to see her, she looks at me over her shoulder, does not address a word to me, and, with her ladies, turns me into ridicule." Assuredly "Maintenon" hoped for some explosion which might serve as a pretext for exiling the King's sister-in-law to Montargis. Besides, it was very evident that, were the King to die, "she would be sent to her dower-house, where she would be left penniless."

To Madame, it was therefore an unquestionable fact that the Duchesse de Bourgogne was jealous of her. When the King was gracious toward his sister-in-law, Madame noticed with indignation that the Duchesse changed colour. Madame would glare at the Princess and intimidate her. Could the Duchesse de Bourgogne, the idol of the King and of Mme. de Maintenon, the joy and pride of the French court, be jealous of Madame, who was but a poor, ugly old woman! And yet of this Madame never doubted; she noted how froward the Duchesse was with her; she was determined, however, not to say anything to her, because this young creature was adored by the King and Mme. de Maintenon. But she would not often visit her and if asked the reason for this she would bluntly give it.

Neglected by the King, kept at a distance by Mme. de Maintenon, hated by the Duchesse de Bourgogne, Madame had nothing for it but to shrink back into her shell: this meant moral solitude, then isolation. Her temper suffered from it. She slowly sank into sadness, gave up all hope of happiness, saw the world through a veil of melancholy, and lost every gleam of pleasure. Nothing diverted her. "I am weary of all things," wrote she. Even when she refused to confess that she was a prey to misanthropy, she yet acknowledged that she could no longer be amused. From Marly, June 17, 1706, she wrote: "I am not low-spirited, but I can no longer laugh to my

heart's content, as I used to do, and the occasions for laughter here are rare: everything is serious." She added: "I no longer like to play, luckily, for I am not rich enough to play as do others of my rank and I should have no pleasure in small stakes." Court gossip and intrigues no longer interested her; she kept out of quarrels, taking part neither for one nor for the other, indifferent to the cabals of pious persons or of their adversaries. To the Raugravine, she said: "If you knew, dear Louise, how things come to pass here, you would no longer wonder that I should live in solitude. I neither can nor will play and no one goes where there are no card tables. Conversation is no longer the fashion; people are so full of suspicion and fear of their neighbours that they fight shy of each other." Her life went on until the end of the reign, with the same daily routine imposed by court etiquette, the wearisome duties, always the same, and ever irksome. She wrote to Louise¹:

I generally rise at nine; I say my prayers, after which I read three chapters of the Bible, one from the Old Testament, a psalm, and a chapter of the New Testament. Then I dress. While my hair is being put up, courtiers enter. At eleven, I return to my boudoir, I read or write unless I have visits. If people come in, I converse with them until twelve, when I go to church. On my return I dine at one. I generally remain three-quarters of an hour at table, which is a great bore, for I know nothing more displeasing than to eat alone, surrounded by people who

¹ *Lettres de Madame*, ed. Brunet, vol. i., p. 145.

stare you in the face. I have been here forty-three years, and I have not yet grown accustomed to these unpleasant meals. After dinner, I return to my boudoir; I rest for about half an hour, then I read or write until it is time to go to sup with the King. In the evening, the ladies pay visits. During the afternoon, ladies come and play at cards until nine o'clock close to my table; sometimes I look on; sometimes Madame d'Orléans comes at nine o'clock; at a quarter to ten my son enters and we go together to the King's supper. We take our places at table to await his arrival. It is sometimes half-past ten when he makes his appearance; we wait him standing or sitting, without uttering a word. After supper, we go to the King's room; we remain standing as long as it would take to recite a *Pater*; after which the King bows and goes into his closet where we follow him [Madame only did so after the death of the Dauphine]; there, the King converses; at half-past eleven he takes leave of us and we retire to our rooms. I then go to bed.

In this artificial life, Madame felt herself isolated; she had no associates; she was not in sympathy with any one; she had no "intimacy" with a living soul; she remained as polite as she knew how to be; people bowed low before her—and that was all.

No wonder that she was not happy! She wrote to Louise¹: "I can keep well, but as to being happy, that is quite another matter. I am so accustomed to sadness, that I bear it better than others do; with me, sorrow has been like poison to Mithridates." And the same idea constantly reappears in her correspondence, with

¹ March 8, 1705, *Lettres de Madame*, ed. Jaeglé, ii., 23.

eternal complaints, moans, and regrets. All things wounded and irritated her. April 19, 1715, she wrote: "I am to-day as cross and disagreeable as a bug." The King had just given a pension of 40,000 francs to Mme. des Ursins, the odious friend of Mme. de Maintenon, who dared to propagate abominable accusations against the son of Madame, the future Regent: "Such injustice disgusts me with the court."

If she was disgusted with the court, why did she not leave it? Had she not declared that her German nature was ill-fitted for the manners of Versailles, and had she not found twenty occasions for applying to herself what she had repeated to an Elector who visited the court in 1711: "An Elector in this place is a fish out of water"?¹ Of this she was convinced, but at the same time she shrank from the misery of loneliness and from the lamentable distress of a high-born woman reduced to the state of a neglected private person. She wrote:

I have the example of the aunt of my late husband, of the late dowager Madame who had been forced to live in Paris like a bourgeoisie; she could scarcely get people to wait upon her. I have no house in Paris. I should have to live in my dower-house, where I should see no one; not a single person of quality would visit me. I should die of hunger and thirst. Here, unless one shows one self one is forgotten.

She could apply to herself what she had said to

¹ *Journal de Torcy*, ed. Masson, 1884, p. 335.

the Elector: "A princess away from the court is a fish out of water." In spite of her disappointments and her sadness, in spite of her monotonous life, no gold, no treasures would have induced her to leave that Versailles which was her torment and her life. April 20, 1709, she wrote to the Raugravine: "My dear Louise. The last and most stupid thing one can do is to die; the later death comes, the better." In truth, so it was to her with regard to court life.

And yet, God knows, the sky was becoming darker each day. The terrible days of Louis XIV. had come with their accompanying sorrows, their repeated and cruel defeats and humiliations. On the battle-fields the generals were beaten so grievously as to humble the King's pride. In Italy, in Germany, in Flanders, Turin, Hochstedt, Ramillies represented so many bloody disasters; and the coalition against Louis XIV. dared to propose a peace which it knew beforehand that France, if it had not given up all dignity, must refuse: requiring the King to abandon his grandson, Philip V. of Spain, to declare war against him and to dethrone him with his own hands. It must be said to the honour of Madame that she keenly felt the insult. If it be true that she had remained German, it would seem that on this occasion her long residence in France had given her some sort of patriotism, unless indeed these ardent sentiments were merely inspired by her affection for Louis XIV. She wrote, June 15, 1709:

Last Years of Louis XIV.'s Reign 317

The propositions of the Allies are barbarous! Rather let us die than accept them; I do not know how any one could have conceived them or imagined that our King would accept them. It is said: Pride brings a fall; and so I trust that the insolence of Lord Marlborough and Prince Eugène may be punished. This latter should remember that France is his country and that he was born the King's subject. I am much angered against him that he should have prevented peace, not out of concern for the general interest, but for his own.

Eight days later, she took up the same theme: "To think of pitting a grandfather against his own grandson, and one who had always shown himself dutiful and submissive. It is barbarous and unchristian!" And she repeated: "It is impossible that we should have peace with the barbarous conditions proposed to our King, and that saddens me greatly."

Then came the horrible misery of 1709: the treasury was empty and money was so rare that Louis XIV. and his courtiers sent their plate to the Mint:

The King has sent all his gold plate to the Mint [wrote Madame], magnificent golden dishes, inlaid with diamonds and rubies, a napkin-rack of rare workmanship. Everything has been melted. This greatly disturbs me. Together with the other objects was a beautiful crown studded with diamonds. Many of the lords at Court have sent their silver plate to the King and will only eat out of earthenware. The Comte de Toulouse sent to the Mint plate worth 200,000 francs; the Duc de Gramont, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, M. de Chamillart, the Duchesse de Lude, Mme. de Maintenon have done as much.

But in this emergency Madame was scarcely up to the mark; she followed her son's example: "My son has sent all his gold plate and a part of his silver—but not all." She went farther, and gave nothing. "I shall not follow the general example" wrote she "I have too little plate to make it worth while." Out of prudence, she consented to make a concession: "So that it may not be said that I brave the King, I shall no longer eat on gold plates; I use silver, and nothing but silver is seen on my table." She added piteously: "This unlucky war is a horrible thing, especially as the end of it is not in sight; one hears nothing but complaints, and one sees nothing but sorrowful faces."

Added to all these miseries, there was the terrible winter of 1709. The writers of the day have left numberless details as to the sufferings occasioned by the bitter cold. Madame herself, who by temperament had strength enough to bear the woes of others with great philosophy, this time was moved. "In my life I never saw so wretched a period," wrote she, "or one more worthy of pity. When one goes to Paris, one sees people dying of starvation in the streets. Every one laments over bread which costs eight sols a pound. I am overcome by all these sad things of which one hears unceasingly." Elsewhere, she related that "The famine is so frightful that one, literally, sees people fall down from starvation and die; there is but one long complaint and wail from the highest to the low-

est." . . . "As soon as one goes from home, one is surrounded by bands of starving poor. . . . Everything has to be paid for in bills; there is no money anywhere." The exceptional frost had destroyed the harvests. In her large rooms at Versailles, Madame shivered. She said: "The cold is so pitiless that I can hardly give an idea of it. I sit by a roaring fire; there are screens before the doors, I wear fur about my neck, my feet are in a bag made of a bear's skin and I shake with the cold so that I can hardly hold my pen." The roads had become impassable. People fell down, stricken by congestion, and the parish of Saint-Paul, alone, had, it was said, more than ninety funerals a day. The spectacle was lamentable. There were extraordinary stories told of horses frozen to death, of heart-rending distress. Madame wrote:

A poor woman stole a loaf at market. The baker ran after her. She burst into tears, saying: "If you knew my misery, you would not take it from me. I have three little naked children, without fire or bread. They cry with hunger. I could not endure it any longer, that is why I stole this loaf." The magistrate to whom she had been taken said: "Be careful as to what you say, for I mean to accompany you." And he did. On entering the room, he saw three little children, covered only with a few rags, huddled together and shivering. He asked the eldest: "Where is your father?" The child answered: "Behind the door." The magistrate went to see what the man was doing behind the door. He had hanged himself. Famine, the sufferings from the cold, exceptionally high mortality,

everything made of this period one of the saddest I have seen since I came into the world [said Madame].

Besides, personal sorrows soon overtook her.

Her correspondents, her friends, her dearest relatives, all disappeared one after the other. Frau von Harling had died in 1702. The old Abbess of Maubuisson, that aunt whom Madame visited from time to time at her convent, passed away, at the age of 86, February, 1709. Five months later, it was the turn of "Amelisse." But the most cruel loss Madame sustained was that of the Electress Sophie, in June, 1714. She wrote to the Raugravine Louise, July 1st:

The misfortune was announced to me by my confessor. I was taken with a fit of trembling such as high fever occasions and I became as pale as death. I certainly was a quarter of an hour without tears, but my breath gave out, I gasped; then I wept copiously for a day and a night. I am amazed at not having fallen ill.

She, to the end, wore mourning for her whom she had so loved. She said: "As long as I live, I shall not forget her; her memory will inspire me with veneration as long as I am able to think." She constantly alluded to "that dear Electress who was my only consolation in my numerous sorrows; when I had complained to her and received her answer, I was quite consoled. All now is ended." Madame lost all taste for life through the death of the faithful confidant of her most intimate thoughts, and she, also, wished to die.

The repeated and sudden deaths in the royal family, which so tragically startled the court of France, contributed more than all else, after the deceptions of the war and the sufferings of the winter of 1709, to darken the end of the reign. The death of the Grand Dauphin in 1711 was the first act of the tragedy. Saint-Simon has described the state of things at Versailles during the night when the unexpected death of the heir to the throne was made known, and shows Madame, "in her court dress, coming in howling, inundating all the members of the family with her tears as she embraced them, making the palace ring with her renewed cries." Liselotte was quite as much moved the following year by the disappearance of the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne. She mourned for them bitterly. Alas! one of the reasons of her sorrow was the criminal accusation which people did not scruple to fling at her son with regard to these inexplicable deaths. She wrote to the Raugravine, April 7, 1712:

Great God! My dear Louise, what a miserable and sad life I have led for the last six weeks; within three weeks to lose the amiable Dauphine, her pious husband, and their dear little boy was already pitiful enough, but that my son should so have been caluminated, cuts me to the heart still more cruelly, as you well can imagine.

On May 5, 1712, she again speaks of "the sorrow caused by the frightful calumnies uttered against my innocent son."

It was not without cause that she looked upon

the end of the reign as sad and dismal. Under the crushing weight of his reverses, the King remained perpetually "grave and silent." All imitated him. To Louise, Madame wrote from Marly, July 10, 1714:

I live in this court like a hermit; I never remain in the drawing-room where all assemble; I never play; I am all the time in my room, where I read and write; my only joy, my only happiness, and my only consolation consisted in writing to my aunt, the Electress, and that, alas! is over; think what my life now is!

She had yet one sorrow to endure, and the most cruel of all, the King's death.

She had always loved him; she loved him still. To those who spoke to her of a supposed weakening of that prince's mental powers, she answered sharply: "These are abominable lies; our King is not at all in his dotage; his excellent understanding thank God! is as clear as ever. I am much more in second childhood than he, for I am completely losing my memory." The last illness of the great King whom she so admired upset her terribly. She wrote, August 27, 1715, four days before the end:

My dear Louise, though my sorrow is so violent that I scarcely know what I am doing, I must yet answer your dear letter. Yesterday, we assisted at the saddest and most touching of spectacles. Our dear King after preparing himself for death and receiving the last sacraments, sent for the little Dauphin. He gave the child his blessing and talked to him: then he caused the Duchesse de Berry,

me, and all his other daughters and grandchildren to be sent for. He took leave of me with words so tender that I do not understand how I kept from fainting. He assured me that he had always felt great affection for me, more even than I could imagine, that he regretted having sometimes hurt my feelings; he asked me to think of him sometimes, which he was sure I would do, as he was persuaded that I had always been attached to him; that now that he was dying, he gave me his blessing and prayed for my happiness all through my life. I threw myself on my knees, took his hand, and kissed it; he embraced me. He then spoke to the others; he told them that he recommended them to be united; I thought this was addressed to me; I said that in this as in all things I should obey His Majesty. He turned around, laughing, and said: "That was not intended for you; I know you have no need for it as you are very reasonable. I say it for the other princesses." You can imagine in what a state all this has put me. The King shows a courage which no words can express; he gives orders to everyone as though he were only on the eve of a journey.

In her great sorrow, Madame affirmed that it would be impossible for her to survive Louis XIV., she said:

I shall be the first of the Royal House to follow the King, on account of my age and because as soon as he has died, the young King will be taken to Vincennes, and all of us will go to Paris where the air so disagrees with me; most likely, I shall fall ill . . . my head whirls with much weeping, and the end must come. I am sad to the very depths of my soul.

After the King's death, it came to pass that Madame's son was made Regent and that she

herself became one of the most important personages of the State. To tell the truth, it was to her a most agreeable surprise. This, her correspondence proves: she no longer spoke of following Louis XIV. to the grave. She wrote to Louise: "Our late King died last Sunday, at half-past eight in the morning. As you can well imagine, I had many visits to receive and to make, and many letters to read and write." This is somewhat dry. In the following letters, she expatiated on the misery of being ill-lodged in Paris, where the air was so bad, and on the annoyance of visits and solicitations; she spoke much of herself, very little of the defunct. She found that the change had been advantageous to her and for the moment did not regret the past. Unfortunately this old lady, much given to complaining, had adopted a sort of pessimism which it was not easy to shake off. Very soon, the complaints recommenced.

At first, she denied that she took any pleasure in her son's position as head of the government. She wrote to Louise, October 8, 1715, five weeks after the advent of Louis XV.: "I am too well acquainted with the court and the town to rejoice that my son should be Regent." As a pretext for this detachment, she alleged the grave pre-occupation which the lamentable situation of France gave her: "The task my son has undertaken is no light one, for everything is in a sorry condition; it will require a long time to set things to rights once more. In consequence, I foresee

nothing agreeable either for him or for me and my son must look only for hatred and envy." She greatly feared the enmities to which the Regent was subjected:

All over the town more than twenty bills have been posted, calumniating him, and the dukes and peers have tried to get up a cabal against him in the Parliament, but as he is greatly loved by the Parliament, by the people, and by the troops, all that they gained was the shame of having shown him their ill-will. I am very sorry that my son should have so many enemies, for it is impossible when one possesses so much power to content everybody. Who knows what it will all bring!

She loved her son; she believed him to possess every quality; she found him "eloquent," generous. Had he not come to her saying that he considered her revenues insufficient and that he would add to them 150,000 francs a year? "He has made me rich," she said. Unlike Saint-Simon who represented the Regent as indolent, she told all her correspondents that he worked most unremittingly: "My son works from seven in the morning until nine at night, without eating or drinking; he merely takes a cup of chocolate." And elsewhere: "Friday, he held a Council of Finance which lasted eight hours and afterwards he worked with different ministers until midnight. All things are in so deplorable a state that ten years will be required to re-establish some sort of order." All this was alarming and, in fact, she was alarmed: "I am

worried about my son; he is killing himself with work."

It was not only with work that he was killing himself, but also with other excesses. The man whom Louis XIV. had called a "braggart of vice," now that he had become free and pretty well the master of France, indulged his natural tastes more and more freely. Madame herself was forced to acknowledge this: "He does not take the trouble to hide his debauchery," groaned she. But as she had never interfered in such matters during the reign of the late King, perhaps out of spite toward her hated daughter-in-law, she could scarcely, now that her son was Regent and no longer young, try to reason with him. But the truth was that she was in despair; so much so that she did not, for her son's sake, wish for the death of Louis XV., which would have given the throne to the Duc d'Orléans. Perhaps, at first, she had thought of this but not for long. She wrote: "It would be unjust to wish for the death of the young King¹ simply because it might be for the advantage of my son. God keep me from any such barbarous sentiments, which I look upon as a sin. Could I live to see the young King a husband and father, I should not repine." The first gratification at seeing her son in his high position was soon dimmed and then disappeared. The lamentations of Liselotte, grown old and disenchanted, became more frequent than ever.

¹ *Leben und Character*, Schultz, p. 143.

Had she hoped to play her part in politics and had she been requested to remain passive? Had the Ministers, foreseeing her interference, taken pains to discourage her beforehand? One is tempted to think so. On October 12, 1715, she informed Herr von Harling that she would never ask anything of the Ministers and that she could only speak to her son. But even her son did not seem disposed to submit to her influence. She then made up her mind to declare publicly that she would take no part in anything or interfere in any State matters. When she was supposed to be all-powerful, crowds assailed her doors, and she was overrun with solicitations. To Raugravine Louise, September, 1715, she wrote:

Every day brings a flood of bores who are a veritable plague; each one wishes me to intercede in his favour. While I am at table, I am surrounded by a hundred faces and I have to talk, whether I am sad or gay. All through the day, people come and disturb me at my reading or writing and I am forced to amuse them. This lasts until eight in the evening: in one word I am pestered and vexed.

She answered invariably that she meddled with nothing, that she was powerless. She again wrote: "These people do me too much honour to imagine that if things are going on better it is thanks to my advice; my counsels can do neither good nor harm for, with regard to the State, I give none." She vowed that all she wanted was quiet, peace, and rest; she even gave good reasons

to explain her discretion. Writing to the Princess of Wales she said:

I shall tell you plainly why I meddle with nothing: I am old; all I need is rest and quiet, and besides I should not wish to undertake what I could not bring to a good end; I never learned the art of governing; I understand nothing about politics or State affairs and I am much too old to learn such difficult things. Thank God, my son is intelligent enough to conduct matters without me; I should not be sorry to give a good example to my son's wife and to her daughter, for this kingdom, unfortunately, is governed by women, young and old; it is high time it were left to men.

In which she was not far wrong.

Only, she was taken at her word; she was left in peace and soon quite abandoned. Since she could do nothing, why lose one's time paying court to her? And since visits bored her, it was as well not to incur her displeasure by going to see her. She was left to herself. At this, she at first rejoiced. Only, the first who neglected her was the Regent himself. She said: "I only see my son once a day, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening; he only remains half an hour. He dines and sups with his wife. I eat quite alone." She grew soured. She noticed about her son the presence of creatures whom she detested, and whom she fancied to be full of the worst intentions with regard to herself; the Regent's wife, first of all, that princess, daughter of Louis XIV., whom her husband, on account



FATHER OF MADAME, CHARLES LOUIS, ELECTOR PALATINE
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale

of her temper, laughingly called a "Lucifer" and whom Madame considered as "false," and as "an insolent creature" who wished to meddle with State affairs and who had great influence over her son. She used to say: "I do not know whether my son loves his wife, but she turns him around her little finger." Then there was the Duchesse de Berry a young person "abominably ill-bred, a wild horse," who "stuffed to bursting." Had she not changed the feelings of the late Duc de Berry toward Madame to such an extent that he "would certainly have laughed had I died," so she said. Then, finally, there was the famous Abbé Dubois.

It had required a long time for Madame to understand and appreciate the character of the Abbé. Her first feelings toward him had been those of complete confidence. Her son as a boy having shown evil dispositions, she would repeat to Dubois that he alone could "put the Prince in the right road." When at the siege of Turin in 1706, the Abbé accompanied the Duc de Chartres, she wrote to him letters full of cordiality, of amiability, signing "Your very good friend." She was wont to say: "I do him justice; he is very clever; he speaks well and has excellent manners." But before long, her opinion of him changed. Her eyes were opened at the time of her son's marriage, that marriage which had been the bane of her life, and which she suspected Dubois of having secretly prepared. Henceforth, she looked upon him as a traitor.

In 1708 she did what she could to prevent him from becoming her son's secretary. But it was too late to stop his triumphant career. She could not conceal her indignation. She wrote to the Electress Sophie November 19, 1713:

He is the greatest liar and impostor of Paris. He is so great a liar that his chief pleasure is to relate what is false from one end to the other; he has not his equal for knavery. My son knows this very well and in spite of it keeps him and believes all he says. I have no sort of esteem for him.

These impressions remained unchanged. In 1720, she wrote: "There is no greater knave in France. What irritates me is that my son knows him as well as I do and that in spite of it he listens only to this little devil and believes no one else. It is exasperating." Her anger waxed with time; she called him "our impertinent little priest and little pedagogue," "the confounded priest," "the evil toad." When there was talk of making Abbé Dubois a cardinal, she said: "He now aspires to the purple; with such a cardinal, Alberoni should be Pope; that would be the fit thing." She despised him: "I feel nothing but contempt for that scamp, who is witty, but otherwise is not worth the devil." "His portrait is that of a fox crouching to watch for a hen." To the end, what she could not forgive him was her son's marriage. "I shall never write verses in honour of the Archbishop of Cambrai; he has poisoned my existence with the marriage of my son." But

what could she do? He was all-powerful and it was necessary to keep on good terms with him. Madame often needed his good offices. When she wrote to him, she kept within bounds and was polite, though behind his back she called him "that wicked little priest." Shortly before her death, reflecting that her correspondence might be opened and shown to the Cardinal, she took her precautions. "There are many things that through his fault are all awry, and about which he cares not a whit, but hush! . . . I might say too much."

Displeased with many things and people, Madame acted as she had already done under the last reign: she retired into solitude. There she grumbled about everything. Nothing suited her; everything served as a pretext for recriminations, and above all the rest, her life in Paris. She hated Paris, the atmosphere of which she considered detestable, pernicious, unhealthy. She said: "It is as though I were going to prison." In town, she could take no open-air exercise. At Versailles, she could gallop in the fresh country air. In Paris, she was forced to remain within doors. Besides, the interior arrangements of the Palais-Royal displeased her in every way; they were defective, having been hastily made; she was confined to rooms that were stifling in summer, freezing in winter. When September came, Madame wrote:

I have been for seven days in prison, without going out;

my boudoir has a southern exposure, so that the sun streams in through the window all day long: it is stifling, even when there is no crowd. . . . Since my son became Regent, the Palais-Royal is overrun and [she added sadly], with time, I may find peace; happiness, never.

All things, small as well as great, increased her irritation. The fashions were becoming ridiculous; women wore loose garments that gave them an insupportably untidy appearance; Madame, in her presence, could not tolerate such negligence: "If I could permit the great ladies to come *en deshabillé*," said she, "I should every day receive too many visits; but that does not suit me at all; I am not accustomed, like Mme. d'Orléans, to this lack of respect. I prefer being deprived of society." And she was deprived of it. What remained to her? The theatre? She no longer cared for it. She only went to the opera, she said, in order to take persons who, in that way, did not have to pay for their seats; or, occasionally, to show herself to the public so that she might not be supposed to live like a recluse. But the theatre wearied her. Hunting? "I think as little about hunting as though I had never enjoyed the sport," wrote she to Herr von Harling, March 11, 1721. Nothing was left to her, and life was a burden.

She often repeated to the Raugravine: "I must own, my dear Louise, that my life has never been sadder than it now is." "It would be impossible to lead a more wearisome, more wretched, or sadder existence than mine." She might well

die, for she would regret nothing that she left behind; she was "satiated and weary of all things." Then, in spite of all she had suffered under the reign of the late King, she would look back upon the past and regret it. Her saddened mind would recall with melancholy the brilliant period of her youth and she would melt at the thought. "When I see our young King in the great coach in which I so often started for the hunt with our King, and in which I so gaily took many a journey, tears fill my eyes. What would it be at Versailles?" She did not return to Versailles for six years after the death of Louis XIV. When, June 18, 1722, she once more visited the palace, she could scarcely contain herself: "I was forced to swallow my tears," said she "to keep from weeping when I found myself in the King's room where for the last time I spoke to His Majesty, who showed me so much affection. This made me very sad. On my return, I could not eat a morsel." And yet, what difference between the past and the present! She was no longer a princess of secondary rank, menaced with being sent to her dower-house of Montargis; she was the mother of the nation's master; she saw her son on the highest step of the throne, separated from it only by the possibility of some unforeseen accident. In spite of all, she regretted Louis XIV. She wrote, November 22, 1721:

Would to God the King were still alive. I should have more consolation, more pleasure in a single day

than I have enjoyed during the six years of my son's Regency. I cannot accustom myself to the mediocre life I now lead, having lived in a court since the day of my birth.

The truth was that Madame was growing old, that her health was declining, and that she was more and more subject to blue devils which made her find everything frightful. On March 26, 1722, she declared that: "Since the King's death and our mean life in Paris, I have grown misanthropical. I am disgusted with all things."

As long as she had been able to breathe pure air and take exercise she had enjoyed good health. In 1715, it is true, she had confided to Herr von Harling that she had felt some twinges in the knee and cramps in the feet. Her attack of small-pox had weakened her somewhat because she had refused to take care of herself and had sent all doctors flying. What most fatigued her was the weight of her bloated body with its superfluous and flabby flesh. She was easily out of breath. She complained in her letters that she was so heavy that the least walk made her puff; then the circulation of the blood was defective. January 2, 1717, she wrote to Raugravine Louise:

When I am seated, I seem to be quite well, but if I cross two rooms I pant like a buffalo. I have no breath left. Every evening my feet and legs swell. If I have two good nights, I then have five or six bad ones. One day I eat well; for several days after, I have no appetite.

The doctors found that she dozed too much, which

was a bad sign. In February, 1721, she fell seriously ill, and her case was considered nearly hopeless. She had been purged forty-one times in the course of a few days, in spite of her violent protestations, and even so the doctors were not content. She was exhausted. She complained to Herr von Harling, June 22d: "I was not made to be a martyr. A miracle would have been required to induce me to submit to the sufferings the martyrs endured." She was indignant at the practices of the French doctors, saying: "French people do not understand that preventive remedies are not at all suited to a robust German, and I shall not allow myself to be over-persuaded in a hurry. To-day I was again to have taken medicine, but I begged off."

She dragged on for another year, growing each day a little weaker. In August, 1722, repeated purgations were again imposed upon her, enough "to kill her." She wrote to Herr von Harling:

I am firmly convinced that my hours are counted. I put myself in the hands of Almighty God and do not worry about the future. It would be sheer folly for the great ones of the world to imagine that our Lord God would treat them with any special favour. I know who and what I am and do not allow myself to be deceived.

Her religious sentiments seem to have been sincere. With death so near, it would appear that she had always fancied them to be such, for in her holograph will, written at Marly, August 21, 1706, she said: "As a Christian, I recommend

my soul to God, begging Him by the infinite merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and through the intercession of all the Saints in Paradise to have pity on me and to admit me to His eternal glory.”¹

At the end of September, she was a little better. The following month, she insisted on going to the coronation of Louis XV. at Reims and received Holy Communion before starting. On her return to Saint-Cloud, in November, she grew worse. She felt that the end was near and received the sacraments. December 5th, the King visited her; on the 8th she quietly breathed her last at three in the morning. Her son who had watched by her bedside for two nights was with her. She was seventy-one years of age.

According to her wish, formally expressed, she was buried without any pomp. On the 10th, she was taken in a simple coach to Saint-Denis. The court put on mourning. The Regent was greatly affected and wept copiously. But he soon forgot his sorrow. As she had spent her life in retirement, under her son's Regency, so she quietly disappeared. Saint-Simon wrote: “Her loss made no great stir either at court or in the world.”²

¹ *Archives de Dreux*, No. 115.

² *Mémoires*, ed. Chéruel, vol. xix., p. 86. *Mercure*, vol. lxxiii., pp. 686-88.



MADAME, MEDALLION ALLEGORICAL PORTRAIT
From print in Bibliothèque Nationale



INDEX

A

Absalon, tragédie sainte, by Vancy, 302.
Additions au Journal de Dangeau, 228.
 Agen, M. d', the exhortations of, 286.
 Alberoni, the character of, 330.
 Alexandre-Louis, Duc de Valois, birth of, 128.
 Allies, the propositions of the, 317.
 Alsace, Madame requests a meeting at, 156; the Court of France at, 235.
 Amelia, Princess, of Hesse-Cassel, 199.
 Améliste, the Raugravine, 227, 234.
Andromaque, by Racine, 288.
 Anne-Marie d'Orléans, 150, 290.
 Antoine-Ulrich, the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, 302.
 Archives of Chantilly, the, 269.
Archives Nationales, the, of 1680, 179.
 Archives of the Vatican, the, 253.
 Arcy, the Marquis d', becomes governor for the Duc de Chartres, 267.
 Art in France in the seventeenth century, 172.
 Aubigny, Françoise d', birth of, in a prison, 215; becomes Mme. de Maintenon, 215.

Aurora, Charlotte Elisabeth as, 60.
 Augsburg, the League of, 242, 279.
 Austrasia, the kingdom of, 145.

B

Balbasos, the Duke de los, represents the King of Spain, 165.
 Bassette, the playing of, 114.
 Battifol, M. Louis, 141.
 Bavaria, Duchess of, *see* Orleans, Duchess Elizabeth Charlotte of.
 Bavarian princess, the, 190.
 "Beggary" the, of Madame, 128.
 Berau, Mlle., becomes a favourite with Carl-Ludwig, 154.
 Berry, the Duchess de, 323; ill breeding of, 329.
 Beuvron, the Comtesse de, 130; the Chevalier de, 207.
 Black bread of Westphalia, 104.
 "Black closet" the, of the French Court, 173.
 Blois, Mlle. de, an illegitimate child of Louis XIV., 270.
 Bois de Boulogne, the hunting in, 112.
 Boislisle, Mlle. de, 73, 167.
 Bossuet, the correspondence of, 251.
 Bottens, Etienne Polier de, 249.
 Botzheim, a page to the Duchess of Orleans, 192.

- Bourbon, Françoise-Marie de, daughter of Mme. de Montespan, 270.
- Bourbon, Louis-Armand de, the Prince de Conti, 270.
- Bourbon, Louise-Françoise de, mentioned, 270.
- Bourbon, Marie-Anne de, daughter of Mlle. de la Vallière, 270.
- Bourbon-Condé, Duc de, Louis III., marriage of, 270.
- Bourgogne, the Court of France at, 235.
- Bourgogne, the Duc de, 273; the marriage of, 290.
- Bourgogne, the Duchess de, becomes a thorn in the side of Madame, 291, 311.
- Bracciano, Mme. de, the future Princesse des Ursins, 277.
- Bricmini, the jester of Marie-Thérèse, 126.
- Briefe der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover an die Raugrafinnen*, 230.
- Brinon, Mme. de, a friend of Mme. de Maintenon, 201.
- Brunet, G., mentioned, 222.
- Brunswick, the Duke of, becomes a Catholic, 69.
- Brunswick, the House of, 165.
- Budget of royal household, 1679, 37; of a princess, 126.
- Buonvisi, Francesco, Archbishop of Thessalonica, 254.
- C
- Cabale, the intrigues of the, 121.
- Cambronne theme, the, 222.
- Campaigns of the Dutch war, 158.
- Capet, Hugues, a testament of, 185.
- Carl, Prince, the birth of, 11; death of, 13; youthful appearance, 50, 52, 230, 231.
- Carl-Edouard, a legacy to, 229; death of, 233.
- Carl-Ludwig, 5; the problems of government for, 7 ff.; relations with Louise von Degenfeld, 15 ff.; bigamy of, 23; love of his daughter, 32; education of, 51; suspicions of, 57; opposition of, to France, 67; anxiety of, 127; diplomatic difficulties of, 146; rejects French advances, 149; possibility of divorce, 154; correspondence of, 174; the "impromptu" of, 176; failure of, to pay the dowry for his daughter, 178; old age, 184; troubles with France, 192; at Friedrichsburg, 192; death of, 194; cause of his death, 198.
- Carl-Lutz, the Raugrave, son of Louise von Degenfeld, 75; at the age of fifteen, 115; describes his sister, 150; the intervention of, 213; forbidden the Palatinate, 230; death of, 233.
- Carl-Moritz, the Raugrave, personal characteristics of, 233; death of, 233.
- Carnival Monday, March 5, 1696, 286.
- Caroline, the Raugravine, letter to, 230; becomes the gräfin von Schomberg, 235.
- Cassel, the battle of, 158.
- Catholicism in France, 250.
- Caylus, Mme. de, note on, 216.

Celle, the Duchess of, mentioned, 222.
 Châlons, visit of the Duchess of Orleans to, 81.
 Character of Louis XIV., 112.
 Charles II. of Spain, 150; the marriage of, 160.
 Charlotte, the Electress, poverty of, 239; the sale of the wardrobe of, 240.
 Chartres, the Duc de, third child of the Duchess of Orleans, 265; marriage of, 271, 274.
 Château Neuf, social gatherings at, 98.
 Chevreau, Urbain, converts Elisabeth Charlotte, 71.
 Cibo, Cardinal Alderano, mentioned, 254.
 Clerembault, Mme. la Maréchale de, 151.
 Coblenz, the boat to, 175.
 Coiffier, Antoine, Marquis d'Effiat, equerry to the Duke of Orleans, 266.
 Colonna, M. de, 176.
 Conti, the Princesse de, note on, 220.
Correspondance générale de Mme. de Maintenon, 264.
 Cosnac, Daniel de, bishop of Valence, 82.
 Coulange, Fustel de, 89.
 Council, the, at Paris, 107.
 Court of France, the, in 1679, 178.
 Court, the, of Louis XIV., in flight from Paris, 111; in 1679, 126.
 Créqui, the Maréchal de, 175.

D

Dangeau's *Journal*, mentioned, 129.

Dauphine, the life of the, 228; death of the, 228.
 Degenfeld, Ferdinand von, 241.
 Degenfeld, Louise von, 15; relations of, to Carl-Ludwig, 21; children of, 46; position of, at table, 53; called Raugravine, 54; pathetic correspondence of, 58; death of, 153.
 Diaforus, Thomas, 50.
Dialogue, the, sent by the Duchess of Orleans to her father, 196.
Discours de la Méthode, 42.
 Dubois, the Abbé, becomes famous, 267, 329.

E

Écrits inédits, by Saint-Simon, 199.
 Effiat, the Marquis d', the intrigues of, 160.
 Eleanor of Olbreuse, 37.
 Elisabeth Charlotte, of Orleans, birth of, 111; mentioned, 265; marriage of, 291. *See also* Orleans, Duchess of.
 Erfurt, the city, refusal of, 8; accept imperial decree, 6.
 Ernst-Augustus, duke of Brunswick-Lunebourg, marriage of, 28; life of, at Hanover, 36; becomes bishop of Osnabrück, 44; mentioned, 122; sold his neutrality to France, 144; praised, 175; at home, 212.
 Etiquette, questions of, 109.
 Eugène, Prince, the insolence of, 317.

F

- Fair of Saint-Germain, the, 234.
 Famine in Paris, 319.
 Fiennes, Madame de, 115.
 Fistula, Louis XIV. operated on for a, 201.
 Flambeaux, cost of, 136.
 Flanders, the humiliation in, 316.
 Fontainebleau, a reception at, 164.
 Fontanges, Mlle. de, 136, 167.
 Foudras, Roland de, Comté de Châteautiers, 275.
 France, in the East, 187.
 Franche-Comté, the Count of France at, 235.
Französische Geschichte, by Ranke, 281.
 Frederick V., 5.
 French Court, the, impression of, 170.
 Fronde, the, 63.
Frondeuses, the, during the youth of Louis XIV., 147.
 Frontenac, M. de, gift to, 129.

G

- Gambling at court, 130.
 Gaston, brother of Louis XIII., 175.
 Geffroy, A., a volume by, 201.
 Georg-Ludwig, Prince, in France, 194.
 Georg-Wilhelm, Duke, 30; household expenses of, 38.
 Georg-William, Duke of Hanover, 27.
 German Bible, the, read by the Duchess of Orleans, 262.
 German visitors to France, 198.

- Gobelin, the Abbé, letters of, 215.
 Gonzague, Anne de, 64; political designs of, 65; diplomacy of, 71.
 Grancey, Maréchale de, the intrigues of, 160.
 Grand, M. le, brother to Lorraine, 271.
 Grande Dauphin, the, in 1679, 188.
 Grande Mademoiselle, La, 62.
 Gregorian chant, the, 261.
 Grignan, Mme. de, the incredulity of, 200.
 Gustein, Prince, at Heidelberg, 157.

H

- Hanover, the court of, 1679, 39.
 Harling, Frau von, letter to, 34; death of, 320.
 Harling, Herr von, letter to, March 9, 1721, 158; as confidant, 335.
 Häusser, Ludwig, historian, 6.
 Hazebrouck, campaign near, 158.
 Heidelberg, the capital, 5.
 Heidelberg, Elisabeth Charlotte's life at, 59.
 Henrietta of England, former wife of the Duke of Orleans, 126, 212.
 Hesse-Cassel, Charlotte of, 9; death of, 1686, 143, 238.
Histoire de Madame de Maintenon, L', 201.
 Hochstedt, the defeat at, 316.
 Holland, the war with, 143.
 "Holy of Holies," the, 310.

Household, the royal, at a comedy, 165.

Hugo, Victor, verses by, 108.

Human flesh in the Palatinate, in 1638, 6.

Humiliations, the, of France, 316

I

Impressions of the French Court, 170.

"Impromptus" the, of Carl-Ludwig, 176.

Income of the Duchess of Orleans, 143.

J

Jaegle, the translation of, 191.

Jarnac, Mlle. de, 235.

Johann-Friedrich, of Hanover, the death of, 191.

Johann-Wilhelm, death of, 1716, 238.

Jourdan, Father, at Strasburg, 76.

L

La Chaise, Father, consulted, 273, 285.

La Goupillière, a French Commissioner, 186.

Landgrave Philip of Hesse, 20.

Lansquenet, a game of cards, 131.

Lautern, the Count Palatine of, 238.

Leibnitz, the correspondence of, 251.

Leopold, the Emperor, the secret negotiations of, 66, 251.

Le Régent, l'Abbé Dubois et les Anglais, by Wiesener, 268.

Liselotte, *see* Orleans, Duchess of.

Les Rochers, Mme. de Sévigné at, 199.

Les Visionnaires, by Saint-Sorlin, 171.

Lorraine, Chevalier de, the exile of, 93; appointed *Maréchal de camp*, 100; intrigues of, 160, 210, 272.

Lorraine, the Duc Léopold of, marriage of, 291.

Loubes, Mlle. de, a maid of honour to the Duchess of Orleans, 205.

Louis XIV., 61, 111; great regard of, for Elizabeth Charlotte, 163; personality of, 168; impression made on outsiders, 174; sentiment toward Mme. de Maintenon, 202; negotiations of, 208; marries Mme. de Maintenon, 217; decides upon war with the Palatinate, 238; the illegitimate children of, 271; lays siege to Namur, 279; the reforms of, 284; becomes reconciled to Madame, 296; last years of, 308 *ff.*; death of, 325.

Louis-le-Grande mentioned, 192.

Louise-Hollandine, Princess, 26.

Louvois conquered, 243.

"Lucifer" at court, 329.

M

Madame, the title of the Duchess of Orleans, 109.

Maine, the Duc du, 71.

Maintenon, Mme. de, relations with the Duchess of Orleans,

Maintenon—*Continued*

167, 201; the triumph of, 214; displaces Mme. de Montespan, 215; marriage of, to Louis XIV., 217; ignores the Duchess of Orleans, 219; pride of, 277; growing power of, 287; becomes a friend to Madame, 297.

Marie-Adélaïde of Savoy, daughter of Victor-Amédée II., 290.

Marie Thérèse, the death of, 283.

Marlborough, the insolence of Lord, 317.

Marly, Madame at, 312.

Maubeuge, the Intendant of, 268.

Mancini, Hortense, mentioned, 176.

Mancini, Marie, mentioned, 176.

Marie-Anne of Bavaria, the marriage of, 191.

Marie de Médicis, allusion to, 176.

Marie-Louise d'Orléans, 150.

Marriage in the seventeenth century, 56.

Maubuisson, Madame de, comments on Madame, 149.

Maubuisson, the return of Duchess Sophie to, 170; desire of Duchess of Orleans to go to, 210.

Mazarin, the Duc de, mentioned, 176.

Meaux M. de, the religion of, 260.

Médecin malgré lui, the, of Molière, 253.

Mémoires de Saint-Simon, 167, 297.

Mémoires du Marquis de Sourches, 182.

Menu for dinner, specimen of, 137.

Metz, the Bishopric of, 186.

Michelet, Jules, 7.

Molanus, Abbé, a Protestant theologian, 257.

Montargis, the castle of, 73.

Montargis, danger of being exiled to, 311.

Montausin, M. de, 242.

Montespan, Mme. de, 98, 167.

Montpensier, the Grande Mademoiselle, at the court of Louis XIV., 165.

N

Namur, the siege of, 279.

Nantes, the Revocation of the Edict of, 260.

Negrepont, the siege of, 1688, 233.

Noailles, the Duc de, 201.

Noailles, the Maréchal de, letter to, 263.

Nunziatura di Germania, 253.

O

Orange, William of, 159.

Orleans, Duchess Elisabeth Charlotte of, correspondence of, 1 ff.; birth of, 11; relations of, with her father, 32; life of, at Hanover 34 ff.; early education of, 35, 42; return of, 48; personal allowance, 50; characteristics of, 55; opinion of, on marriage, 59; marriage of, 61; becomes sister-in-law to Louis XIV., 61; question of a dowry for 72; journey to Strasburg, 75;

Orleans—*Continued*

the abjuration of, 78; the marriage of, to the Duke of Orleans, 79; becomes Madame Royale de France, 80; at Villers-Cottret, 86; turbulence of, 92; early married life, 93 *ff.*; a ballet at Saint Germain, 95; friendship of, for Louis XIV., 99; dislike of French food, 102; horror of, for ceremony, 108; elaborate toilet of, 113; her love of the steeplechase, 116; as a huntress, 118; the first fall, 120; severe illness, 122; triumphs of, 124; becomes a widow, 1701, 128; income of, 129 *ff.*; household expenses, 135; pretence of poverty of, 143; avoids politics, 147; lack of sympathy for the sufferings of her native country, 148; disapproval of Carl-Ludwig becoming divorced, 155; becomes a mother, 157; marriage of her daughter, 161; meets her aunt, Princess Sophie, 163; impressions of strangers about, 172; agreeable position of, 173; opposition to having her mother in France, 178, 180; becomes an intriguer, 189; learns of the death of her father, 194; growth of friendship for Louis XIV., 197; indiscretion of, 199; friendship for the Princesse de Tarente, 200; hatred for Mme. de Maintenon, 202; rupture with the Duke, 207; desire of, to go to Maubuisson,

210; censorship of the correspondence of, 218; seclusion of, 224; great sorrows of, 228; criticisms of, 231; the inheritance of, 236; opposition of, to the war with the Palatinate, 242; horror of, at the destruction of the Palatinate, 244; called a *libertine*, 248; interest in religion, 259; reads the German Bible, 262; individual religion of, 264; love for her children, 265; opposition to the marriage of her son, 273; anger and grief of, at the marriage of her son, 276; dislike of her daughter-in-law, 279; suffers from small-pox, 289; becomes reconciled to Louis XIV., 296; implores pardon from Mme. de Maintenon, 297; friendship for the latter, 301; income as a widow, 305; latent hostility of, 309; a prey to misanthropy, 312; daily habits, 313; patriotism of, 317; great sorrow of, 320; position of, at death of Louis XIV., 325; hatred for Abbé Dubois, 330; declining health, 334; death of, 336.

Orleans, Duke Philippe of, the death of the first wife of, 62; negotiations with Carl-Ludwig, 69; personal characteristics of, 81; annual income of, 96; letter of, concerning Madame's illness, 123; sympathy of, for Carl-Ludwig, 149; exhibits courage as a general, 159; lack of jealousy, 175; death of, 295; the will of, 300.

Osnabrück, Bishop of, 28; office falls to Ernst-Augustus, 44.

P

Palais-Royal, the Duchess of Orleans at the, 97; life at the, 112, 114.

Palatinate, the devastation of, 145, 235, 243.

Palatine, Princess, February 12, 1650, 9.

Paris, the Archbishop of, 285; letters to, 286.

Parliament at Paris, 107, 109.

Pekhenius, Father, arrival in Rome of, 255.

Pensions granted by Louis XIV., 129.

Pepin le Bref, the succession to, 145.

Philip-Wilhelm, the Elector, 238; death of, 238.

Philip V., King of Spain, letter to, 302.

Philippe, Duc de Chartres, born, August 2, 1674, 129.

Platen, Countess, mistress to Ernst-Augustus, 212.

Plessis-Praslin, the Maréchal du, representation of the Duke of Orleans, 76.

Politics in the French Court, 126.

Pourceaugnac, Monsieur de, 99.

Poverty in France, 1709, 316.

Protestant and Catholic churches, project of uniting, 45.

Protestant theologians, the, in the Palatinate, 256.

Q

Quaadt, Fräulein von, 12.

Queen's Chamber of Finance, the, 141.

R

"Rabelaisian," the Duchess of Orleans becomes, 222.

Rambures, Mlle. de, the maid of honour, 235.

Ramillies, disasters at, 316.

Ranke, Leopold, historian, 4, 281.

Ratisbonne, the Diet of, 192.

Raunier, Émile, volume edited by, 276.

Rebenac, Comté de, the, 129.

Reconciliation of Madame 308.

Reformation, the, in Germany, 4.

Regency, the, 308.

Regent, the, at death of Louis XIV., 326.

Reims, the Archbishop, dialogue with, 110.

Relation de la cour de France, 280.

Religion in the Palatinate, 247.

Religious quarrels in the Palatinate, 251.

Retz, Gilles de, 245.

Reunion, the, of the two churches, the project of, 258.

Rhine League, the, in 1658, 68.

Rojas, Christophe, the Bishop of Tina, 251.

Rouergue, the locality of, 249.

Roye, Comte de, the, 129.

Ryswick, the Treaty of, 1695, 279.

S

Saint-Cloud, life at, 171.

Saint-Denis, the burial of Madame at, 336.
 Saint-Fargeau, the Grande Mademoiselle at, 303.
 Saint-Germain, the Château of, festivities at, 95.
 Saint-Paul, the parish of, 319.
 Saint-Sorlin, Desmarets de, 1595-1676, 171.
 Schomberg, the Gräfin von, 235.
 Sévigné, Mme. de, impressions of, 85, 86; correspondence of, 200.
 Sillery, the Marquis de, the resignation of, 266.
 Simmern, the Count Palatine of, 238.
Société de l'histoire de France, by Renouard, 281.
 Sophie-Charlotte, Princess, mentioned, 161.
 Sophie, Princess, sister of Carl-Ludwig, 24; Countess of the Rhine Palatinate, 24; characteristics of, 26; memoirs of, 27; marriage of, 28; manner of life, 37; travels of, 42; opinion of Prince Carl, 50; defends Elisabeth Charlotte, 151; travels to France, 162; greeting of, at Court, 164; impression of Saint-Cloud of, 172; returns to Osnabrück, 175; generosity of, 230; religion of, 255.
 Sorbonne, the work of the, 285.
 Souches, Marquis de, the *Mémoires* of, 129; becomes grand provost, 284.
Souvenirs of Mme. de Caylus, 216.
 Spain, the Queen of, daughter

of the Duchess of Orleans, 172.
 Spanish Succession, the War of the, in preparation, 293.
 Spanheim, Ezechiel, author, 280, 281.
 Statement of household expenses, 136.
 Steenkerke, the battle of, 279.
 Steeplechase, the, as a sport, 116.
 Strasburg, the journey from, 76; the road to, 227.
 Study, the, of Louis XIV., 164.
 Stuttgart, Prince Carl at, 52.

T

Tarente, Prince de, 199.
 Tarente, the Princess de, the friendship of, for the Duchess of Orleans, 200.
 Terlon, Frau von, governess to Elisabeth Charlotte, 48.
 Théobon, Mlle. de, the confidante of the Duchess of Orleans, 205.
 Theological subtleties in France 250.
 Thirty Years' War, the, 4.
 Toilet, the elaborate, of the Duchess of Orleans, 113.
 Treasury Office, the effect of the, 141.
 Treaty of 1670, the, 189.
 Trémoille, Henri-Charles de la, called Prince de Tarente, 199.
 Trèves, the battle of, 175.
 Trévou, Père du, the confessor of the Duke of Orleans, 292.
 "Trimmings" of ribbons and precious stones, 170.
 Turin, defeat at, 316; siege of, 1706, 329.
 Tuscany, the Grand Duke of, 176.

U

- Uffeln, Fräulein von, 32.
 Ursins, Madame des, the pension of, 315.
 Ursins, the Princesse des, the intrigues of, 277.

V

- Val, the, near Saint-Germain, 110.
 Vallière, Mlle. de la, the descriptions of, 161; mistress to Louis XIV., 202.
 Valois, Duc de, born June 2, 1673, 128; pension of, 128; death of, 129, 151, 156.
 Vancy, the Duc de, author, 302.
 Vatican, the Archives of the, 253.
 Ventadour, Mme. de, letter to, 277.

- Versailles, the German imitation, of 172.
 Victor-Amedée II., Duc, of Savoy, 150; mentioned, 290.
 Vienna, the Nuncio of the Pope at, 256.
 Villers-Cottret, the castle at, 86.
 Vitré mentioned, 199.

W

- Wales, the Princess of, letter to, 328.
 Wartenburg, Frau von, 76.
 Watteville, Herr, instructor to Prince Carl, 51.
 Westphalia, the Peace of, 5.
 Wiener-Neustadt, the bishopric of, 251.
 Wilhelmina-Ernestine, daughter of Frederick III., King of Denmark, 52, 153.



*A Selection from the
Catalogue of*
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS



**Complete Catalogues sent
on application**

By **ARVÈDE BARINE**

Four Volumes. Authorized English Versions.

Octavo. Fully Illustrated. Sold Separately

Each \$3.00 net,

By Mail, \$3.25

The Youth of La Grande Mademoiselle

1627-1652

"This brilliant biography sparkles and intoxicates with literary vivacity. In connection with the career of the astonishing heroine, the author presents a picture that has hardly been surpassed of Court life and politics in France in the seventeenth century. The illustrations from contemporary prints add greatly to the attractiveness of this fascinating volume."

Chicago Evening Post.

Louis XIV and La Grande Mademoiselle

1652-1693

All French history is fascinating, but few episodes are more fascinating than the kaleidoscopic career of La Grande Mademoiselle, a relation of Louis XIII. through both parents, and the richest heiress in France, who aspired to be an empress, a political power, and a nun. The memoirs give unique and valuable pictures of life at the Court of Anne of Austria and of the Wars of the Fronde, in which this strange woman played so remarkable a part.

Princesses and Court Ladies

The stories of several ladies who played important rôles in the great world, full of romantic interest, vividly picturesque and written with easy grace and vivacity.

Madame, Mother of the Regent

The Princess who during the latter portion of the reign of Louis XVI. was known *par excellence* in France and throughout Europe as "Madame," was the second wife of Philippe of France, known as Monsieur Duc d'Orléans, the younger brother of Louis XIV. The record of her long years in France is full of dramatic incident, and the book shows the same power of skill in delicate and accurate characterization of the persons referred to as gave such distinctive interest in Arvède Barine's two earlier volumes on La Grande Mademoiselle.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

Little French Masterpieces

Representative Tales by the Best
French Authors

Edited by
ALEXANDER JESSUP

Translations by
GEORGE BURNHAM IVES

With portraits in Photogravure. Issued in a small
and attractive form

Six volumes, 16°, in a box, cloth, \$6.00
Limp leather, \$7.50

Also sold separately Cloth, \$1.00 Leather, \$1.25

-
- I. **Prosper Mérimée.** Introduction by Grace King.
II. **Gustave Flaubert.** Introduction by Frank Thomas
Marzials.
III. **Théophile Gautier.** Introduction by Frédéric-César de
Sumichrast.
IV. **Alphonse Daudet.** Introduction by William P. Trent.
V. **Guy de Maupassant.** Introduction by Arthur Symons.
VI. **Honoré de Balzac.** Introduction by F. Brunetière.
-

"A capital idea is here admirably carried out. The supremacy of the French in the delicately finished short story is undisputed, and the six authors here represented are the finest flowers of this development of French literature. The little volumes are all that is charming in outward appearance, are literally volumes for the pocket, have portraits of the authors, and each is introduced by a competent critic. The stories themselves are well chosen and carefully translated."—*The Outlook*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York

London

He holds a place alone and unapproachable in the history of critical literature.

By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE

Portraits of the Seventeenth Century

Historic and Literary

Translated by KATHARINE P. WORMELEY

2 vols., octavo. Gilt tops. 30 Illustrations. Net, \$5.00

Portraits of the Eighteenth Century

Historic and Literary

Translated by K. P. WORMELEY and G. B. IVES

2 vols., octavo. Gilt tops. 30 Illustrations. Net, \$5.00

The quality, the discernment, and balance, the intuitive grasp of essentials, the grace, force, and justice of Sainte-Beuve's critical work have placed him in the front rank,—perhaps it would be better to say, have given him a place alone and unapproachable in the history of critical literature. In the present volumes, Miss Wormeley and Mr. Ives have selected a series of forty-eight studies of men and women, literary and historical, of 17th and 18th Century France.

Miss Wormeley is well-known as the translator of Balzac, and Mr. Ives as the translator of the Series of Little French Masterpieces.

"The translator is a true servant and friend, not the proverbial traducer; none but Miss Wormeley could have been selected for the task, and she has given of her best, her indefatigable, conscientious, intellectual best which has made her the mistress of a difficult art."—*The Evening Mail*.

New York G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS London

"Written with exceptional sympathy, ability, and knowledge."—*The Churchman*.

By

ELSIE WHITLOCK ROSE

and

VIDA HUNT FRANCIS

CATHEDRALS AND CLOISTERS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

Provence—Languedoc—Gascony

With 4 Photogravure and 200 other Illustrations from Original Photographs and a Map. 2 Volumes, cloth extra, gilt tops, stamped on side with full gilt and color, boxed, net, \$5.00.

"One of the best books we have read for many a day. . . . Interesting in its material and information and charming in its method of presentation. . . . To lovers and students of architecture, the illustrations in these beautiful volumes will be found more attractive than the letterpress, and this is itself of charming quality."—*London Spectator*.

CATHEDRALS AND CLOISTERS OF MID-LAND FRANCE

Burgundy—Savoy—Dauphiné—Auvergne—Acquitaine

With 4 Photogravure and 200 other Illustrations from Original Photographs and a Map. 2 Volumes, cloth extra, gilt tops, stamped on side with full gilt and color, boxed, net, \$5.00.

These two volumes, uniform with "Cathedrals of the South of France" are the fruit of many successive summers spent in wanderings in "rare unspoiled France" where the tourist and his suit-case are practically unknown.

The authors introduce, in photograph and story, the cathedrals of the Mid-land provinces, as they exist to-day, with their architectural and historical peculiarities; and they add incidentally certain illuminating bits of church politics and psychology, for the ecclesiastical traditions of France go back to the very first years of the Christian era.

Send for descriptive circular

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON



14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

May 50 PM	
REC'D LD	RECEIVED
JUN 2 1960	MAR 2 '69 - 10 AM
	LOAN DEPT.
16 Aug '60 RT	
REC'D LD	
AUG 22 1960	
16 DEC '60 EE	
REC'D LD	
DEC 12 1960	
MAR 15 1969 7 2	

LD 21A-50m-4,'60
(A9562s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JUN 07 2001
